

## **Early Vancouver**

### **Volume Three**

**By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.**

**2011 Edition (Originally Published 1935)**

*Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1933-1934.*

*Supplemental to Volumes One and Two collected in 1931-1932.*

### **About the 2011 Edition**

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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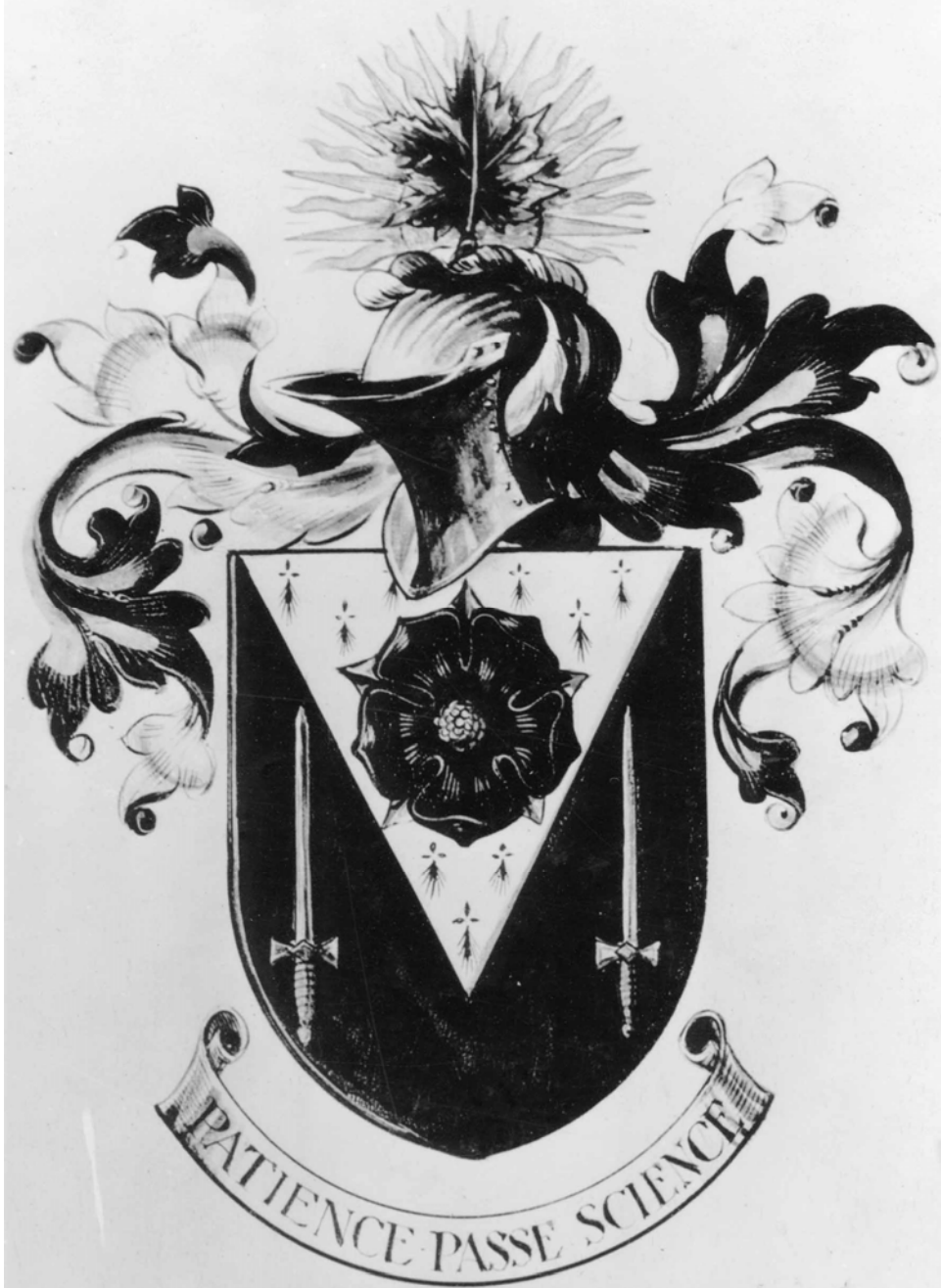
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MATTHEWS OF NEWTOWN AND KITSILANO

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_001

**EARLY VANCOUVER**

Volume Three

1934  
(During 1933-4.)

Narratives of Pioneers  
of  
Vancouver, B.C.

Collected during 1933-1934.  
Supplemental to Volumes one  
and two collected in 1931  
and 1932.

Compiled by  
Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.  
City Archivist  
City Hall  
Vancouver  
1935



Prospect Point, 1888. Excepting the "Beaver", what Cap<sup>t</sup> Vancouver saw June 13 1792.

J.S.M.

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_002

### **BURRARD INLET SHORELINE, 1884.**

Above the small shed on the water's edge, the extreme eastern building on the water's edge, now stands the "MARINE BUILDING" on the northwest corner of Burrard and Hastings streets, 349 feet above the C.P.R. rails. Cost \$2,500,000.

Above the main building of Spratt's Oilery can be seen the small white gable end of the dining hall, and in 1935 it still stands and is occupied by Frank Holt. It stands on the edge of the cliff, on the northwest corner of Lot 4, Block 1, D.L. 185, and is numbered 1003 Hastings Street West, and from the verandah to the rails is almost a sheer drop of 30 feet.

Highest up in the woods is the bunkhouse, a two-storey building which had water tanks in the attic, the water being pumped from the creek to that elevation in order to have pressure.

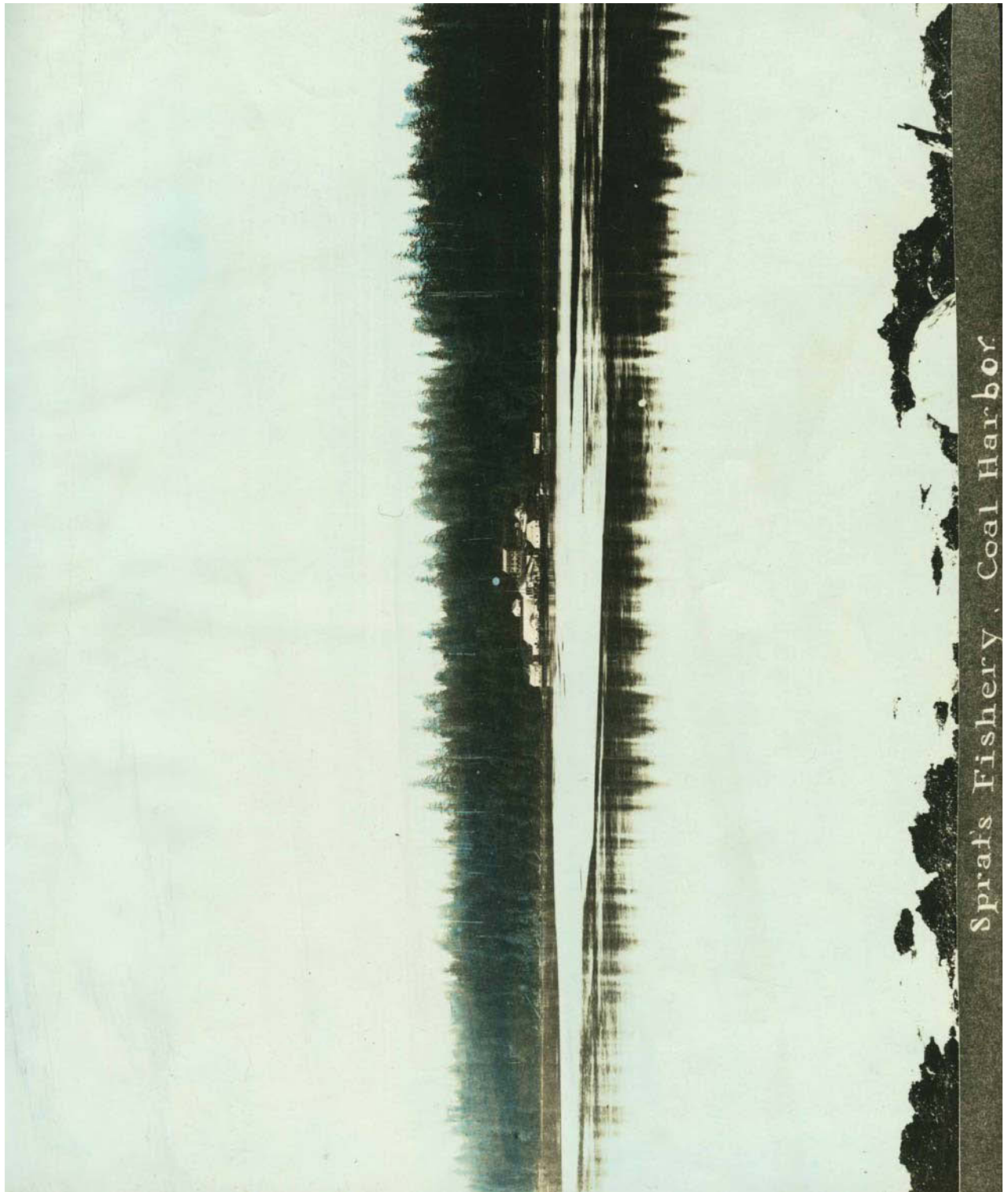
Slightly lower, and to the right of the bunkhouse, is the manager's residence, and the fence—a long streak of white—in front. This is supposed to have been the exact location of the Morton-Hailstone-Brighthouse cabin. (See J.H. Scales and *Early Vancouver*, volumes 2 and 3.)

Below the manager's residence is the storehouse on the shore, two windows and lean-to.

Farthest west, by itself, a long low building on the shore is where the boats were built, stored and repaired, and is now about the entrance to the C.P.R. tunnel under Vancouver.

The hollow in tree tops to right of boathouse is where "Tyndall's Creek" ran down from near the corner of Granville and Georgia streets, and from which water was drawn by Morton, etc. (See *Early Vancouver*, volumes 2 and 3, and map of Granville, August 1885—insurance map—showing ground plan of all buildings.)

J.S. Matthews, 1935.



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_003

### **PROVINCE, 30 JUNE 1933 – AUGUST JACK KHAATSALANO.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) A large framed photo, richly coloured, of August Jack Khaatsalano, only surviving grandchild of Khaatsa-lah-nogh, the Indian chief from whom Kitsilano takes its name, has been added to the historical treasures of the City Archives, recently established at the City Hall by the City Council. The gift is made with commendable public spirit by Mr. Richard J. Steffens, of the Steffens-Colmer Studio, from his large collection of portraits of celebrities of Vancouver.

Early in the nineteenth century, Chief Haatsal-lah-nogh—he had no English name, nor must he be confused with the legendary Khaatsa-lah-nogh—together with his brother Chief Chip-kay-am, migrated to English Bay from the place of their birth, Took-tpaak-mik, an Indian village some miles up the Squamish River. Chief Chip-kay-am went to False Creek, where he established Snauq, the first Indian settlement there, on a tiny clearing, framed in towering forest, on the shore. It consisted of a number of Lumlam (Indian houses) and a big potlatch house, and stood on the exact site over which the Burrard Bridge now crosses.

Chief Khaatsa-lah-nogh, the brother, went to Chay-thoos (high bank), a grassy clearing where the Capilano water pipes enter Stanley Park just inside Prospect Point. He died and was buried there some sixty-odd years ago.

Khaytulk, his son, known to early pioneers as Supplejack, also lived at Chaythoos, died in the early 80s, and with much ceremony was buried there, lying in a small canoe, covered with red blankets, placed inside a primitive mausoleum, a small shack with windows, raised on posts. (See W.A. Grafton, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) It was at this picturesque spot, beside Supplejack's grave, that the civic procession of Lord Stanley, officials and citizens, after formal progress through the city streets, halted for the speech making at the formal opening of Stanley Park in October 1889. Khaytulk's wife, Qwhay-wat, was buried about 1906 in the old Indian graveyard beside the southern approach (Cedar Street and First Avenue) of the Burrard Bridge.

August Jack Khaatsalano was born at Snauq under the Burrard Bridge, and as a child watched Vancouver burn, in 1886, from that spot. He now resides at Capilano River, North Vancouver, with his wife Swanamia, a demure Indian lady of distinctive personality, and the only one who still clings to the old custom of wearing a shawl. They have one son and one daughter. Mr. Khaatsalano has a logging business of his own. The photograph is unique in that it is the first ever taken of him.

### **INDIAN GARMENTS. STANLEY PARK.**

August Jack Khaatsalano, 10 January 1934: "This," (Bailey Bros. photo, marked on back Photo No. "KWANATAN") "must be in Stanley Park; they are Musqueam Indians. I can tell by Charlie; his Indian name is Kwanatan; he died at Musqueam yesterday; he is the only man who would wear that dress" (the figure on the extreme left of the four figures, wearing a white fan-like headdress.) "Kwanatan is just a name as far as I know; has no meaning which I know of. It must be some sort of 'religious' ceremony in Stanley Park, I suppose about forty or more years ago. The dress they are wearing is called Swhoi Swhoi" (masks.) (See Whoi Whoi in *Early Vancouver*, 1932; also companion photo numbered "Just Dressed.")

August Jack Khaatsalano, 11 January 1934: "This," ("Just Dressed" photo) "must be in Stanley Park; they are Musqueam Indians, I think; I am judging by the other photo marked 'Kwanatan.' They are performing some sort of dance. The clothes they are wearing have no especial significance; they are 'just dressed' for the dance.

"This is not Swhoi Swhoi; they are just dressed, that's all."

### **OPENING OF STANLEY PARK. (KITSILANO) SUPPLEJACK'S GRAVE.**

Lord Stanley was not present. It was opened on Thursday, 27 September 1888 by Mayor Oppenheimer. The procession formed on Powell Street, went up Cordova to Granville, up to Hotel Vancouver, down Georgia Street, across the new bridge, around lovely drive past Brockton Point, and then on to a grassy spot where Supplejack's grave used to be, close to the landing place of the Capilano Water Works, where a halt was made. Here a temporary platform had been erected. (See photo No. . . . , showing flagpole.)

## **INDIAN GRAVES.**

On 31 May 1934, there was read over, to August Jack Haatsalano, W.A. Grafton's narration re Indian graves at Chaythoos, Stanley Park. He nodded assent to each statement, and to my query respecting its accuracy, said, "Yes, but Supplejack not buried in 'grass house,' but 'glass house.'"

Query: Can you tell me what this story is about Sue Moody (Moodyville Sawmill) borrowing \$2,000 from Supplejack to pay the mill hands when the money did not come by boat from San Francisco?

Andrew Paul, 12 February 1934: "I remember them telling me about it when I was a little boy. Some Indian—you know Indians can be very quiet in the woods, and can watch you without anyone knowing they are watching—well they told me an Indian was watching in the trees somewhere over about Victoria, and saw a Chinaman or somebody burying something. He afterwards told Mr. Moody about it, and Mr. Moody said to him, 'You take me and show me where it is,' and he did, and got the money.

Query: How much did the Indian get out of it?

Andrew Paul: "A few blankets, I suppose, but I never knew it was Supplejack, although now you remind me, I have some hazy recollection."

Note: the story is told by Harold E. Ridley that Mr. Moody of Moodyville Sawmill borrowed \$2,000 from Supplejack, of Chaythoos (Stanley Park). The money was in gold and silver coins of American denomination. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, re this interesting Indian.)

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO OF CAPILANO RIVER, 31 MAY 1934.**

Query: What is there in the story that Sue Moody (manager of Moodyville Sawmill Co.) borrowed a big sum of money, about \$2,000, from your father, Supplejack (Khay-tulk)?

August Jack: "That's all wrong," disgustedly. "That was Alec Tom; same fellow killed a man on Granville Road to Eburne; knock him on the head with an axe, kill him. He was in jail eighteen years for doing it. I'll go tell you.

"Alec was working for Sue Moody; flunky, wash dish; Alec goes holiday in Victoria, then he was looking for place have rest, sit down; went in bushes, sitting in bush very quiet, and a Chinaman come along. He heard noise of Chinaman coming along; here was Chinaman; so he sit still. He watch Chinaman; the Chinaman bury this box; then he get up and walk towards the place where the Chinaman was burying this; he dug it out. The Chinaman's gone.

"He open the box and found the money inside the box, so he did not want to take the money, so he cover it over again, and came down to Victoria city; stay there two days after; and they caught the Chinaman, and the Chinaman would not give away where he had put the stolen money; so Alec found out the Chinaman stole the money, and he" (the Chinaman) "was arrested.

"Then Alec go back that place and move the box, and bury the box again. He took some out. So he came home and went back to his work washing dishes in the kitchen, and Moody was crying 'cos he did not have no money to pay his men; so Alec went up to Moody and says, 'What's the matter, Moody?' Moody answered, 'I got no money to pay my men.' So Alec said, 'I was in Victoria, in the bush, and the Chinaman come along with a big box, money in it, and the box is there yet.' So Moody said, 'Let's go and see.' So Alec said, 'All right,' and they go to Westminster and take steamer from Westminster to Victoria, and they got the money."

Query: How much?

August Jack: "Oh, can't say; don't know. That's the story, anyhow."

## **STANLEY PARK.**

On 7 January 1889, the report of Dr. A.M. Robertson, M.D., City Health officer, recommended to the City Council that the houses at Brockton Point be destroyed, and that no Indians coming from a distance be allowed to camp there in future. This was on account of fear of epidemics of disease (small pox). Stanley Park had been opened on 27 September 1888. Recommendation was carried out, but the report that a lawsuit followed, resulting in the city having to rebuild them, has not been investigated, but this recommendation gives an idea of the date when Indians no longer lived in their ancient home.

## **PORTUGUESE JOE. GRANVILLE AND STANLEY PARK.**

Remark by Jim Franks (Chilaminst), Indian of North Vancouver. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"Portuguese Joe he first go out Point Grey, out on sandbank, catch dogfish, bring them in Deadman's Island; too rough out there. He get oil. Boil them in great big kettle on Deadman's Island, make oil, sell sawmill; that's what Portuguese Joe first do."

## **CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, 31 MAY 1934.**

Query: What does Saasmat mean? The Spaniards who were here before Vancouver say that the Indians called Burrard Inlet Saasmat.

August Jack: "That must be down towards Indian River. Don't know what it means; don't think it has anything to do with Tsa-atlum, that's out Point Grey, means," (shrugging shoulders) "chill place. Tsa-tsa-lum out Point Grey, not Squamish language; don't know what Saasmat means, not same language. We never finished the place names up the Inlet. I give you some more now, all I can think of just now.

"Chul-whah-ulch: Bidwell Bay, same name as Coal Harbour.

"Taa-tum-sun: Don't know exactly where, but up by Port Moody, east of Barnet. Don't know meaning.

"Tum-ta-mayh-tun: Belcarra, means land.

"Spuc-ka-naah: Little White Rock on the point just where you pass mill." (Dollarton.) "Means 'White Rock,' same as whitemans call it." (White Rock Island in middle of channel.)

"Thluk-thluk-way-tun: Barnet Mill. Means 'where the bark gets peeled' in spring.

"Slail-wit-tuth: Indian River."

## **CONVERSATION WITH QOITCHETAHL (ANDREW PAUL), NORTH VANCOUVER, 12 FEBRUARY 1934.**

Query: Can you tell me what Sasaamat means? I understand Galiano and Valdes say that they called Burrard Inlet Floridablanca, and that the natives called it Sasaamat—at least that portion up about Indian River.

Andrew Paul: "I never heard it called Sasaamat, but I'll find out from Haxten. It sounds to me like Tsaa-tsmat. You know Tsa-atlum, the cool place out at Point Grey; well, both names are from the same derivation, and I presume that the North Arm of the Burrard Inlet might be considered a 'cool place,' especially around Indian River."

## **INDIANS. ARRIVAL OF FIRST C.P.R. TRAIN.**

"You know the story of the Qoitchetahl (Serpent). Well, I have always been told that when the train first came down from Port Moody to Vancouver, the Indians along the south shore of the Inlet took fright and ran. A great long black snake of a thing with a big black head came twirling around the curves, blowing long blasts, Hooooooo, Hooooooo, Hooooooo, and the Indians thought it was a Qoitchetahl coming back."

### **LAST INDIAN BURIAL. KITSILANO BEACH.**

In 1931, Mrs. H.A. Benbow of Vancouver told me that they then (in 1907) lived in the 1600 block, 1<sup>st</sup> Avenue West, and she witnessed an Indian burial. She had just arrived from England. The cortege came out of the bush in front of her house carrying the body. The Rat Portage Mill closed down for half an hour. This is supposed to have been the last Indian burial. (J.S.M., 1931.)

### **MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO.**

(Kitsilano, son of Khay-tulk and grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough of Chaythoos) at City Hall, 12 January 1934.)

August Jack (son of Supplejack, or Khay-tulk) was born under the present Burrard Street Bridge, the then Indian village of Snaug, and says he is now 59. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Matthews.)

### **WHOI-WHOI. STANLEY PARK.**

Query: How many families were living at Whoi-Whoi in Stanley Park when you were a boy? (About 1881-1886.)

August Jack: (after reflecting) "There was eleven families. That's a long time ago. There was old 'Chunth' in one house, then there was Ce-yowqlwa-lia in the next house, and Ahtsulk was in the next; then there were eight families more; there must have been more than 100 Indians all told living in the four houses. These men's names have no meaning; just names. I forget all the family names; it's such a long time ago."

(A potlatch was held at Whoi-Whoi in 1885. There is a minute in the City Council proceedings about 1887 where the medical health officer recommends the destruction of the houses on account of small pox. Rev. Tate says the houses were removed when the Park Driveway was cut. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Matthews.)

### **INDIAN HOUSES.**

Query: How old were those Indian houses?

August Jack: "Oh, very old, there long before me. You know the Lumberman's Arch in Stanley Park. Well, the big house was about 200 feet long, and sixty feet wide, and it stood right square in front of Lumberman's Arch at the foot of the trail from the Japanese Monument. That was the 'real' pow-wow house. The name of it was Tah-hay—no meaning, just name—and six families lived in it.

"Then to the west of it was a smaller house, about thirty feet front and sixteen feet deep with a sort of little kitchen at the back; I think two families lived in that.

"Then to the west again was a smaller house, about twenty-four by sixteen feet deep; one family lived in that, and ...

"On the extreme west was another pow-wow house—it was measured once, and I think the measurement was ninety-four feet front by about forty feet deep; the front was about twenty feet high; the back about twelve feet. Here two families lived.

"All these houses stood in a row above the beach, facing the water; all were of cedar slabs and big posts; all built by the Indians long ago."

(The picture "Before the Pale Face Came"—illustrated by John Innes, prepared by J.S. Matthews—was hanging on the wall as we conversed. It records the Indian place names of Burrard Inlet and English Bay.)

"That's not right," said August Jack, pointing to the hut. "That roof got two slopes, Squamish Indian hut only one slope, from front to back, and the posts are always outside, and," (pointing to roof beams) "the top part stick out; see the ends of the timbers, so" (drawing with pencil on piece of paper.) "The door always in the end, one at each end of house, right in corner under highest part of roof, not in the middle of end. Hole for smoke? No hole for smoke; just poke up with stick and slide boards off hole in roof, not like northern Indian house. Light? No windows, but holes in side along front of house; not very big holes, not

very many, in big pow-wow house" (200' x 60') "perhaps, maybe, four; no glass for window; just cover hole with something when no light wanted or to keep out wind.

"The side and all the walls just cedar slabs on side; cedar slabs on roof; the beams stick out all round just under roof."

Query: How about posts for support of sides?

August Jack: "Just same as ends, only smaller. Cedar slabs dropped in between posts, and posts fastened together with little cedar boughs twisted together. Posts only tied in two or three places up and down; windows, might be four windows in the 200 feet 'Tah-hay'; they don't put in much" (for light.) "No holes to shoot bow and arrow through at enemy; use windows; when they want light, just open it; they had something to cover window over when want to. Yes, the floor was earth."

#### **INDIAN CANOES.**

Query: Any totem poles?

August Jack: "No, not outside, but might be carved on post inside house."

Query: Any canoes?

August Jack: "Yes, on beach, lots canoes; some man got three, some man two; bigger canoe, smaller canoe. Squamish canoe like this shape." (See diagram.)

Query: Any dogs?

August Jack: "Oh, yes, lots dogs, Indian dogs, not whiteman's dogs."

Query: What about water? There's no creek at Whoi-Whoi.

August Jack: "No creek there; have well; Indian dig him; about six feet deep; use cedar board bucket."

#### **INDIAN GRAVES.**

Query: What about graveyard?

August Jack: "Little graveyard. You know where totem poles have been put near Lumberman's Arch. Well, go up little trail from Whoi-Whoi, little trail behind those poles; peoples buried there; may be 100 feet from poles; long before my time. They were getting scattered, people getting scattered." (Not intelligible, and no time to interrupt to get explanation, but see W.A. Grafton narrative re burials in boxes and canoes at Chaythoos, Stanley Park. A.J. probably meant "bones getting scattered.") "So they got one of the men and bury them there. They had a little small pox before the white man came. There's been two or three small pox came to Squamish peoples. When? Couldn't say; that's a long time. They had that small pox, and the big fire in Squamish." (Presumably, he means about the same time.) "What did the fire do? Oh, just burn the country. How did it start? It started with thunder; that was the only punishment the Indians got, the Squamish peoples."

#### **WHOI-WHOI. PAAPEEAK.**

Query: Was there an Indian trail from Whoi-Whoi to Paapeeak?

August Jack: "I don't think so; poor one if there was; don't remember one; no need for one up that way. But there was a good trail to Chaythoos" (end of pipe line road) "about that wide" (extending hands apart about three feet.) "No Indian can go along beach when the tide is in, so Indian make little trail from Chaythoos to Whoi-Whoi; they follow that trail when they build the Stanley Park Road around the park; then another trail cut through to Chulwahulsh" (Lost Lagoon) "and then along to Puckhals," (C.P.R. Station) "then on to Lucklucky, Kumkumlye, Chetchailmun and Huphapai. How wide? Just a little trail; just enough one man go past; no tools make trail, just break with hands, break bushes. Deer, bear, all use same trail.

"When they make Stanley Park road we was eating in our house. Someone make noise outside, chop our house. We was inside this house" (at Chaythoos) "when the surveyors came along, and they chop the corner of our house" (indignantly) "when we was eating inside. We all get up go out see what was the

matter. My sister Louise, she was the only one talk a little English; she goes out ask whiteman what he's doing that for. The man say, 'We're surveying the road.' My sister ask him, 'Whose road? Is it whiteman's?' Whiteman says, 'Someday you'll find good road around, it's going around.'" (A.J. makes circular motion with hand.) "Of course, whiteman did not say park; they did not call it park then."

### **CHIEF HAATSA-LAH-NOUGH'S HOME.**

"Our house beside a little creek at Chaythoos, you know end of pipe line road, just where you start to go up hill to Suntz."

Query: I thought Suntz was at the bottom of Prospect Point, a rock on the beach by the lighthouse?

August Jack: "Yes, that's right, but Suntz is all the way up the hill, too, up top, too; all Suntz" (motioning from bottom upwards with hand.) "Our house about eight feet from creek; little slope from house to creek; creek on east side of our house; our house about thirty feet from slope of bank, near beach; when they cut roadway they go right through our house. My father's, Supplejack's, grave," (it was beside this grave that the ceremonious opening of Stanley Park took place—the procession stopped there) "about one hundred and forty feet west of house; our house little house in front facing water; big long pow-wow house behind; both made of cedar slabs; been there long, long time; long before my time."

"Only two places on First Narrows," (south side) "just Whoi-Whoi and Chaythoos." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1932.

Query: August. There's a man lives up in Mount Pleasant, Mr. Scales. He says he come Vancouver long, long time. His mother live Gastown. He say his mother want vegetables. He say, "Mother, I go get some." He take canoe, go some place near Prospect Point, climb hill to Indian garden, try steal potatoes, carrots; have sack on shoulder. He meet Khay-tulk coming down trail, black hair all hang down over shoulder, wear black hat. Khay-tulk say, "Where you going?" and look hard. Boy frightened and say, "Nowhere." Where was that Indian Garden?

August Jack: "Close by our house, little garden beside it, on west side."

Query: Well, before whitemans come, what vegetables grow? What sort of garden Indians have?

August Jack: "Oh, little garden; just clear space before white man come; I never seen, but I think they have it" (ground) "ready like; then when the whitemans come Indians just put in potatoes, turnips."

### **STANLEY PARK COWS.**

"Khay-tulk, my father, bought one cow; then the cow had a little one; it was a bull; then they got lots. We had twelve cows running around, and eight pigs." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1932. "They were running loose around Stanley Park when they got road put up" (built.) "When we had *them* cows we bought our horses two of them; they had one horse use it for racing New Westminster on Dominion Day. We lost half the cattle; some peoples kill."

### **SECOND BEACH (STAITWOUK.)**

Query: Did you ever hear of whites camping long, long time ago at Second Beach? (See Joe Sievwright, Cariboo miner, and companions, 1858, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

August Jack: "No. Never hear white camping at Second Beach my time. Indians living there; just come there to camp, kill ducks, take canoe away from storm in English Bay over to Chulwahulsh; kill ducks night time; that's how they kill them; ducks don't fly when they got fire in canoe; they come close; go out in canoe spear ducks, and Indian use spear. At that time hard to get ducks with bow and arrow; that's" (spearing) "the easiest way they can get them. When they got fire in canoe, ducks come close; then Indian use spear."

Query: Didn't the fire burn the canoe?

August Jack: "They get cedar board" (split cedar); "they piles the mud on top of that so as would not burn canoe, then sticks, all pitch sticks; pitch burns quiet; no spark to make a noise." (See diagram.)

## **INDIAN FOOD. ELK.**

Query: When you were a little boy, what did you used to live on? Beef? Pork?

August Jack: "No, no beef. We used ducks, deer, fish, clams, anything that's going around that's good to eat for Squamish people; no beef, no pig."

Query: What about elk?

August Jack: "Well, there's always elk going around here. Where? Oh, out Point Grey, around Eyalmouch" (Jericho); "anywhere where there's swamp; they go around just like horses only they got horns."

## **TRAIL TO NEW WESTMINSTER.**

Query: Did the Indians go by trail to New Westminster, over to Fraser River way?

August Jack: "They go by canoe, winter or summer, not always winter. Westminster not only place they want to visit; if just Westminster then go trail; they got trail from Maxie's" (Hastings) "before the whitemans come. They got trail from Port Moody to Fraser. But in canoe, may be two, three, may be four men, everybody in canoe paddle, it go around quick; visit lot of places, not just Westminster."

He promised to come in again, and we went out to have a cup of coffee and cakes while awaiting his wife, Swanamia, who has never had her photo taken—a very pretty, demure Indian lady, I repeat, Indian lady. (NOTE ADDED LATER: Nor was it ever taken—save by subterfuge. Port P.657, No. 270 was taken with a flash bulb at Kitsilano High School in 1943.)

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, 27 SEPTEMBER 1934.**

### **SEYMOUR CREEK INDIAN RESERVE.**

J.S.M.: What's this photo, No. Out No.92, Out P.92?

A.J.K.: "That's the old Seymour Reserve, lots canoes. The big house belong to Chief George, chief of Seymour Creek; the next house Policeman Tom. Chief George's Indian name Tho-lah-kun" (spelt as nearly as is possible to do in English), "he old man then," (about 1890 or earlier) "may be 90 or more. He and his wife drowned out of canoe in Seymour Creek; their bodies found next day, about 1891. Him great big man, his feet about that wide" (showing how wide, about six inches, with hands apart.) "In *winter* he go over to Maxie's" (Hastings, B.C.), "go Westminster. He put on moccasins, go about 100 yards" (along Douglas Road), "tear them off, and go barefoot. Never use shoes."

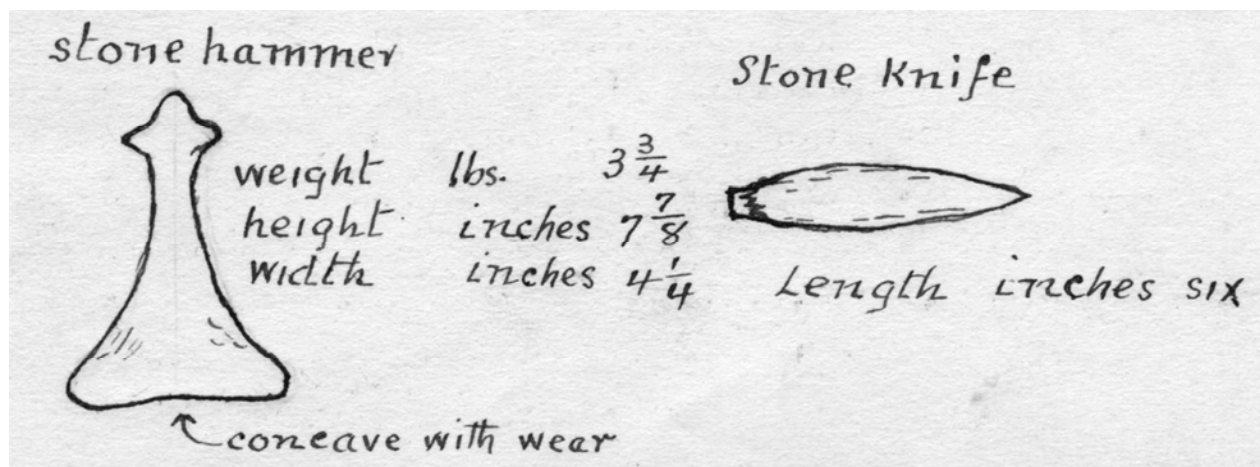
J.S.M.: Why barefoot in winter?

A.J.K.: "Feet slip." (I.e., on wet corduroy road. See also re Capilano Joe, *Early Vancouver*.)

J.S.M.: This (showing heavy stone hammer presented by W.A. Grafton) was found near the corner of Cambie Street and 63<sup>rd</sup> Avenue, away from North Arm, Fraser River, a mile or more, and deep down under big cedar tree root, eighteen inches down. (See W.A. Grafton, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) What does it mean?

A.J.K.: "You see this hollow in middle? That's where they make canoe." (See Chilaminst, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "Use it for hammer, pound chisel, make canoe. Indian mans take ten year make that stone hammer, white mans make one hour. Indian mans use kind of rock, strike it, strike it, every day, take ten year" (to shape stone hammer.) "Man makes those stone hammer, rich man; he got ten northern goat skin; peoples give him one canoe, big canoe, for one of these" (stone hammer or pestle.) "Not all mans make them; only one people, one tribe make them, all Squamish; may be one Squamish reserve; one Squamish" (band) "make canoe, one stone hammer, another Squamish do hunting, or trapping; they trade; skin, stone hammer, canoe, meat, berry, all same white man trade he's things."

J.S.M.: This found same place (Cambie Street and 63<sup>rd</sup>.) What for?



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_004

A.J.K.: "That" (is a) "knife, I think, may be for spear, but I think knife," (wields one end as though cutting meat) "only point sharp" (holding other end in palm under thumb.)

J.S.M.: Did Indian use deer horn for wedge to split cedar? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Rev. C.M. Tate.)

A.J.K.: "No. Use big wedge yew wood, long sharp wedge, pound with stone hammer, split cedar, great long slab cedar."

#### ELK.

As A.J.K. was leaving the office, he picked up and examined an old, rusty British Army rifle, Brunswick model, about three-quarter inch bore. (Rifle of Thos. Deasy, from Queen Charlotte Island.) Then he handled it, and said, "You know Capilano Joe" (Chief Joe Capilano, who visited King Edward.) "Joe tell me about 1904 or 1905 his father told him that, about forty years back from then, there was a heavy snow, and he shot thirteen elk, all one time, over False Creek; ship them" (carcasses) "Victoria for meat." (See "Elk," *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 2 and 3.)

#### KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE. BURRARD BRIDGE; ANDREW PAULL (QOITCHETAHL.)

In conversation with Andy Paull, on the subject of the arbitration proceedings in connection with the Kitsilano Indian Reserve and approximately eight acres of land expropriated for the footings of the Burrard Bridge, he remarked upon the extreme length of the arbitration sessions of the three commissioners, who sat for approximately twenty-eight days arriving at a decision as to the value of the land, a matter which had already been considered by expert valuers on several previous occasions. Qoitchetahl (Andrew Paull) concluded his remarks by saying, "The white man is too cheap to conduct a decent deal with an Indian." The figures supplied by Mr. Paull are:

City costs, legal, etc.	\$15,145.65
Indian costs, lawyers, etc. (all charged to Indians)	13,708.85
Balance in cash to Indians	16,134.08
Total	44,988.58

J.S.M.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, 23 NOVEMBER 1934.**

Query: How many Indians do you suppose lived around Burrard Inlet and English Bay before the whitemans came?

### **INDIANS, NUMBER BEFORE WHITEMEN CAME.**

Mr. Haatsalano: (exaggerating) "About a 'million.' There was a settlement at E-yal-mough" (Jericho), "another at Snaug" (Burrard Bridge), "at Ay-yul-shun" (English Bay Beach), "at Stait-wouk" (Second Beach), "at Chay-thoos" (Prospect Point), "at Whoi-Whoi" (Lumberman's Arch), "at Homulcheson" (Capilano), "at Ustlawn" (North Vancouver), "at Chay-chil-wuk" (Seymour Creek) "—there was nothing at Lynn Creek—and more settlements up the inlet besides the one at Kum-kum-lye" (Hastings Sawmill.)

### **MUSQUEAMS.**

Query: How is it that the Musqueams claim that English Bay and Burrard Inlet is their territory and that it did not belong to the Squamish? All the names for the places on English Bay and Burrard Inlet are Squamish names, but the Musqueams say that the Squamish did not live down here until the Hastings Sawmill started, and that gave them work.

Mr. Haatsalano: (smiling) "Musqueam's got no claim. They claim Snaug, but they've got no rights. They not build a house there; Squamish build house there. Musqueams just come round from North Arm to fish on the sandbar" (Granville Island) "and up False Creek, and then they go away again, but Squamish build house."

### **POTLATCH.**

"Jericho Charlie (Chen-nal-set), my stepfather, he build big house, thousand feet long, cedar slab sides, cedar shake roof, out at E-yal-mough; he hold big potlatch, great big potlatch, that before my time. That house could be there yet, but the gun boats come and take it away, load all the timber on the gun boat. Chen-nal-set, he was working, he was away, working for old Jerry Rogers, freighting big canoe, hay and supplies from Hastings Sawmill to Jericho; gun boat just come, anchor, load lumber on gun boat, and take it away. Chen-nal-set and Toe-who-qwuam-kee and two other Indians give the big potlatch at Jericho.

"Then they hold potlatch at Stait-wouk;" (Second Beach) "Qual-kin give that potlatch, and there was another potlatch, a great big one, at A-yul-shun" (English Bay Beach.) "My grandfather, Chief Haatsalanough, he gave one potlatch at Chay-thoos, and after that another one at Whoi-Whoi.

### **WHALES.**

"Peter Smith, white man, used to live at Brockton Point, and made a living spearing whales. He used to catch them off Bowen Island and take them to Swis-pus-tah-kwin-ace," (Worlcombe Island) "and cut them up and make oil to sell to the Hastings Sawmill and in Westminster and Victoria. When the white man come, he did the same as Indians had done before. When white man go to Bowen Island he find lots whale bone lying on the beach, and call it 'Bone Island.'"

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, ON A SPECIAL ALL-DAY TRIP FROM VANCOUVER TO SQUAMISH ON THE UNION STEAMSHIP CAPILANO FOR THE PURPOSE OF HAVING HIM POINT OUT LOCATION OF INDIAN PLACES OF INTEREST, 28 NOVEMBER 1934.**

Query: Why did the Squamish make their home at a point like Squamish? Squamish is not as nice a place as Whoi-Whoi, Staitwouk or Eyalmo, anywhere on English Bay or Burrard Inlet.

Haatsalano: "Squamish their home; lots salmon, deer, beaver. In the summer time they go down English Bay and Burrard Inlet to get small fish, smelts, herring, oolichans, and dry them, and get clams, get berries, lots summer food down Burrard Inlet. Duck easier to get at English Bay than Squamish. Indian catch duck at night, spear them; go out in canoe, put cedar slabs across canoe, mud on top, then put fire, pitch stick so not make noise when burning" (crackle) "on top mud; when duck see light of fire in dark, he get curious, come nearer canoe, see what it is. Man in bow have spear on end pole twenty feet long; man

in canoe paddle as hard as he can. Canoe for" (hunting) "duck especially built; very narrow, very swift. Paddler in stern not raise his paddle; keep it in water as much as he can, so as not to scare duck; he make canoe go fast; that's way get near duck at night with fire in canoe.

"When Indian want go somewhere he use different canoe, wider canoe, but to catch duck he use canoe made to go swift.

"When Indian smoke salmon he use hemlock or alder for smoke. Salmon keep about two year if kept in good place, hard as a bone. Soak in water, then eat. If gets damp goes mouldy. But Indian only keep salmon one year; when spring salmon come next year, throw all old salmon away. May be have one hundred salmon when winter come, only ten when spring salmon come again; throw ten away.

"One time long ago when I was fishing salmon about five miles out in gulf off Bowen Island, a deer pass me swimming; don't know where he was going; may be lost his way; guess he drowns."

Query: Was there a principal chief in the Squamish tribe? When the chiefs of the Squamish tribe met together there must have been a chairman or principal chief.

Haatsalano: "Not one man big chief; each head of a family supreme in his section; call his friends together decide what to do.

"One time, before my time, Yucklataw Indians come down Point Grey, kill three Indians; six others ran off in trees and get away. Indian chiefs hold council, decide what best do; whether to get revenge. The chiefs all meet. Somebody say, 'Our good friend has been killed, we go get revenge.' So they all decide to go; ten canoes, twenty men in each canoe.

"It was your Christmas time; lots snow up Yucklataw. When they get near they see smoke coming out of houses, so they hide until it gets dark; then they creep up. They have pitch wood with them, cut up very fine," (and) "in bundles; they light bundles and throw on roof. Then they get big stick, lots men, left ridge pole off house, roof fall in, kill people inside; lots snow; peoples inside could not get out, only one outlet out of house, kill them as they come out, kill eighty or ninety; only one man escape; he creep into snow and hide; they miss him. Then Squamish come back."

## **SQUAMISH TERRITORY.**

According to Haatsalano, the boundary of the territory of the Squamish people extended over the entire area of Howe Sound and Burrard Inlet. On the west, their territory commenced near the point known as Gibson's Landing; to the north of Gibson's lived the Sechelts, in whose language the Squamish could not easily converse.

The Squamish Country extended sixty miles up the Squamish River to the Shovel Nose Indian Reserve (Spring Salmon Creek). Eastwards it included all English Bay and Burrard Inlet up to Indian River and Port Moody. Haatsalano says its southern extremity ended at the tip of Point Grey (Chit-chil-a-yuk) but others say at Mahley, just west of Musqueam. The probability is that Haatsalano is correct.

August Haatsalano does not read or write. He complains that the speech and pronunciation of the present day Indian is affected by speaking constantly in English, and says "Andy Paull" (Qoitchetahl) "spoils things." Mr. Paull uses the English language constantly and is fluent. Haatsalano, being older by perhaps 20 years, habitually speaks in the Indian tongue excepting when talking to white men.

He says, "Capilano whitemans word; not Squamish; no 'cap' in Squamish; whitemans say 'cap'ilano. Indian word 'Kee-ap,' i.e., Kee-ap-ee-la-nogh.

"Squamish peoples not wear feather hat like prairie Indian; just band for hat; like hat band inside whitemans hat; made of buckskin, may be one feather in band, at front or back—generally front—pull band down over head; keep hair in place.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, 2 FEBRUARY 1935.**

### **POTLATCHES.**

Query: What did the Indians use to "make a potlatch" before the whitemans came?

Haatsalano: "Blankets. The Squamish women made the blankets, Indian blankets. After the whitemans come they get other things. About one hundred guns, two thousand whitemans blankets, and thirty canoes, 'make a potlatch.'"

(Note: Prof. Hill-Tout records that Jonathan Miller told him that at one great potlatch held at Whoi-Whoi, Stanley Park, there were about two thousand Indians present.)

Query: What do you think about the banning by law of the potlatch? Don't you think that if the whiteman had emulated the noble spirit of the potlatch instead of interdicting it, it would have been more creditable? What a spectacle it would be to see a rich citizen of Vancouver on top of an elevated platform in Stanley Park, casting down on the crowd below the worldly riches it had taken him a lifetime to acquire! Did you have debauchery? Were there intoxicants before the whitemans came?

Haatsalano: "No whisky before whitemans. Whitemans come, he bring booze, spoil everything." (After pause) "Chinnalsut" (Jericho Charlie) "and Towhimqwhamkee" (Jack) "club together give big potlatch that time at Jericho."

### **INDIAN DANCES.**

"When Indians were dancing at potlatches, they danced by themselves; they did not hug a woman like the whitemans do. Hug woman no good. I never do it. Dance by myself. Only three Squamish mans now dance by themselves; nobody else. Just Chief Matthias," (Capilano) "? and myself. All rest dance with woman like whitemans," (making grimace and hugging motion to illustrate.) "Indian girls now paint faces like white womans, rouge lips, pluck eyebrows and make curve," (arched eyebrows) "put stuff on eyelids, high heels about four inches, long skirts down to ground; then they sweat, and" (drawing fingers down cheek) "paint run all down face. Don't like. No good. No good hug womans. Indian paint not run off cheek like whitemans face paint."

### **DEER AND ELK.**

Query: Didn't you tell me that Old Man Capilano (about 1860) shot thirteen elk on the shores of False Creek after a big snow storm? (Vancouver has just experienced one of the deepest falls of snow in her history, January 1935.)

Haatsalano: "Yes, I remember out Jericho beach, used to kill deer with a pike-pole. Snow so deep, deer come down on beach. When the tide go out they eat the kelp and sea grass. Jericho Charlie" (Chinnalsut) "come along in a boat; deer get frightened, can't go in snow, snow too deep, so deer strike out into the water. Go after them and kill them with a pike pole from the boat."

### **CANOES.**

"Indian name for canoe 'snaquaith.'"

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, 15 MARCH 1935.**

### **INDIAN HOUSES. INDIAN MATS. INDIAN COOKING. INDIAN SOAP.**

Query: How did the Indians eat their meals before the whitemans came? They couldn't eat outside on a wet day.

A.J.H.: "Inside house, on mat. No wooden floor, just earth, then put a mat on earth to keep the dirt away, and then another mat on top."

Query: Why two mats?

A.J.H.: "The thin mat goes over the heavier one; thin mat easier to clean, to wash; oh, may be a yard and a half square. See why they have two mats; ground might be a little dry, that's why; the bottom one keeps the dust down; may be little kids move, he make dust; so they have two mats."

"Table? No table. They don't use chairs; they got little blocks, cut them with slate chisel; little blocks about sixteen or eighteen inches long by ten inches high; sit on them."

### **VENISON.**

"They roast deer meat by fire inside house. Take sharp stick; sometimes split stick" (make a prong), "sometimes not split it; then put meat between stick; put stick in ground close to fire, and cook meat very carefully; roast it. If they want to boil meat they get certain kind of rocks, and then they got, like—you know how they feed pigs?" (Interjection, "Trough.") "Yes, that's it, trough, cedar trough; they put hot rocks or stones in water, and boil meat."

### **INDIAN PLATES.**

"They got plates; they make plates themselves; big fellows, three feet long; and they put meat on the wooden plate, and put plate on mat on floor; then Indian family sit all around; and vegetables on big plate too. They not put their fingers in it; have little stone knife; cut 'em" (meat.) "Now, s'pose one family may be five or six; then may be plate five feet long; all sit around and eat off the one big plate; or they got spoon; you know mountain goat's horn spoon; well, they use that; they use big spoon" (ladle) "to lift vegetables out of hot water; put on big plate; use big spoon to dip from trough, then put vegetable on big plate; then each man have little spoon."

Query: How about drinking?

A.J.H.: "Drink? They got cups; not regular whiteman's cups, but cups made out of alder dug deep, and a little handle on them" (a sort of wooden dipper.)

Query: How did Indians wash themselves? They had no whitemans soap.

A.J.H.: "They use little white berry; grows on bush, so high," (holding hand about three feet from ground) "lots in" (Stanley) "Park, lots at Kitsilano, grows in little clusters of white berries; they take them, rub over buckskin, and make clean; no foam, not much anyway. You take four or five those berries, and rub in your hand," (crush between palms) "then go in water, and your hand quite clean. You can't wash buckskin in water. Collect lots white berries, put in damp moss; they keep 'til next year."

### **INDIAN HAIR CUTTING.**

Query: How did Indians cut their hair?

A.J.H.: "Sharp stone knife, sharp as glass. You see, there two kinds of slate rock, soft slate rock and hard slate rock. Indian get hard slate; make him sharp, cut hair. Indian wear hair so it just nearly touch shoulder. Have leather band about two inches wide of buckskin, with two or three feathers in front, go around forehead and back of head to hold hair in place."

### **INDIAN CLOTHING.**

Query: Did Indians wear underclothing?

A.J.H.: "Noooo! Wear buckskin pants, buckskin shirt; oh ho, nice and warm; too hot. Soft. In very cold weather, wrap blanket over shoulders."

### **INDIAN CANOES.**

"Squamish word for canoe 'snaquaith.'"

### **THE LAST POTLATCH.**

"The last real potlatch was before the war—about 1913, and was held at Quamicham—a big affair down on the river bank. After that the government banned them. I was there."

### THE FIRST POLICEMAN. THE FIRST CUSTOMS OFFICER.

"The first policeman I remember was George Brew." (Not George, but Tompkins.) (See F.W. Alexander.)  
"He had an Indian wife, and lived at Brew's Point in Stanley Park—they call it Brockton Point now.  
Jonathan Miller was the next constable."

### DEATH DANCE.

"The Squamish word for funeral is 'kumsapp'; the word for dance is 'maytha'; the dance and feast come after the funeral; if the funeral is in the morning or afternoon the dance and feast come in the evening of the same day. One time, down at Snauq," (Burrard Bridge) "before 1915, four or five small Indian children die one after another. I pay for potlatch; nobody's else got any money. Government not allow potlatch like we used to have, so we pay those whose helping in money. Man who makes coffins get most; man who digs grave next most; girls peels potatoes; everybody gets money; after funeral, then have feast and dance; potlatch."

Query: What's the reason for feast and dance when everybody sad?

A.J.H.: (apparently annoyed at the stupidity of the question) "Well, may be." (Pause.) "You got to pay help. Whitemans give drinks" (whisky) "after funeral. Indians don't give drinks; he gives eats; something good."

### INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

Query: What is a medicine man, August?

A.J.H.: "A 'swohmtun'" (medicine man) "is a doctor, what whitemans calls doctor, makes you well again. A 'suu-wayn' is a fortune teller, who tells about things that are going to be; they are two different kinds of men, though the whitemans thinks both the same; a suuwayn tells about things" (myths.)

"It's like this. When a boy about sixteen, you go out. Stay up in the mountains, jump in the lake, wash yourself, make yourself clean, come out dance about, get warm again. Well, you do that for ten years."

Query: No, surely not for ten years?

A.J.H.: (positively) "Yes, for ten years; then he's a *man*" (pause) "in ten years. Ten years, summer and winter."

Query: What does he do for food and shelter?

A.J.H.: "He get himself his own food from mountains. He got bow and arrow, kill goat; that's what he use for winter; kill goat, dry it, he makes his little house; he's got goat fur, deer fur, bear fur."

Query: How far up does he go?

A.J.H.: "Oh, he goes long way so nobody's see him; nobody go near him; nobody disturb him. And all the time he practicing. He kill things and try to make them alive again; bird; that shows he's a doctor, a good doctor."

Query: What do you mean by "make it alive again"? Does he kill it first?

A.J.H.: "Yes, kill it first."

Query: But it can't be quite dead?

A.J.H.: "Well," (reasoning) "he stone him; must be dead; anything he sees in the woods he uses stone to kill him; then he dance around it and try and make the thing 'live again. If he makes it 'live he's a *doctor*" (emphasis.) "Some swohmtun, see, if it's a bruise, they suck that blood out. Sometime mans get hurt in his head, his brain; then swohmtun come, suck blood out with his mouth. See, two different ways. One swohmtun, if that was you hurt," (pointing) "he come suck the blood in your bruise; another swohmtun, he just cure sick people" (physician.) "Those fellows stay in the mountains ten years; nobody see them. When he comes home again, he's doctor."

Query: How does he know when to come home?

A.J.H.: "Well, I was telling you. If he kill something, and make it alive again, then he's doctor; he know he cure somebody; he comes home. Swohmtun don't use poison; whitemans doctor use poison. Indian never use poison; use herb, good to eat, good to drink, make you fat, make you feel good. No poison anywhere 'cept rattlesnake, but does not belong; he just rattlesnake."

#### **KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE. SNAUQ. BURRARD BRIDGE.**

Query: What did you say the Squamish Indians got for the sale of the eight acres of the Kitsilano Indian Reserve used in 1932 for the footings of the Burrard Bridge?

A.J.H.: "The arbitrators gave \$44,988.58 and the lawyers got \$28,854.50 of it. The lawyers for the City of Vancouver got \$15,145.65, and the Indian costs were \$13,708.85, and then they wanted us to carry it to the Privy Council, but the Indians decided not to; there would have been nothing left at all. I understand that when they buy the four acres for the Seaforth Highlanders drill hall they will pay \$7,500 an acre, or \$30,000 in all, but I hear something that the Indians are to get only \$15,000, but don't know. The Indian agent said that if we did not sell it they would take it anyhow, by expropriation. So our Council voted to sell it."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO, IN MY GARDEN, 24 MARCH 1935.**

##### **"TAYHAY" AT WHOI-WHOI.**

Query: Tayhay had a peakless roof, just a lean-to, one side higher than the other; which side was the tallest?

A.J.H.: *The one nearest the water.* All those Indian cottages concealed in the trees. You see, those days, enemy might come; no use showing where you were, so hide house in the trees." (Note: Captain Vancouver's Journal says they saw no sign of habitations as they passed out of the Narrows.) "Long time afterwards—after whitemans come—Indians commence to build houses out on the shore where peoples could see them."

##### **EYALMO (JERICHO.) POTLATCHES.**

"The big potlatch at Jericho was before my time; all I know about it is what they tell me, but it was the biggest potlatch of all. Indians come from everywhere—Lummi, Victoria, Saanich, Nanaimo, Panall," (Cooper Island) "Chee-woat-held; no Indians from Sechelt; they not come to potlatches."

"Four men give it. Chinalset" (Jericho Charlie), "Tow-hu-quam-kee, Hay-much-tun, and Charl-tun" (Old Tom.) "They have great big building just other side where air station is now; building about three hundred feet long, ninety feet wide, great big beams. At each end three big posts; high, big as a man's body, then three big beams run the entire length of building on top of posts, each beam eighty to ninety feet long, and butted end to end so as to run whole three hundred feet of building, one on each side, one down middle. Split cedar slab sides, laid what you call horizontal, laced together with small posts; roof of great big split cedar slabs fitted together like this so as not use one for canoe after they pull it down. Warship come along one day and take a lot of it away; load on scow and take on board; don't know what they did with the slabs; to England, may be, may be burn; don't know. But you see the way they build the roof no water can get in."

##### **POTLATCHES.**

"I'm glad government stopped potlatches. All right in the early days when Indian make his own blankets and no booze, but afterwards white man bring booze, and Indian buy blanket. Indian rich those days; poor now."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH AUGUST JACK HAATSALANO IN MY GARDEN, 19 MAY 1935.**

Mr. Haatsalano came from North Vancouver to pay me a visit; we sat under the trees for three hours and chatted and he had a plate of pudding my wife brought.

### **TIN-TA-MAYUHK.**

Query: What name did the Squamish give to their land?

A.J.H.: "Tin-ta-mayuhk; means 'my country.' Musqueams have a name too, same word, but pronounced differently; people up Lillooet have different name;" (sounds like Tsasch) "all mean the same, 'my country.'"

### **CHIEF HAATSALANOUGH.**

Query: How tall was Chief Haatsalanogh?

A.J.H.: "Must be big man; look at me. My father, Khaytulk, six feet two; I am just six feet. My mother tell me about Chief Haatsalanogh going from Squamish to Pemberton. Pacific Great Eastern train take four hours; mother say Chief Haatsalanogh take one day, one day from dawn to dark; he start as soon as light, and at dark he's at Pemberton; he go up to Ashlow, then he cuts across about 40 degrees northeast; just go through forest, over mountain; no trail. That will show you what kind of a man he was."

### **SNAUQ. INDIAN HOUSES.**

"The big Indian potlatch house on the Kitsilano Indian Reserve not far from the end of what is Chestnut Street, about 250 yards east; face the 'West End.' It was about 175 to 200 feet long, about seventy feet wide, and made of cedar slabs. It had a peak roof, very low peak, I think copy whitemans, dirt floor. All around the edge was a bench or platform, about five feet wide; wide enough for two people to sleep side by side on it, but they did not sleep crosswise to the walls, but longways." (That is, on the long side of the building they sleep east and west; at the ends, north and south.) "That bench or platform is called 'yi-wus'; just boards, no bed, and raised about sixteen inches off the ground, just so you could sit and put your feet on the ground."

### **INDIAN HOUSE HEATING.**

"In a house seventy feet wide, if the fires are in the middle the peoples can't get no heat, so they make fires on each side; about six fires on each side in the house Towhuquamkee built at Snauc."

### **SAM GREER. GREER'S BEACH. JERICHO CHARLIE.**

I told Haatsalano about a painting of Kitsilano Beach made by Lt. Willis of H.M.S. *Ganges* in 1861, and of the Indian house on the shore at the foot of Yew Street, and asked how it came about that the roofs were peaked.

Haatsalano: "Copy whitemans, I think. Sam Greer steal Jericho Charlie's house at Kitsilano Beach. That house Sam Greer live in belong to Jericho Charlie, but Jericho Charlie have two or three houses; one out at Jericho, he use in summer when freighting to Jerry Roger's logging camp at Jericho, Point Grey at Kullahan. He leave house on Kitsilano Beach, then some other Indians sell him to Sam Greer; they go to law about it in Victoria; Jericho Charlie and Sam Greer have a fight in the Court House there."

### **TOW-HU-QUAM-KEE'S HOUSE AT FOOT OF CEDAR STREET ON BEACH. SNAUC.**

"I have told you before Chip-kaay-m first man to go to Snauc; he built first house close to water, Indian house, not like whitemans. House half way between Burrard Bridge and Granville Bridge, close to water. Split cedar slab sides, laid horizontal; about ninety feet long, forty feet wide, twelve feet high in front, low at back, open fire place in middle; big centre beams. Then after whitemans come, Chip-kaay-m build another house close to eastern end of Indian Reserve near Granville Bridge, one by twelve lumber, as I tell you before. Pull down the old, old house, burn slabs for firewood.

"Towhuquamkee built his big place about foot of Cedar Street on beach just slabs, but he put slabs up and down, and nail him; get nails Hastings Mill store; peak roof, sort of half Indian, half whitemans house."

### **INDIAN ORCHARDS.**

"My mother Qhwy-what plant orchard near foot of Chestnut Street on Indian Reserve; cherry trees gone wild, there yet; all go to pieces, not look after him. Jim Watson's house was quite close to Chestnut Street, then come Charlie's" (Tul-sin-suut), "then Towhuquamkee's big house, then Tom's" (Charltun), "then big house I was born in, just built when I was born about 1876, then old Williams, then Charlie

Seymour's; they all faced the West End; you could see them all from English Bay bathing beach. Beyond that was the older village of Snaug; you could not see them from English Bay beach."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH REV. G.H. RALEY, D.D., OF 5561 OLYMPIC STREET, KERRISDALE.**

Retired clergyman, after having spent fifty years with the Indians of B.C.; formerly of Coqualeetza Indian School, Sardis, B.C. (also see his splendid collection of Indian objects), 9 May 1935.

#### **FALSE CREEK INDIAN RESERVE. KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE. SNAUQ.**

"In 1894, together with the late Rev. C.M. Tate, I visited the former Indian village under the Burrard Street Bridge; we went there together, and spent one Sunday afternoon in the long house." (See Tate, *Early Vancouver*, Matthews, and August Jack Haatsalano, same volume.) (Also see drawing or map.) "At that time a few families, temporarily resident, were living in the long house; some few remained over the winter, but most did not. The long house was, as Tate says, of slabs, etc., and was one hundred and fifty feet long, I should think, thirty feet high in the centre and twelve feet on the sides. It had a very low peak roof, very low, hardly perceptible one might almost say." (Evidently an adaptation of whiteman's building, for Squamish built lean-to's before the whiteman came. J.S.M.) "It had three, I don't think as many as four, smoke holes in the centre of the roof to let the smoke from the large fires, about three of them, which, probably at one time, burned in the centre, for there was a regular earth hearth in the middle, but when we were there that afternoon, several families were living around smaller fires in the corners or on the sides. The whole floor was earth, but at one time it had had a platform all around the walls of the inside, but the boards, split cedar slabs, had evidently been taken away or used for fuel; anyway, they had gone, and as I say, the building used as a temporary shelter for most. That was in 1894. The hearths, three of them, were beneath the smoke holes, but were unused; little bits of fires were in the corners, etc., a family around each.

"There were several other large buildings, but smaller, nearby." (See Tate and map.) "There are one or two of the same type still at Musqueam."

#### **MUSQUEAM.**

Query by J.S.M.: What became of those buildings at Snaug? The only houses I can recall in 1899 were houses built of sawn boards, regular white man's houses with shingle roof.

Dr. Raley: "They used to take the boards away, but perhaps they were burned in some way."

(See Haatsalano, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2; also Tate. The last Indians, Old Man Jim, wife and son, departed on the morning of 11 April 1913. J.S.M.)

#### **SKO-MISH-OATH.**

Conversation of Khahtsahlano in 1934. "It is the name of the country, or territory of the Squamish Indian peoples, and includes all Howe Sound and Burrard Inlet," (includes English Bay) "from Staw-ki-yah, a creek west of Gibson's Landing to the tip of Point Grey; all the land in between belongs to the Squamish."

Note: other authorities (Indian) say to Mahly, just west of Musqueam, and that Mahly was Musqueam territory "leased" to their friends the Squamish; Khahtsahlano thinks Point Grey was the territorial boundary; Ayatak (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) says False Creek and English Bay belonged to Musqueams, and adds, "Squamish and Musqueams, also Sechelts, always good friends." On the west, Staw-ki-yah, near Roberts Creek, was the boundary beyond which Khahtsahlano says, "Squamish must not go." Skomishoath included Port Moody and Indian River, and extended many miles up the Squamish River. J.S.M.

#### **KEW BEACH.**

On south side, a boulder about fifteen feet diameter, resting in the top of a great crevice, thirty-five feet deep about, tapering from twelve feet wide at the top. An Indian god was whirling the boulder in a sling; gathering speed to throw at Mount Garibaldi for the purpose of knocking off the top which he considered

to be too high; and his arm, touching a raven (or a slave), his aim was spoilt, and the boulder missed its mark and fell at Chulks, or Kew Beach, and still remains there.

## **INDIAN VILLAGES AND LANDMARKS**

### **HOWE SOUND AND BURRARD INLET**

#### **BEFORE THE WHITEMANS CAME TO TIN-TA-MAYUHK**

As narrated in conversations with, and spelt from the pronunciation of, August Jack Haatsalano (grandson of chief Haatsalanogh, after whom Kitsilano is named), born at the Indian village of Snauq, False Creek, about 1876-8, the locations being pointed out by him on special trips to Howe Sound for the purpose in 1934-5.

J.S. Matthews.

#### **TIM-TA-MAYUHK.**

Haatsalano: "Means 'my country,' that is, all of the territory occupied by the Squamish Indian peoples."

#### **HOWE SOUND.**

##### **EAST SIDE.**

##### **SKAYWITSUT.**

Haatsalano: Skaywitsut.

Hill-Tout: Skeawatsut.

Point Atkinson

Meaning: "Go around point." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

##### **CHULKS.**

Haatsalano: Chulks, i.e., "stone in sling."

Hill-Tout: Stcilks, i.e., "sling."

Kew Beach: actual location Erwin Point. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

##### **KEEKHARLSUM.**

Haatsalano: Kee-kharlsum, i.e., "gnawing."

Hill-Tout: Ketlalsm, i.e., "nipping grass."

Eagle Harbour: (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

##### **STUKTUKS.**

Haatsalano: Stuktuks, i.e., "rocks all cut up." Supposed to be a sea serpent, he has bitten the other sea serpent; two of them fight; one bites the other and cut him in two, and the Indians call the place Stuktuks, which means "all cut up." (Fluted.)

Khatsahlano: (April 1937) Stuktoks, i.e., "rocks all cut up into grooves, or ribbed."

Hill-Tout: Stoktoks.

Fisherman's Cove: actual location—the southwestern tip of Whytecliffe Point. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

##### **CHA-HAI.**

Haatsalano: Cha-Hai, i.e., "sizzling noise." As when frying bacon. Caused by myriads of small fish wriggling on surface of water.

Hill-Tout: Tcakqai.

Horse Shoe Bay: (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

**TUMTH.**

Haatsalano: Tumth, i.e., "red paint for faces."

Hill-Tout: TumtIs, i.e., "paint."

Qoitchetahl: Tumbth.

Haatsalano: "Two and one half miles north of Horseshoe Bay. Supposed to be a red rock. A white house there now, near the gravelly beach, but I don't know where the red rock is now; perhaps once upon a time they got red paint there."

It is south of a line drawn east and west through the southern point of Bowyer Island. Tumth is the mouth of a creek which runs through D.L. 2365; today there is one dwelling north, and one dwelling south of the mouth of the creek.

**PAHPK.**

Haatsalano: Pahpk, i.e., just a name; significance: "A white head." A grey white, irregular, but generally triangular, bare spot high up on the mountain side, visible for miles from the sea. It is approximately a mile north of a line drawn east and west across the north end of Bowyer Island. Trees cannot grow upon the triangular bare spot as the slope is too steep. There is a rock, white-washed by engineers or surveyors—a surveyor's location mark or level—on the beach below Paphk. Just past Tumth, about due west of Mount Strahan, a "white" rock about 1,000 feet up the mountain side; big bare kind of rock, like a slide. I think it is reached by going up Newman Creek.

Hill-Tout: Npapak.

Qoitchetahl: Means "it looks white"; must be something white on mountain side; I think word is derived from "white" which in Indian is "puck."

**KUL-ATE-STUN.**

Haatsalano: Kul-ate-stun, not Kul-ate-tsun.

Hill-Tout: Kulatsen.

Qoitchetahl: Kut-ate-tsun.

Haatsalano: A bay with good camping beach, gravelly, and a creek; little shack there now. Alberta Bay is south of Kul-ate-stun and north of Paphk. Kul-ate-stun is slightly south of about due west of Mount Brunswick. A long, low, flattish mound of green between forest and shore; the gravelly beach next, north of Alberta Bay; the low green mound of the point, Kulatestun, is immediately north of the gravelly beach. It is on D.L. 1815, north of the point, but south of the creek. There is a cottage there.

Meaning: "Some times they fight," i.e., war, battleground, Indian fight.

**KHARL-KUM-STAUWK.**

See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, Matthews.

Captain Charles Warren Cates, of C.H. Cates & Sons, North Vancouver, came into the City Archives, searching for material about Indian place names up Howe Sound. Captain Cates speaks the Squamish language, more or less proficiently. He read as follows:

"Khari-kum-stauwk.

"Khari-kum-stauwk, Deeks Creek. A creek which comes down a steep tunnel like ravine, and reaches the sea on a narrow rocky shore. Nothing else there; a solitary spot below a wild mountainside. About three miles south of Porteau; about due east of Centre Island. A creek.

"Meaning (according to Khahtsahlano): "They claim it is something which is bad; everybody scared of it; sometimes a kind of big fish come out of the water; word means something people are scared of." He adds, "Andy Paul is wrong; 'Stahl-kum-stahwk' is not the way to say it."

Captain Cates, continuing, "I was talking to old ---" (an Indian at Squamish) "and he was telling me about that place. He said that there was an old Indian witch, and she had a basket, made out of snake skins, and she used to catch Indian children and put them in the basket, and afterwards eat them, and people did not know where the children were going to, or disappearing to. Then one day when she had a little boy in her basket, the sun got hot and the snake skins stretched, and the little boy in it squeezed out and ran home and told the people." (I did not quite catch the connection, as Captain Cates continued.) "There are seven rocks there; each one represents something bad, like devils; seven devils."

Kharl-kum-stauwk, as August Jack Khahtsahlano tells in *Early Vancouver*, must be something which is very bad indeed; no wonder people are scared of it.

#### **SHUK-UK-SEN.**

Haatsalano: Shuk-sen. A bare point of rock rising in huge steps or benches and a few scattered fir trees. There is a nice place at the foot, a little bay—not shown on small scale maps—"just large enough to fit a canoe, a little bay about thirty feet wide and a gravelly beach."

Hill-Tout: Skutuksen, i.e., promontory.

Qoitchetahl: A promontory, but does not know location.

Haatsalano: Half a mile north of Kharl-kum-stauwk. It is a point of land about due east of the south end of Anvil Island, and on the shore about the middle of D.L. 2937.

Meaning: "A flat nose point," a nice place.

#### **WHAU-CHA-HA.**

Haatsalano: Whau-cha-ha. Approximately Porteau (Schooner Harbour); a gravel pit and a gravel crusher there, and a number of abandoned buildings. The exact location is a cove sheltered by a tongue of land at the southwest corner of D.L. 1748.

Meaning: "Little Sturgeon."

#### **UN-WITH-SPAT-KUN.**

Haatsalano: Un-with-spat (or spaht) –kun. The flat place on the left or southern bank of the mouth of Furry Creek, a mile and one half mile north of Porteau. Viewed from the sea, this place appears as a few acres, more or less rising from the shore, and covered with alder and such trees. The southern shore of D.L. 1296.

Meaning: "A little prairie," nice little place.

Qoitchetahl: Un-with-spahthk-kun. (Haatsalano disagrees and insists "spaht.") "Spahthk-kun" means a place where there is grass when the tide goes out, but covered when the tide is in; "un-with" means "middle" or "centre."

#### **SY-ITS.**

Haatsalano: Sy-its. Furry Creek between Un-with-spat-kun and Khul-kalos, nothing there now other than a creek. No meaning, just a name. Sy-its is the mouth of Furry Creek.

#### **KHUL-KALOS.**

Haatsalano: Khul-kalos. A perpendicular flat face of bluff about 300 yards north of Furry Creek, a bare face of rock about 30 feet above water. (Los as English "dose.") It is just inside the bay which faces south and to the east of the point pointing south. It is on D.L. 2018.

Meaning: "Painted with streaks," as of streaks of red paint on face, from nose across horizontally as in Indian adornment. They claim that when the big tide came, some fellow painted the bluff to see if the tide was going to stop; the paint is there yet. When the tide was coming up the man painted horizontal bars across the rocks so as to mark the place where it stopped. Paint marks are there yet. Viewed from a passing passenger steamer this rock appears as a perpendicular face of rock and the

streaks appear yellow and perpendicular rather than red and horizontal. It is conceivable that the waters of a tidal wave might have reached this rock. The Squamish have a legend of a "flood."

Hill-Tout: Qilketos, i.e., painted.

### **WUK-WUK-KUM.**

Haatsalano: A lot of square blocks of rock on the shore; a white man would call them trunks or boxes. They are just outside the point which points south. Wuk-wuk-kum is due west of Khul-kalos and on D.L. 2018.

Note by J.S.M. The blocks of stone are by no means exactly square; rather, they are very angular and lie one upon another in a cluster on the water's edge north of a rock crevasse in which a number of small fir trees grow, and a rock bluff above. There are two such collections; Wuk-wuk-kum is the more southerly.

### **THU-THOWT.**

Haatsalano: Thu-thowt. A bluff near the edge of the water, about 100 yards or so north of Khulkalos.

Meaning: "Herrings," i.e., the bluff looks like a lot of herring. To see the "herrings" which are in the face of the rock a few feet above the water, it is necessary to approach very close.

From Britannia Beach dock, Thu-thout appears as a bold headland to the south. When passing in a passenger steamer it appears thus. It is on (about) D.L. 2934.

### **WHUL-UM-YOS.**

Haatsalano: Whul-um-yos. North of Thu-thowt, a long rock about 24 feet long lying on top of the bluff about 90 feet above the water. "Yos" pronounced similar to "dose."

Meaning: "He was a man looking down the bluff."

Qoitchetahl: Whwolumyose.

Note by J.S.M. A rock, plainly visible, but hard to locate among many others on a rocky eminence if its exact position is unknown, lying apparently balanced, beside a telegraph or electric power pole. It is on (about) D.L. 2932.

"He was a man, lying on his stomach, looking down over the edge of the bluff."

Note by J.S.M. Khul-kalos, Wuk-wuk-kum, Thu-thowt and Whul-um-yos are all within a distance of one quarter of a mile.

### **YAY-KIM.**

A large irregular rock, very irregular, at the water's edge, three hundred yards north of Whulumyos. It is perhaps thirty feet long, ten feet high, flattish on top, and sits on the beach with its irregular sharp-looking edges overhanging. Pronounced as "yea," alternative for "yes." Haatsalano says it means "something about sharpening" (tools) "right on the edge of the water." (A huge hone.) Location: believed to be (on shore) of D.L. 4011, but not yet verified.

### **HUEY-QWAH-LAHUN.**

Haatsalano: Huey-quah-lahun. A good, sheltered bay with gravel beach and creek, a mile south of Britannia Beach. A dozen or more small cottages—shacks—ranged in a row along the shore between an extensive grove of alders and water. The exact location of Huey-qwah-lahun is where the creek empties into the sea. Immediately to the south is a small knoll. It is on D.L. 2925. Meaning: "A lot of little trout."

### **SWAH-KO.**

Haatsalano: An enormous smooth surface boulder or rock, light grey, large as a house, within a few feet of salt water beside a gravel pit, bunkers and cottage—perhaps 400 yards south of Britannia Beach Mill on D.L. 2001.

Meaning: "A loon" (species of waterfowl.)

Legend (Haatsalano): "An Indian fellow" (recluse) "lived at Swah-ko. He have loon for pet. He don't like peoples come too close his place; he wants people stay away; he hates peoples go close. So when peoples come by in canoe, he lets pet loon go. The peoples see loon, and go after it, they chase the loon, but it's hard to catch; they can't catch it. The loon goes too fast for any kind of canoe. By the time the peoples get tired and give up the chase, they have been drawn far away from Swah-ko; then the loon comes home.

"It was subterfuge to get the peoples not to come and stay near his place. The man who owned the pet loon lived at Swah-ko."

Britannia Creek.

Haatsalano: It must have a name, but I never heard it.

### **CHE-SHY-U-HAI.**

Haatsalano: Chey-shy-u-hai. A little island north of Britannia Beach, about three-quarters of a mile, not shown on some maps but shown on charts; about 150 feet long, and eighty feet wide.

Meaning: "Where they keep the dead." English "graveyard."

Hill-Tout: Cicaioqoi.

### **SAITS-SA-KEN.**

Haatsalano: Sait-sa-ken. Watts Point—a point of bare rock and some fir trees. Meaning: "Tall bunch grass growing there in the water."

Hill-Tout: Cetsaken.

### **LOCK-LOW-KALS.**

Haatsalano: Lock-low-kals. Next point north of Watts Point. Three rocks sit there close to the water.

Meaning: "There was Indian peoples from Pemberton sitting there."

The legend is that the three rocks "sitting on the beach" at Lock-low-kals were three Indian persons from Pemberton, waiting to get a ride in a canoe to Squamish. Haatsalano, says, "They did not know if anyone was passing in a canoe, so they were just waiting in the hope that someone would come along and take them to Squamish."

### **WHAL-WHA-LAYTEN.**

Haatsalano: Whal-wha-layten. A point pointing north on map. A big round white rock, maybe 24 feet high on beach, almost due south of Britannia West. Viewed from Squamish dock, this rock shows up, clear and distinct, as a bare, grey-white rock lying one hundred and fifty yards along the shore against a green background of forest.

Meaning: "That's where the schooner anchored when the first whiteman come." That's why they call it that. In Squamish language Indian is "Stal-mough," and a whiteman is "Wha-layten." Whaylaten means "one whiteman"; "Whal-wha-layten" means "lots of whitemans."

Qoitchetahl: Kal-kah-laith-ten. (A pronunciation vigorously disputed by Haatsalano.)

### **WHIN-NOS.**

Haatsalano: Whin-nos. A bay, no flat land there, looking north towards Squamish; they have been taking out some gravel there. Meaning (roughly): "looking this way," that is, towards Squamish, or "the bay which faces Squamish."

### **QHAT-SAY-KEE-AWK.**

Haatsalano: Qhat-say-kee-awk. A sharp rock sitting on the beach close to the water, north of the bay of Whinnos.

Meaning: "It's a sharp top rock, as if I were to jab you; it's sharp." From Squamish, it appears as the first grey-white streak of bare rock lying along the water's edge, south of Qhut-saht-soat-sin.

#### **QHUT-SAHT-SOAT-SIN.**

Haatsalano: Whut-saat-soat-sin. At Shannon Bay. A little island connected with the mainland.

Meaning: If it was an island it would be "Squtsahs," but it is connected with the land, hence Whut-saat-soat-sin. A grey-white bare rock with a few fir trees.

#### **KOH-QWOT-KUM.**

Haatsalano: Koh-qwot-kum. A waterfall high on the mountain side. Meaning: "Make noise like drum."

Hill-Tout: Kukutwon, i.e., waterfall.

Haatsalano: "Wohkwotkum is not the great waterfalls, but is near the beach; it's a big stone, and the water rushes down over it, runs up on it, and as it goes over, makes a noise like rumelrumelrumelrumel; Kohqwhotkum is between Qhut-saht-soat-sin and Skul-ow."

#### **SKUL-OW.**

The town of Squamish lies at the foot of a towering mountain of sandstone, thousands of feet high; nearer lies a lesser mountain similar in appearance, but very much smaller. The exact location of Skul-ow is at the foot of the cliff at the northern extremity of the smaller mountain, almost adjoining the south end of the Squamish Indian Reserve, and consists of little benches of rocks where the beaver used to congregate and eat their fish, i.e., flounder, etc., they caught nearby.

#### **WHOH-NUCK.**

On Squamish townsite. There, on the west side of the north end of the Squamish Dock, on about the site of Galbraith's store, the Indian warriors displayed on poles the heads of their foes decapitated in warfare. The word signifies "where they hang the heads of their enemies." In former Indian battle, the warriors cut off the heads of the fallen foe, brought the heads back as trophies, beached their war canoes at Whoh-nuck, and then suspended the heads, one above the other, from a tall pole, like fruit on a vine. "Then," says Haatsalano, "when the Squamish people come along, they count them, and see who's the bravest man; who's got most heads on his pole."

Khahtsalano: "There was no village shore; it was just where they hung the heads. The village was across the river."

#### **KWUM-KWUM.**

Haatsalano: Kwum-kwum. Defence Island, the largest of two islands. Meaning: "When you are in a canoe, you get off," i.e., "go ashore." It means, "Where you beach your canoe, and get out of it, and go ashore." They bury Indian dead there.

At-saym-kwum-kwum

Haatsalano: The small and outside island of the two Defence Islands.

#### **THLA-HOOM.**

Haatsalano: Thla-hoom. Irby Point on Anvil Island; not Anvil Island itself. The island was a good hunting ground for deer, but I don't know its meaning, perhaps just a name.

Qoitchetahl: Tlah-hom is the best I can do in English.

Hill-Tout: Tlaqom, i.e., Anvil Island.

Khahtsalano: "Indians mean the whole island when they say "Thla-hoom," but there's a point there." (Note, he appears to contradict himself, but not when his meaning is understood. JSM.)

#### **SO-SAH-LATCH.**

Haatsalano: So-sah-latch. The most easterly cape or point on Anvil Island. A big blunt promontory on southeast corner of Anvil Island.

Meaning: In a general way, “shelter,” “at one time they had lots of kliskis” (mats) “there; they keep lots kliskis there, give you shelter; keep you warm.”

Haatsalano narrates, “When the Squamish moved from place to place they took with them large mats, about ten feet wide, fifteen feet long, and then, erecting a flimsy framework of four corner poles with connecting pole rafters, hung the mats around the sides and spread them over the top to provide a temporary rude shelter from wind and rains, etc. When erected, the tent-like protection is a ‘sah-latch’; ‘so’ means ‘lots,’ i.e., ‘so-sah-latch’ = ‘lots of mats.’”

#### **KWA-LAYT-KUM.**

Haatsalano: Kwa-layt-kum. Centre Island.

Meaning: “Where the seagulls hatch.”

Qoitchetahl: “Where seagulls are to be found.”

#### **NAY-NAYCH-KWA-LAYT-KUM.**

Haatsalano: Nay-naych-kwa-layt-kkum. White Rock Island.

Meaning: “Outside,” “away from,” “further”; Kwalaytkum (Centre Island) is “another island for the same purpose.” (Seagulls.) Naych means “away from,” Nay-Naych means “beyond,” “away out.”

#### **K’PUL.**

Haatsalano: K’pul. A tiny islet, barely above the surface at high tide, straight south from White Rock Island. The name refers to a fish, fifteen or eighteen inches long, something like a whiting; its scales are loose. I think its English name is codfish. Lots of seal on top of K’pul.

#### **THOWK-TICH.**

Haatsalano: Thowk-tich. Bowyer Island.

Meaning: “It’s all rock bluff.”

#### **SMISMUS-SULCH.**

Haatsalano: Smismus-sulch. Passage Island.

Meaning: “The waves go over it all the time.”

Hill-Tout: Mitlmetleitch, i.e., Passage Island.

#### **PUS-PUS-KO-EE.**

Haatsalano: Puspus Koe, Woolridge Island. An island, steep rock all ‘round, no flat land, northwest Gambier Island, east of Port Mellon.

#### **GAMBIER ISLAND.**

Haatsalano: Many names on Gambier Island—cannot recall all, but here are one or two:

##### **QUOI-YU-QUOI OR KWE-YU-KWI.**

Haatsalano: A bay on the northeast corner of Gambier Island. A large bay, facing northeast of Elkins Point. Elkins Point forms the west horn of the crescent. Meaning: (approximately) “lots of second growth” (balsam) “there.”

Hill-Tout: Koekoi.

Khatsahlano: “I am not sure of the location; it may be the big bay just south of Stahpus.”

##### **CHARL-KUNCH.**

Haatsalano: Charl-kunch. Port Graves.

Meaning: (long) “deep bay.”

Hill-Tout: Tcalkunts, but gives location as “Gambier Island.” (See similar confusion re Deep Cove, given as “Bowen Island.” Hill-Tout was not engaged on geographical work, but on work as a linguist. He probably meant “at or on Gambier Island.”

#### **STAH-PUS.**

Haatsalano: A cave, or overhanging rock above a ledge which together form an open mouth “cave” on the west coast of Gambier Island. It is on a point a short distance south of mountain marked on maps as “3176 feet.” There was a log shoot about quarter mile south of Stahpus. The Indian legend is that the skunks held a potlatch in the cave; the skunks gathered the fish, and put them in the cave, so that they could have a big feast. The cave—not a real cave, but an overhanging rock roof with ledge below—is about eighty feet long and fifteen feet above high water.

Another legend is that a whale was jammed lengthwise along the mouth of the cave and thus jammed all the little fish in between the whale’s body and the walls of the cave; the little fish could not get out, and the skunks gobbled them all up.

Meaning: “An overhanging.”

#### **HO-MAHMK.**

Khatsahlano: Ho-mahmk. A bay on east shore of Gambier Island, opposite “White Rock” at junction of D.L. 1257 and 1259.

Khatsalano: “Emphasise ‘ho’; the ‘mahmk’ is hardly heard. It is near middle of a bay on Gambier Island, slightly north of due west of White Rock; there’s a little creek there.”

#### **SEL-TAAS.**

Khatsahlano: “The northeast point of Gambier Island on Lot 2979. Spinklane Point.

Khatsalano: “A point east of Elkins Point at the north end of Gambier Island; nothing there, just a homestead; white peoples living there. No meaning; just a name. White mans call it Spinklane Point. It is the northeast point of Gambier Island, and is on D.L. 2979.”

#### **SHAAMPT.**

Khatsahlano: “The head of West Bay, Gambier Island.”

#### **QUAWKLKA.**

Haatsalano: New Brighton. A little bay and creek on the west side of Gambier Island in D.L. 847. An old Indian, Tom Cell or Sell—his Indian name was Papqualk—lived there once; a white man lives there now. You can go straight across from Quawklka to Gibson’s.

Meaning: I don’t know.

#### **YUNG-QUAWKL-KA.**

Khatsalano: “There are two bays, one north and one south of the other. New Brighton is Quawkl-ka, and Yung-quawkl-ka is the bay south of it.”

#### **CHARL-SUM.**

Haatsalano: Charlsum. Halkett Bay, beside Halkett Point.

Meaning: “Some kind of little fish always goes there.” (Whitebait.)

#### **KWUMCH-NAM.**

Haatsalano: Kwumch-nam. Hood Point. Extreme north east point of Bowen Island. A bald lump, no trees, which at high tide is an island; at low tide connected to Bowen Island.

Meaning: “Noise as when stamping heel.” It’s the waves that does that.

#### **QWHEL-HOOM.**

Haatsalano: Qwhel-huom. Deep Cove, where the Union S.S. Co.’s dock is. Meaning: “Calm Bay.” It’s always calm there; no wind.

Qoitchetahl: Qwuail-hom.

Hill-Tout: Qolelaqum, but gives it as "Bowen Island."

**WAHK-WOAK.**

Haatsalano: Wahk-woak. Hutt Island.

Meaning: "Like as if he was adrift all the time." Water goes first one way, then another, all the time. That's water, too many islands for good canoeing.

Hill-Tout: Sauqtitc; but gives location as "Hat Island."

**THUK-TAYN-US.**

Haatsalano: Thuk-tayn-us. A long shallow bay (crescent form) facing south, at east half end of Keats Island.

Meaning: "Wide chest." That is, the shape of the bay is that of a wide chest on man's body.

**SKWAK-SAS.**

Haatsalano: Skwak-sas. Popham Island. Meaning: "Many little islands."

**SWUSPUS-TAH-KWIN-ACE**

Haatsalano: Swuspus-th-kwin-ace. Worlcombe Island.

Meaning: "That's where they beach the whales." See "Quinace," a whale. "Pus" means "beach."

**NAYCH-CHAIR-KUN.**

Haatsalano: Naych-chair-kun. All the coast of Bowen Island facing south from Cowan Point to Roger Curtis Point.

Meaning: "Outside of the island."

**PAISLEY ISLAND.**

**GAMBIER ISLAND.**

See above.

**RAGGED ISLAND.**

**KEATS ISLAND.**

**HOAK-PUS.**

Haatsalano: (Difficult to put in English) Hoakpus, or Hoakqhus. The most southerly tip of Keats Island. Don't know what it means.

**CHAICH-PH.**

On Keats Island, directly east of Gibson's.

Haatsalano: A little gravel beach, no creek or other landmark. The Indians landed there to hunt deer, and the name conveys or implies the sense that it is a place where you land, cross over the island to the sea on the other side of island, and return again to same place.

**WEST SIDE.**

The Squamish language stops at Gibson's Landing; to the north, the Sechelt, a different language, commences.

**STAW-KI-YAH.**

Khatsahlano: "A place just northwest of Gower Point, which was the northern boundary of the Squamish Indian territory." Khatsahlano says, "That's as far as the Squamish peoples can go; must be little creek there; that's why they call it 'stawk.' Some peoples go ashore there, but they sees lots

wolf, but they turn back so's not to disturb wolf; that's why they call it 'ki-yah,' which means 'wolf'; that is, 'wolf creek.'" (Perhaps Elphinstone Creek.)

Khahtsalano, 21 September 1938: "There's a creek come down there at Staw-ki-yah. In olden days, Indians camp there all the time, but north of that is Sechelt country."

### **SCJUNK.**

Haatsalano: Scjunk. The bay of Gibson's Landing.

Meaning: "A fellow is standing up and watching out"; leaning against a big rock; the rock is on the shore about the middle of the bay.

Hill-Tout: Stcink, i.e., Gibson's.

### **SEE-YAH-TUN.**

Khahtsalano: A creek south of Witherby Point of D.L. 1405.

Khahtsalano: "A creek on the west shore of Howe Sound, said to be one mile south of Wetherby Creek. You see," says Khahtsalano, "the first creek, if they" (the salmon) "go up one creek, they just go so far, and then they die. If they go up the other creek, then, all right. The Indians say the two creeks are jealous of each other; that's why, if the salmon go up the other creek, they die."

"It's really two creeks with one mouth."

### **KHAY-KUL-HUN.**

Haatsalano: Khay-kul-hun. Port Mellon (Kai-kalahun Indian Reserve.)

Meaning: A name difficult to interpret. Haatsalano says, "Our language is getting different and is hard to convert this name into English. There was once a village of about 40 Squamish persons lived there; they died out, but it is still an Indian reserve."

Hill-Tout: Kekelun.

Department of Lands: Kaikalahun Indian Reserve.

### **HOPKINS LANDING.**

Khahtsalano: "I never heard of a Squamish name for Hopkins Landing, so I asked Chief Jimmy Jimmy, oldest living Indian chief, and I asked Chief Louis Miranda, chief of that district. Both say there's no name."

### **MAH-HUM.**

Haatsalano: Mah-hum. Seaside Park. A creek, a good fishing creek, about a quarter of a mile north of Port Mellon, directly north of Woolridge island.

Meaning: Don't know meaning.

### **QUTCH-TINIM.**

McNab Creek: a creek in a big bay due north of Elkins Point.

Haatsalano: Qutch-tinim. Big bay due north of Elkins Point, Gambier Island.

Meaning: Where they cut fish open to clean them.

Hill-Tout: Kwitctenen.

### **SAITS-SO-SUM.**

Andy Paul: "Tsaitso-sum, where I was born."

Haatsalano: Saits-so-sum. Potlatch Creek, in big bay due north of Dornet Point. Cannot be seen from Britannia Beach.

Meaning: "That's where they had a big potlatch."

**THUM-THUM-QUS.**

Khahtsalano: "They say 'it is looking outwards,' and get dirty face; face looks as though it was all dirty." Pronounce "thum thum" quickly; and "qus" slowly; dwell on "qus."

Khatsahlano: A bluff on the mainland due north of Defence Island. Means "dirty face."

**KOI-YOK.**

Khatsalano: "A creek south of Sait-up-sum."

Khatsahlano: A creek between Thum-thum-qus and Sait-up-sum.

**SAIT-UP-SUM.**

Haatsalano: Sait-up-sum. A point due west from Furry Creek (the most southerly point of three.)

Meaning: A "narrow neck." An isthmus (narrow neck) joins Sait-up-sum (the peninsula) to the mainland. East of D.L. 2077.

Hill-Tout: Cetuksem or Cetusum.

**KHA-KOW.**

Khaa-kow or Khaah-kow

Haatsalano: Kha-kow. A point almost due southeast of tip of Mount Ellesmere; it is the middle one of three points. (The middle point.)

Meaning: "A big flat fish"—a skate. It is a rock which looks like a great big flat fish. Due west of D.L. 2925.

**QUIN-ACE.**

Haatsalano: The third and most northerly of three points (north of Kha-kow.) It means "it is a black fish or whale." It is a rock on the shore, in the water, and is shaped like a black fish—the top half of the whale which comes out of the water when it plunges as it cruises about. Viewed from Britannia Beach, Quinace appears about due west as a long flat light grey ledge lying along the water's edge beneath the massive bluff. It is said to be about fifty yards long. Sait-up-sum, Kha-kow and Quinace can all be seen from Britannia Beach. To the south, first comes Kwum-kwum, an island, then Sait-up-sum, a great ridge stretching from the sky to the sea; imposed on Sait-up-sum is another ridge, i.e., Kha-kow, and almost due west from Britannia Beach is Quinace, lying as a grey streak along the water's edge at the base of the mountain. See "Swus-pus-tah-quin-ace."

Swanch-nim

Khahtsalano: "Just north of West Britannia."

Chee-aypk

Khahtsalano: "A rock, sitting tilted, on the edge of the sea."

**SO-YAT.**

Haatsalano: So-yat. So-yat is the creek at Woodfibre.

Meaning: Don't know, if any.

Hill-Tout: Swiat.

**CHAY-WHAS.**

Haatsalano: Chay-whas. A high bluff, just rock, no one lives there, 150 feet straight up, and goes right down into the water, about four miles northward from Woodfibre.

Meaning: "Lift your paddle high up, away up." (When paddling, lift your arms high up.)

Hill-Tout: Tcewas.

## **NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET.**

### **INDIAN ARM.**

#### **CHUL-WHAH-ULCH.**

Haatsalano: Chul-whah-ulch. Bidwell Bay; same name as Coal Harbour.

#### **TAY-TUM-SUN.**

Haatsalano: Tay-tum-sun. Port Moody. A good camping ground and creek formerly about Queen Street.

#### **TUM-TA-MAYH-TUN.**

Haatsalano: Tum-ta-mahy-tun. Belcarra. The exact location is half a mile north of Belcarra, at the head of the large bay facing south, on D.L. 229.

Meaning: "Good land."

#### **SPUCKA-NAY.**

Khahtsahlano: "Spucka-nay" is best. "Spucka" quick and short, "nay" or "nai" long drawn out.

#### **SPUKA-NAH-AH.**

Haatsalano: Spuka-nah-ah. Little White Rock on the point just where you pass mill (Dollarton.)

Meaning: "White rock," same as whitemans call it. (White Rock Island in middle of channel.)

#### **THLUK-THLUK-WAY-TUN.**

Haatsalano: Thluk-thluk-way-tun. Barnet Mill.

Meaning: "Where the bark gets peeled" in spring.

#### **SLAIL-WIT-TUTH.**

Haatsalano: Slail-wit-tuth. Indian River, also see No. 3 Indian Reserve.

#### **NO. 3 INDIAN RESERVE.**

Khahtsahlano: Slail-wah-tuth

West of Dollarton.

Haatsalano: "I don't know the name; we have always called 'No. 3,' or 'Slail-wit-tuth.' Slail-wit-tuth is up Indian River, but No. 3 belongs to those people" (of Indian River.)

#### **KLA-KEN / KIAKEN.**

Hill-Tout: Kla-ken. Mentioned this name, and gives its meaning as "palisade," i.e., a fenced village.

Khahtsahlano: "Never heard such a name, nor of place." (Note: Hill-Tout might be confused with Kullaken, i.e., "a fence" at Point Grey.)

#### **SASAMAT.**

Query: What does Sasamat mean? The Spaniards who were here before Vancouver say that the Indians called Burrard Inlet Sasamat.

Haatsalano: "That must be down towards Indian River. Don't know what it means; don't think it has anything to do with Tsa-atlum; that's out Point Grey, means," (shrugging shoulders) "'chill place.' Tsa-tsa-slum out Point Grey, not Squamish language; don't know what 'Sasamat' means; not same language. We never finished the place names up the Inlet."

[Handwritten note:]

#### **HAH-NAH-MOOT**

Haah

Hah-ugh-nah-moot

Capt. Chas Cates

Joe Thomas, Old Indian on reserve was born in Moodyville '82.

Took many months to get it none of others knew Got it finally from some old woman.

Indian legend of a small tribe that lived there, supposed to have spring of the creek and the word means to be born out of water of the stream.

## HOWE SOUND.

NAME	MEANING
<u>West side</u>	
Tcewas	
Swiat	
Cetuksem	
Cetusum	
Kwitctenen	
Kekelun	
Koekoi	
Stcink	Gibson's
<u>East side</u>	
Kukuwom	Waterfall
Cetsaken	Watts Point
Cicaioqoi	Britannia
Qelketos—Khul Kalos	Painted
Skutuksen	Promontory
Kulatsen	
Npapak	
TumtIs	Paint
Tcakqai	
Stoktoks	
Stcilks	Sling
Ketlalsm	Nipping grass
Skeawatsut	Point Atkinson
<u>Islands in Howe Sound</u>	
Tlaqom	Anvil Island
Tcalkunts	Gambier Island
Qolelaqom	Bowen Island
Sauqtitc	Hat Island
Mitlmetleltc	Passage Island
<u>(Somewhere on Burrard Inlet)</u>	
Kiaken	Palisade—a fenced village

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH QOITCHETAHL (ANDREW PAUL), NORTH VANCOUVER, 12 FEBRUARY 1934.**

Query: Can you tell me what Sasamat means? I understand Galiano and Valdes say that they called Burrard Inlet Floridablanca, and that the natives called it Sasamat—at least, that portion up about Indian River.

Qoitchetahl: “I never heard it called Sasamat, but I’ll find out from Haxten. It sounds to me like Tsaa-tsmat. You know Tsa-atlum, the cool place out at Point Grey; well, both names are from the same derivation, and I presume that the North Arm of the Burrard Inlet might be considered a ‘cool place,’ especially around Indian River.”

**INDIANS. ARRIVAL OF FIRST C.P.R. TRAIN.**

“You know the story of the Qoitchetahl (Serpent)? Well, I have always been told that when the train first came down from Port Moody to Vancouver, the Indians along the south shore of the Inlet took fright and ran. A great long black snake of a thing with a big black head came twirling around the curves, blowing long blasts, “Hooooooooo Hooooooooo Hooooooooo, and the Indians thought it was a Qoitchetahl coming back.”

**HOW ONE INDIAN FAMILY GOT ITS NAME**

**THE SCOWS OF ALERT BAY**

**A RECOLLECTION BY MAJOR J.S. MATTHEWS**

A newspaper item, dated Alert Bay, 21 May 1934, states, “Special memorial music was rendered by the band and tribute was paid by the people of Bella Bella to the memory of Johnny Scow, chief of the Tzawatainuk Indians, who died suddenly at Alert Bay last week.”

In May or June, about 1926-1928, I was living at Alert Bay, and on one long summer’s evening, sat on the shore chatting with Johnny Scow. He sat on one end of a short log; I sat on the other; both were smoking and idling away the twilight. I said to Johnny, “How did you get your name, Johnny?” Johnny replied, “You know Mr. Munn, have cannery down Fraser River?” I nodded. “One day there was a storm down Steveston; scow with lot Indian women and children break loose; I go after them; I bring them back; after that, Mr. Munn call me Johnny Scow.”

A day or so later, I was talking to the rector of the only church at Alert Bay, the little Indian church where the service was conducted on Sundays, partly in Indian and partly in English—Mrs. Cook acted as interpreter—and I asked the rector how he christened the several children of Johnny Scow. He replied, “Just Scow; they are all registered in the books as young Scows. I do the same thing with the Mountains. Harry Mountain, his Indian name signifies ‘mountain,’ so I christened all his children Mountain.”

**ARCHBISHOP DEPENCIER.**

The rector then chuckled, and said, “Did you ever hear about Archbishop DePencier of New Westminster and Johnny Scow? The Archbishop came up here for a meeting of the Indians, they all sat around in a circle, the Archbishop among them. These Indian meetings are very solemn and ceremonious, the Indians are quite good orators. After a while the Archbishop got a little impatient, and stood up and started to speak, but Johnny Scow, in his low, modulated voice, motioned him down, and said quite commandingly, but very slowly, ‘You sit down; you’ll get your turn.’ The Archbishop did as he was told.”

Johnny was a dignified Indian, solemn in his demeanor, a commanding personality; somewhat short and stout, and deliberate in his movements. It was always a pleasure to sit of an evening and talk to him; his sense of proportion, of morality, and the propriety of things was sound and sane. I enjoyed the pleasure of his company whenever I was fortunate enough to spend an hour or so with him.

### **CONVERSATION WITH MR. R.W. HARRISON, 778 GILFORD STREET, 6 JUNE 1933.**

He is night engineer at the B.C. Box Company, Marpole; his wife was decorated with the O.B.E. for services in the Great War; also membership in Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Mr. Harrison had written a letter to *The Province* in which he mentioned "Mr. Sievwright, who camped in Coal Harbour in 1858."

### **CARIBOO MINERS CAMP ON ENGLISH BAY, 1858.**

"I went to the Cariboo in 1906," said Mr. Harrison, "Keithley Creek and other Creeks; I was a young fellow then, just out from Leicestershire; young, impressionable, took everything in; there was little to do in that isolated place, no newspaper, no radio, no phone; all there was to do of an evening was listen to the old fellows talk."

### **MR. SIEVEWRIGHT AT SECOND BEACH, 1858.**

"Mr. Jimmy Sievwright I met at Keithley Creek. He told me he left Scotland in 1852 for California, got across the Atlantic on a sailing ship; it took two months, and I never could convince him that it would not take the same time to cross it going back again. How he got to Victoria I don't know, nor how he got across to the mainland, but he did tell me there were thousands of men at Victoria on their way to the Cariboo; they were crossing the gulf in all manner of vessels; some in whip saw boats they built themselves in Victoria, and some of them who started to cross were never heard of again; it was presumed they drowned. Anyway, Jimmy Sievwright got across to the mainland."

### **FRASER RIVER IN FLOOD. MOSQUITOES, 1858.**

"After Jimmy crossed they could not get up the Fraser; it was in flood, the banks were swampy and very wet; the mosquitoes were awful; so he and many others decided to wait until the water subsided a bit, and to avoid the mosquitoes and find a dry camping ground, went into English Bay, and camped at what is now Second Beach; that was 1858. He told me there was quite a settlement of men there, all bound for the Cariboo; Jimmy said, 'It was a nice place to camp.' He was never at Burrard Inlet or English Bay again."

(Note: it would be a nice place to camp. The Indians called English Bay Beach Ay-ay-yul-shun, "soft under foot." If they camped at Second Beach instead there was a trail through to Coal Harbour on which the Indians dragged their canoes in stormy weather; lots of deer, grouse, fish, duck, clams, good water from creek.

The campers may have learned something there which may have later caused John Morton's famous trip to Coal Peninsula (Stanley Park), etc. in 1862, with an Indian as guide, in search of potter's clay. (See "The First Settlers on Burrard's Inlet.")

### **JOHN MCDUGALL.**

"John McDougall, who cleared the forest of part of the 'West End' of Vancouver, and built the New Road from New Westminster to Vancouver, now Kingsway, I knew very well. He came back to Barkerville during the war. He and others then sunk a shaft at Jack of Club's Creek; they struck nothing. He was living by himself in a cabin when he died; very interested in mining, but a little childish towards the last." (He died in March 1933 at Quesnel.)

### **KEITHLEY CREEK. JIMMY SIEVEWRIGHT.**

"I remember the old fellow's conversations very well; there was little else happening up Keithley Creek way to remember in 1906. Then in 1907 when he was 77, he returned to Paisley, Scotland, his hometown, and did not return; I did not hear of him again. I sent his photograph to England, then, have just got it back; here it is. He never married, had no descendants."

### **PIONEER VIRILITY.**

"To show you the virility of our pioneers. I was pack training for Vieth and Borland or one such work in the Cariboo for twenty years. Jimmy and I rode out on the same pack train as he was leaving for Scotland in 1907; he was 77. He rode that 20 miles, ate his supper, got pie-eyed" (drunk) "—that was the correct

thing to do at Quesnel Forks in those days—sung and danced, rode off the next morning on the stage quite all right, happy as a sandboy, and all at 77.”

#### **NEVER LEFT KEITHLEY CREEK 46 YEARS.**

“An extraordinary thing was that Jimmy had never left Keithley Creek for 46 years; not even twenty miles down trail to Quesnel Forks, where there was a mining recorder’s office, government agent, hotel, bar, everything, a natural place to go for excitement. He went up the Fraser in 1858, passed through Quesnel Forks in 1861, went twenty miles on to Keithley Creek, and stayed there until 1907; never once down trail even those twenty miles.”

#### **PIONEER VIRILITY, ANOTHER INSTANCE.**

“Jimmy was cook, and at his age, 77, I have seen him do this. He would get up at 5:30 a.m., get the breakfast for the haying crew—there were six of us—at 8 a.m. he would be in the hayfield, then at 11:30 a.m. he would go and get dinner, and then come back again pitching hay or using a scythe until 5 p.m., working like a little trooper, then get our supper and wash up his dishes. Wonderful at 77. They don’t make men like that now.

“Jimmy had been a calico printer; his nickname was ‘Calico.’”

#### **“BACK IN CANADA.”**

“The old fellows always talked about Canada as though it was a separate country to British Columbia, and so, in their day, I suppose it was; they always talked about ‘back in Canada,’ and ‘going back to Canada.’”

#### **BOB (ROBERT) BORLAND.**

“Jimmy used to make Bob Borland mad. Bob was wealthy, Jimmy poor. Jimmy would be telling about the early days, and Bob would interject, and Jimmy would remark, fatherly like, ‘Oh, that was before your time, Bob, you won’t remember that,’ and Bob had to shut up. Bob went to the Cariboo in 1862, and died at Keithley Creek, December 1922.”

#### **JACK EDWARDS; “ISER” NEWALL.**

“Jack Edwards had the ‘Aurora’ Claim, Conklin’s Gulch, near Barkerville, and also later another ‘Aurora’ Claim at Cedar Creek. He died in the Westminster Asylum about 1908 or 1909. ‘Iser’ Newall told me he walked across the plains to California in 1854, and walked barefoot; he had no shoes until he reached California. The photo of him was taken when he was 84 in 1910; he died in the Old Men’s Home, Kamloops.

“All those photos, Sievwright, Borland, Newall, Edwards, were taken by Thos. Graham, brother of Dr. Graham who now lives” (1933) “on 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Vancouver, in 1907. They were taken on the Keithley Ranch flat; I sent them to England the same year, and have just got them back.

“There is a narrative somewhere written by Jimmy Moore; Dr. W.C. McKechnie of Vancouver knows all about Jimmy Moore; it is called, I think, ‘Pioneers of Pioneers.’ They are really Jimmy Sievwright’s experiences; Jimmy told the yarns, Jimmy Moore wrote them down.”

#### **THE RANCH, KEITHLEY CREEK.**

“The buildings behind Bob Borland in this photo are—on the left, the bunkhouse; in centre, with window, the blacksmith shop; and part of the assay office shows.

## NAMING OF COAL HARBOUR. DISCOVERY OF COAL.

Copy of letter from Captain Geo. Henry Richards, R.N., commanding H.M. Surveying Ship *Plumper*, to His Excellency James Douglas, C.B., Governor of British Columbia. (Photostat Provincial Archives, No. 12968.)

H.M.S. "PLUMPER"  
Replied to 30 June / 59. S.C.

H.M. Survey Ship "Plumper"  
Burrard Inlet  
14<sup>th</sup> day of June 1859.

Sir,

I have the honor to acquaint you that having reason to believe from native report, as well as from the geological formation exhibited over certain portions of the coast of this inlet, that coal existed, I desired the Senior Engineer, Mr. F. Brockton, to direct his attention to the investigation of the subject, during the ships sojourn here on surveying duties, which resulted in Mr. Brockton acquainting me on the 12<sup>th</sup> instant that an apparently extensive vein occurred on the Southern side of the inner harbour, about a mile and a half within the first narrows.

Having visited the spot and satisfied myself that sufficient could be procured with facility to test practically in our furnaces under steam, I dispatched a boat and procured in the course of a few hours over two tons; it has been used in the ships galley (Grant's patent distilling apparatus) with success, and I shall shortly take an opportunity of giving it a further trial in the steam furnaces.

I have intimated this discovery to the Lieutenant Governor, Colonel Moody, R.E., and sent him specimens of the coal, and as it appears to me that it may exercise a considerable and possibly an immediate influence on the prosperity of the new town of Queenborough, on the Fraser, within such an easy distance both by land and sea of this fine Port, I have thought it right to apprise your Excellency of the facts without delay, and I send the "Shark" to Esquimalt for this purpose; she will also carry to you specimens of the coal, with the fossiliferous sandstone in which it is embedded.

I beg to enclose you also a report on the subject furnished me by Dr. Wood, the Surgeon of this ship, who made as full an investigation as time and circumstances would permit. I fully concur with him in the belief, that extensive coal measures exist here, not only in the single position already examined, but generally throughout this capacious Inlet; as I write I receive undeniable evidences of their existence in the outer harbour and I would add my belief that the working of the coal will be attended with but inconsiderable labour or expense.

I have the honour to be Sir  
Your most Obedient Servant

Geo. Henry Richards  
Captain

His Excellency  
James Douglas C.B.  
Governor of British Columbia.

Rough memorandum, penciled at bottom of page:

30th June 1859

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 14th instant communicating that you had discovered Coal on Burrard Inlet, and forwarding to me some of the specimens you had procured. I beg to return you many thanks for your promptness in affording me this information and I shall take an early opportunity of bringing the subject to the notice of H.M. Government.

H.M. Surveying Ship "Plumper"  
Burrard Inlet, British Columbia  
14<sup>th</sup> day of June 1859

Sir,

Having been requested by you to report upon a coal bed lately found by the Officers of H.M.S. "Plumper" on the South shore of Burrard Inlet, yesterday visited by me, I beg to submit the following short statement of my observations.

Upon the beach at low water, coal is found cropping out for a distance embracing the two points of high and low water, these croppings proceed from a vein of coal some 4 or 5 inches in thickness superficially covered by a thin layer of shale, and with an underlying stratum of the same character, grey sandstone rock forming the roof.

Beneath the underlying or second layer of shale another vein of coal is seen, which commencing with a thickness of seven inches increases to fifteen inches at a distance horizontally of seven feet, dipping at an angle of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to the Southward, running with the super-adjacent layers of shale and sandstone North and South, this vein has an underlying layer of claystone; beneath this point, from the limited means at command, water from the surrounding slopes rapidly filling the pits made, investigation could not be directed, but I imagine sufficient evidences were thus far obtained as to prove the presence of the true coal measures and the probability of an extensive coal deposit.

Selected samples of coal taken from the second seam presented all the outward characters of English Newcastle, it burns freely in a common furnace, and produces little smoke.

In the overlying sandstone or roof a considerable number of beautiful vegetable fossils are found mostly leaves of exogene belonging to the orders of Mastworts and Willow-worts.

In conclusion I may observe that indications of coal are likewise observed about 100 yards from the line of cropping I have described in the sandstone cliffs, which are here 7 or 8 feet in thickness covered by a deep vegetable mould, in the shape of small seams of coal firmly embedded between layers of sandstone.

I have the honour to be Sir  
Your most Obedient Servant,

Chas. B. Wood  
Surgeon

Captain George Henry Richards, R.N.  
H.M. Surveying Ship "Plumper."



Tracing of field notes, survey "Brickmaker's Claim" (D.L. 185, West End from Burrard Street to Stanley Park) made—written instructions Col. Moody to Capt. Parsons, 26 January 1863—by Lce-Corp George Turner, March 1863. Showing Morton's "cabin, clay, coal seam, heavy timbered land, very swampy in places." Original Provincial Archives, copy City Archives, Vancouver.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION (CORRECTED BY JOHN H. SCALES, WITH HELP OF HIS SON, 30 JUNE 1933) WITH MR. JOHN H. AND MRS. SCALES AT THEIR SUITE IN THE FULLER BLOCK, 19<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE EAST AND MAIN STREET, VANCOUVER, ON THIS HIS 79<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY, 26 JUNE 1933.**

Note: it has been most difficult to verify the year dates he gives. Mr. Scales was one of the children who accompanied the Royal Engineers which arrived at Victoria in April 1859, and is now believed to be one of the four or five who survive—all of whom arrived as children—on the famous voyage of the *Thames City*. The others are John McMurphy of New Westminster, Hugh Murray of New Westminster, and his brother, John Murray, of Port Moody. I met Mr. Scales at the bottom of the stairs, and although it was his 79<sup>th</sup> birthday, he ascended two flights of steps just as fast as I, who am twenty years younger. He looked a picture of health and alertness. After we were seated he said:

**ROYAL ENGINEERS.**

"I was five—that is, I was born on June 26, 1854—when I arrived with my father, a Royal Engineer, and my mother, on the *Thames City* at Victoria in April 1859. Father came from somewhere near Leeds in Yorkshire; I don't know just where, but it was near from where Brighthouse came. Mother was Miss Mary Excell, from somewhere in Kent. Just when or where they were married I have forgotten, but my oldest sister and I were born in Mauritius in the Indian Ocean; Father was on duty there with the Royal Engineers, contracted cholera, and the doctor recommended a sea voyage, and as they were sending men back to the Old Country, Father went with them, and arrived just about the time they were making up the draft for the new colony of British Columbia. Every man for that contingent had to be a tradesman of some sort; Father was a stonemason, and volunteered, and was selected."

**MILITARY GRANTS OF LAND.**

"When the Royal Engineers returned, Father remained and, of course, was given his military grant of land. He did not take up land on his land scrip, but sold it to Tom Moody, of the Sawmill known as Moody's Mill on Burrard Inlet, afterwards called Moodyville. Moody was wanting timber, and I understand Moody applied it on timberland not far from his mill where he could cut logs. Father sold his land scrip for fifty dollars. Just what happened I do not know exactly, but I surmise that they got him into a saloon, they had a few drinks; anyway, he came home with just \$25 of the fifty. Boys will be boys. Moody has a nephew living in Vancouver, a well known dentist.

"Just what Father did for a year or more after his discharge I do not know exactly; I know he did *not* get a pension because, I understand, he was a year or so short of the necessary years of service. But at any rate, in 1869 he was out of work, and the decision was made to go over to Burrard Inlet; there had been a lot of talk in New Westminster about Burrard Inlet, and Father decided to go over there and settle. They said it was a nice place to go to."

**A PIONEER OF PIONEERS IN VANCOUVER.**

"Father got a flat bottomed boat and took me with him; I was then about fifteen. We went down the North Arm of the Fraser, and got as far as McRoberts' place, which was a little below and across the river on Lulu Island from Rowling's military grant, known now as D.L. 258 in South Vancouver. McRoberts was not a Royal Engineer, Rowling was. Before Rowling went to live down the North Arm he lived just east of the little old church at Sapperton. McRoberts' place on Lulu Island was below Rowling's place across the river—on the angle; McRoberts' place was nearer the mouth a bit. I recall that that evening, while we were stopping at McRoberts' place, that Rowling came over the river and was telling us all about his place which we had just passed. We were interested, of course, as we had something similar in mind for ourselves. McRoberts' place was the only place which was dyked at that time." (Hugh McRoberts dyked in 1861-1862. See *History of Richmond* by Kidd.)

### **TRIP TO BURRARD INLET, 1869.**

"Father told McRoberts what we had in mind about Burrard Inlet. McRoberts said, 'You can't get around there tonight; it's a long way; you had better stop here for the night.' So we stopped. Then he said, 'Come on out and look at my garden' He had three great beds of onions. He was growling about weeds. Father said, 'I wouldn't growl, if I had a layout like that—it's something like that I'm after.' I recall it so well for he had three great big beds of fine onions; it must have been about this time, the month of June, for the onions were just so high, about six inches, and all full of weeds. McRoberts said, 'I have to get busy and take those weeds out.' He got up early in the morning, about four o'clock, and of course, when we got up later, he told us about it, and we asked him what he had been doing up so early; was he weeding the onions? He said, 'Yes, it's all finished; come on out and look at them.' So we went out, and the onions were all clear of weeds all right; here and there was an odd young onion sticking up, and a lot of stumps of what had been young onions. The whole onion beds were almost bare. Something had gone through them."

### **ARMY WORMS.**

Query: What had happened? Had he pulled up onions as well as weeds?

Mr. Scales: "No, don't know just exactly what happened; think it must have been the army worms got into them; anyway, the onions were all gone save an odd one staggered about here and there."

Mrs. Scales: (interjecting) "That was the time the army worms were so bad. The same thing happened at Nanaimo to the lettuce beds his mother had. His mother had some beautiful beds of lettuce, and they just vanished one day."

Mr. Scales: "I was over at Mother's and she told me all her lettuce had gone, so I told her it did not matter—we lived close by—I had plenty. I went over to my place, and to my astonishment, all mine had gone too."

Mrs. Scales: "That was the time the army worms were so bad. They were so thick you could just take a lard bucket and scoop them up."

### **TRIP TO BURRARD INLET (CONTINUED.)**

"Well, anyway, McRoberts told us that Burrard Inlet was just around the point, and that as soon as we got around the point we would see it. So as we were nearing Point Grey after resuming our trip in the flat bottomed boat, we saw a Siwash in a canoe, and he told us he was going to Burrard Inlet, and so we followed him. When we got around the Point" (Point Grey) "we expected to see a little inlet, but there was no inlet we could see; all we could see was more water, so we kept on following the Indian. Finally he disappeared into a sort of a hole in the wall, and we lost him. You see, to see all down the Narrows you have to straighten up, and enter it from the middle, like; if you hug the shore, you don't see it until you're right on it; Father said, 'He's gone.' (The Indian.)"

### **ENTERING THE FIRST NARROWS.**

"The tide was coming out; you know what that means at the First Narrows; we soon found out. Father got out and went along the rocks with a long rope, and in that way we pulled the boat through the Narrows." (Note: they must have dragged it along the shore under Prospect Point where the current is exceptionally swift when the tide is running out.) "Finally we made a spot where the Lumberman's Arch is now, where there was a logging camp. That was about mid afternoon; we had come from McRoberts' since early morning."

Query: Whose logging camp was it?

Mr. Scales: "Captain Stamp's. They used to call it Stamp's Mill before they called it Hastings Mill. We asked the people at the camp if they knew where Burrard Inlet was. They said just around the point. We said to ourselves, 'Good Lord, another point!' It seemed that Burrard Inlet was always 'just around the point.'"

## **BURRARD INLET IN 1869.**

"The first thing we saw when we got around what is now Brockton Point was three shacks. One was away up on the hill about where the Marine Building is now, another was about at the foot of Abbott Street, and another about the foot of Carrall Street."

### **THE SHACK ON THE HILL.**

Query: Was the shack on the hill Morton's?

Mr. Scales: "I don't know, never heard of Morton." (Note: very queer—never heard of Morton, but Scales spent years in Nanaimo.) "The house on the hill was Mr. House's, I think that's the way he spells his name—H O U S E. The shack at the foot of Abbott Street afterwards became our shack; that at the foot of Carrall was Gassy Jack's. Mr. House's shack—Charlie House was a carpenter and boat builder—he built boats there—was just a shack in the bush; nothing else. On the shore was kelp and boulders, then the grey cliff, sandstone, grey coloured, pretty steep; and the trees came right down all over the cliff face to the water. Why, in those days you could take boat and row all around Coal Harbour from Brockton Point to Gassy Jack's, and at high tide touch the branches with the inside oar all the way around."

On 24 February 1898, at Bournemouth, England, Catherine Hailstone appointed her husband, William Hailstone, and William Tindall to be executors of her will. Mr. Tindall was her brother-in-law. The will was probated 6 December 1899. A copy is in City Archives.

### **COAL HARBOUR.**

Query: Ever hear of Tyndall's Creek, where John Morton lived? (See Joseph Morton, Vol. 2.)

Mr. Scales: "No. Charlie House was living in the shack on the hill with his wife, a white woman, and two girls, Maggie and Deelia, and one boy Charlie."

Query: How do you recall their names so well?

Mr. Scales: "Well, that's easy; there wasn't such a lot of people whose names we had to remember around that we couldn't remember all there were. We were all of about the same age; we used to take the girls in a boat to Moodyville; my sister was three years younger than me, and we all used to play around together, barefoot, on the beach."

Query: Do you suppose the Mrs. Charlie House, widow of Charlie House who ran a hotel at Barkerville, and who is living there yet, is the same Mrs. Charlie House? Chas. House was an R.E.

Mr. Scales: "No, the old folks must be dead. It might be the son's widow, Maggie—we heard she married a tinsmith in New Westminster, Bob Anderson—I would like to find out if she is alive; Deelia—don't know what became of her, nor of Charlie, the boy. But I recall it all very well because once we took them over to Moodyville to see the monkeys on a sailing ship; I'll never forget that; once was enough of that; we never tried it again."

"The way you got up the cliff was up the steps cut in the grey sandstone; pretty steep going up the bank, flat on top; first thing you saw was bush, the last thing was bush, and bush all around; no grass, no flowers, no fruit trees, just bush; probably half an acre cleared. The cabin was of split cedar shakes, boulder and clay chimney, nothing much around the shack."

Query: Was there a grindstone, or tools, or anything like that? (See Joseph Morton, Vol. 2.)

Mr. Scales: "No, nothing; only a bit of a shelter on the shore where House built his boats under."

"I don't know what Morton had to do with it. I was only fifteen, and such things as land did not bother me much. I do know that there was some sort of dispute doing on about something. I recall something that some party told Father that he would 'make it all right' with him if he would say certain things, but what it was about I don't know."

### **THE CABIN ON THE HILL (PRESUMABLY MORTON'S.)**

"Well, the cabin, oh, that was a bit of a thing, two rooms perhaps, big enough for the five persons to live in, say 20 feet by 15 feet, one door, windows, I suppose, of about four panes of glass 10 by 12 inches; no

dogs, no flowers, no garden, probably a wood pile, and the wife dressed in a long skirt, and maybe a shawl; the youngsters likely barefoot. I was never inside the cabin, only outside."

#### **FIRST BUILDING NEAR ABBOTT STREET. GRANVILLE.**

"I don't think Granville was surveyed at that time. We would row along the shore under where the C.P.R. depot is now, and stopped at the shack which I think must have been at the foot of Abbott Street. I will tell you how I came to calculate it must have been somewhere about there. It was about half way between Gassy Jack's and House's; that's all I really know about its location."

Query: Was it near a stream or on the edge of a beach?

Mr. Scales: "It was pretty straight beach along there until you got to Gassy Jack's, when it curved in. We rowed along the shore, and on to what was afterwards Gastown. As near as I can figure out, the great big open barn to which we went was at the foot of Abbott Street. We stopped, went ashore, poked around; the big open barn of a place, it was all one room, was empty, built of boards and battens, no land cleared around it, cedar shake roof; I forget if there were windows in it; cannot say if there were or if there were not; it was a regular old wreck.

"Father and I went along the beach to Gassy Jack's, and asked him if he knew who it belonged to. He did not seem to know, so we went on down to the Hastings Mill and asked there, but no one seemed to have an idea whose it was, so we just took possession. I think it must have belonged to some people who were hunting for coal; there was something said about that, I forget; there was talk about there being coal on Coal Harbour."

Query: Was it close to the beach?

Mr. Scales: "Oh, yes, on a bit of a low bank right beside the water, a bit of a bank five feet or so high; you could jump from the verandah, a bit of a shelter Father built, jump right into the water at high tide. As near as I can figure out, it was at the foot of Abbott Street."

Query: How do you figure that?

Mr. Scales: "Well, from the hill, that is, from House's cabin on the hill, to Gassy Jack's, we were about half way. There was a little bit of a stream, just a few yards west of our big barn, no swamp at the mouth of the stream, but there was one back on the hill above a bit. Mother used to do her washing in the little stream; an Indian woman used to help her."

(Note: this stream probably came down the hollow starting where the Hudson's Bay store is now on Granville Street, down Seymour Street, then under Spencer's Department store, down past the corner of Cambie and Water streets.)

"This great big barn; that was all it was; there was nobody living in it; we did not know whose it was; Gassy Jack did not know. Father said to him, 'I want a place to live in.' So Father and I got back into the boat and went on up to the mill. We told them up there we wanted a place to live in; told the foreman of Stamp's Mill; told them he wanted it for his family, wanted to bring them around from New Westminster. So the foreman said, 'I'll give you some lumber, and you can put some partitions in it.' So we got the lumber, and got the family over, and we lived there six years, I think. Father was working in the logging camp."

Query: How many of a family came over?

Mr. Scales: "All seven children came; only two of us, my sister and myself, came over on the *Thames City*—the rest were born in New Westminster, none on Burrard Inlet." (Note: Rosamond Scales seems to have been born in 1871.)

Query: What is puzzling me, Mr. Scales, is why you don't recall the houses the surveyors show on Trutch's map of Granville, March 1870. I don't see how you could have come earlier than 1869, because McRoberts' onions were growing, and Rowling did not go to D.L. 258 until September 1868.

Mr. Scales: "Well, I don't think *it was before* 1869. One can't be sure—it's a long time ago. It was about a year after Father's discharge; maybe two years, not long after his discharge."

### **GASSY JACK'S PLACE.**

"Gassy Jack's place was a long narrow shed sort of a place; low, and I don't think it was as wide as this room" (about fifteen feet.) "No room much to sit down, very low, boarded roof, and, you see, there was no other place for sailors; he had a kind of saloon—they called it a saloon in those days, supposed to be a saloon—and when an extra ship would come in to the Hastings Mill—there were so many vessels coming in those days—why the sailors would come along in a boat, and tie up at a kind of a wharf, a float of cedar logs just outside on the beach, and, why, the extra boat and a few more sailors cramped him, so he would get a few more boards and put up an extension, add a bit of length to his cabin." (Smiles.) "It was a narrow place; low."

Query: What about trees, maples?

Mr. Scales: "Trees all around," (waving his arms in circular motion) "all around. When we went up to the Mill—we had to go up once in a while for groceries—we walked along the beach; when the tide was out; when the tide was in, why, you had to take to the bush."

Query: Do you remember Rev. Mr. Tate, and the Indians building the little church? (1875 and 1876.) Or Portuguese Joe?

Mr. Scales: "No; cannot remember that, nor Portuguese Joe. The only Portuguese Joe I ever knew was a Portuguese Joe who had a store over at New Westminster before we left there."

(Note: it is odd that Mr. Scales does not remember this, because the Indians say Portuguese Joe was the first to establish a store in Gastown. There was a dozen people living in seven or eight houses in Gastown in 1870, one year after Mr. Scales says he got there—something here needs explaining.

### **SUPPLEJACK, THE INDIAN.**

(Indian name, Khay-tulk; he was a son of Chief Haatsa-lah-nogh, who lived at Chay-thoos in Stanley Park, near Prospect Point.)

Query: Ever hear of Supplejack?

"Supplejack," exclaimed Mr. Scales. "Why, I remember Supplejack, great big, long Indian over six feet tall; had two wives, one used to wash for Mother; the one the dog tore the blanket off. Supplejack, the only Indian I was ever afraid of. He scared the dickens out of me one day. One day some sailors from the mill came along and asked Mother if they could get a meal; did not like, or had got tired of the ship's cooking.

"So I went off looking for some potatoes. I had an Indian with me, so we went off to where we thought we could get some potatoes, but could not find any. So the Indian with me said, 'Let's go down to Jericho; we'll go down there and see if we can't get some potatoes there,' so we went over, but did not get any, so came back to just inside the First Narrows, and walked up the trail to the hill, and just as we were getting there, who should come down by it but big Mister Supplejack." (See amplification, conversation 5 July 1933.)

"He said, 'What's the matter with you, Johnny?'

"I said, 'Nothing.'

"He said, 'Yes there is, you are scared of me, I know you are.'"

Mrs. Scales, interjecting: "Was that the bad Indian?"

Mr. Scales: "Yes. There was a murder over in New Westminster, and they got one or two Indians, but they could not fasten it on Supplejack, so they banished him from New Westminster. So, if they wanted to scare the children, why, they said, 'Supplejack's coming,' and that was enough. We did not get the potatoes."

Major Matthews: You know, Mr. Scales, August Jack Khaatsalano, son of Supplejack, and grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nogh, lives over on the Capilano River; a fine splendid Indian, great big fellow, logger. Supplejack was buried, before they exhumed his remains and took him to Squamish, at the place where the Capilano pipe line enters Stanley Park.

Mr. Scales: "Yes, that's the place where they lived. You see, Supplejack was banished, not allowed to come into New Westminster, so he used to send his woman in. He'd come so far down the road."

Query: What road?

Mr. Scales: "North Road from Burrard Inlet to New Westminster." (See John Murray, "North Road just an Indian Trail.") "They didn't go around Point Grey way—they went up the inlet in a canoe and then walked across to New Westminster. Supplejack would go so far down the road, then send his woman on to get the stuff and sit down on the roadside and wait for her. Then when she came with the stuff, would carry it over to Burrard Inlet, put it in the canoe, and paddle down to the shacks at the foot of the hill just inside Prospect Point."

### **MURDER OF WHITEMAN.**

"One day, after we went to Moodyville, some years later, a man, his name was Perry, came along to Charlie Hughes of the Moody Mill, and said he was going to camp down by the mouth of the Capilano River, and wanted some groceries, I think. Soon after we heard that a whiteman had been murdered down there, so we said, 'I'll bet that's Perry.' It appears that Perry had camped there and built himself a little campfire, and in the night, some Indian saw the faint light of it from across the First Narrows. Perry, it seems, lay down to sleep, laying his head on a small log; the Indian must have gone across, and taken a small sharp hatchet with him, for when they got Perry and brought his body up to Moodyville—I saw it—he had a deep gash cut straight across his forehead. It appears the young Indian, after committing the murder, had gone back into Stanley Park, and was a bit elated that he had 'got a whiteman.' He made some remark to his mother, 'I got a whiteman,' in one of those long huts the Indians used to live in, divided into partitions with a curtain. His mother said, 'Ssh, be quiet, someone may hear you.' It seems that an old man was in the next partition, just beyond the curtain. He told, and they got the young Indian and hung him."

### **MOODY'S MILL.**

"After we had stayed on the south shore of Burrard Inlet for about six years we went over to Moody's Mill to live, and stayed there for above five years; we lived right on the edge of the flats, west of Lynn Creek, between Lynn Creek and Moody's Mill. Lynn, after whom the creek is named, came out with us on the *Thames City*; he had his military grant of 160 acres there, part on one side of the creek, part on the other."

Query: Ever hear of Tom Turner? (Note: Tom Turner who planted the orchard at North Vancouver.)

Mr. Scales: "No. Joe Burr built that house; I think he had a milk ranch over Seymour Creek. Used to sell his milk at Moodyville, and to the ships."

"Father worked at logging while we were at Moodyville. The first job I got when we went to Moody's Mill was wheeling sawdust; fifty cents a day. I was so small, when I got the wheelbarrow full of sawdust, I used to take a look ahead to see where I was going, because I could not see over my load of sawdust in the barrow. My, but I was proud of myself! Some man, getting fifty cents a day, and worked eleven and a half hours a day too. Tom Moody was running the mill then. I don't know when he sold it."

### **GENEALOGY.**

"After we all went over to Nanaimo, it was, that I went down to Victoria, and on the 20<sup>th</sup> of October 1885, that is almost 48 years ago, married Miss Rose Ann Jeffrey, daughter of William and Mary Jeffrey, bricklayer and plasterer of Victoria; we have four sons, no daughters. Both Mother and Father died in Nanaimo, after we were married; Mother died before Father. I was working in the coal mine; Father was working in the quarry, getting out rock, which was shipped somewhere; I think San Francisco. When we left Moody's Mill to go to Nanaimo we went over on the old *Emma*, left here about eight one evening and got there about seven the next morning; pretty good going, eh?"

Mrs. Scales, interjecting: "You know, I used to look after Mr. Alexander's children before they moved over from Victoria to Hastings Mill. Mr. Alexander had just got a position in the Hastings Sawmill, and was over here. Mrs. Alexander came after him with the children. I well remember the morning they left. It was a dark dreary morning, and they left about seven o'clock on the old *Grappler*; it was a journey of about a

day and a half then; they wanted me to go with them, but Mother would not let me. This is a photograph of young Dick Alexander, the eldest son, when he was about three, as I remember him.”

#### **HASTINGS.**

Mr. Scales, continuing: “I don’t remember much about Hastings. There was a kind of hotel there on a grassy flat, and a stable where you could always get a horse to drive over to New Westminster.”

#### **BRIGHOUSE AND HAILSTONE.**

“Father was well acquainted with Brighthouse and Hailstone, but I don’t remember a man named Morton at all. Brighthouse had a bit of a farm up on the North East Road” (to Pitt Meadows, from the “Camp.”)

Query: Are you sure it was not the North Arm, about three miles down from New Westminster, Rosehill Farm?

Mr. Scales: “No, up on the North East Road. Afterwards Brighthouse married Mrs. Pritchard, widow of Captain Pritchard of the jail, and they went to live” (at Brighthouse) “on Lulu Island.”

#### **HAILSTONE.**

“Hailstone came over from New Westminster one day, and was looking around and found some clay, some pottery clay, down by the sugar refinery; good clay, pottery clay. They said to him, ‘What do you want to go away out there for?’ Hailstone answered, ‘Oh, some old fool will come along some day and buy it off me when Vancouver grows.’”

Mrs. Scales: “That was after the Fire.”

Mr. Scales: “Yes, after the Fire. Hailstone went to the Old Country and left his affairs in the hands of some real estate agent; I know he told me they were all crooks. I met him down at the City Hall one day. He let that property go for taxes. I cannot place Morton at all, but I know Hailstone and Brighthouse well.”

#### **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN H. SCALES, FULLER BLOCK, 19<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE EAST AND MAIN STREET, 5 JULY 1933.**

Mr. Scales had reviewed my memorandum of former conversation and approved of it. He plunged into narrative almost immediately I entered.

#### **THE FIRST BUTCHER, GEORGE BLACK.**

“George Black’s floating butcher shop” (George Black of Brighton Hotel, Hastings) “used to come around; when you wanted butcher’s meat you went down to the beach and got it out of his boat; he had a boat all fixed up with butcher’s block and everything. He had a slaughterhouse out in Hastings; afterwards he had one on False Creek, but long before that it was out at Hastings, and he used to go around the inlet, to Moodyville, Gastown, the sawmill, and to the ships.” (See Hugh and John Murray.)

#### **SAILING SHIPS ON BURRARD INLET.**

“There used to be a great fleet of vessels in Burrard Inlet sometimes. The most I ever remember was forty-two vessels all at one time; ships, barques, barkentines, brigs, brigantines, and three- and four-masted schooners; those three- and four-masted schooners were big vessels, too; that was at the time Captain Stamp had the mill” (Hastings Mill); “must have been around 1875, I suppose; they came from all parts of the world, some loading spars, some lumber, some shingles—shingles were made by hand then, no machine-made shingles in those days. You’d be surprised at the big lumber which *did* go out; no moulding, or anything fancy like that, no fancy stuff; you could get one by six dressed or one by six flooring, but no fancy stuff. At first Captain Stamp’s Mill had two old planers, one circular saws,” (Note: circular saws, plural) “that is, one saw about the other, an edger and trimmer; that was all; that’s all there was in the mill; that was everything in the way of machinery.

“I knew the rig of all those vessels; sometimes nowadays when I have been looking at a picture in a book of a vessel I would say, ‘That’s a barque,’ and people have said to me, ‘What’s that? Looks like a ship to me,’ but I knew all the rigs from full rigged ships to schooners; I was on the dock one day, and there was a very big ship which had a sail above her sky sail; she was a big one, and I asked what it was; they said,

'That's the moon sail,' a little bit of a thing away up in the clouds; I never saw more than one or two ships with a moon sail. I've seen nine ships tied up at Moodyville, all loading."

Query: How did those sailing vessels get into Burrard Inlet?

Mr. Scales: "Towed in. The old *Isabel*, Captain Stamp's towboat, towed them in. I never saw but one ship sail in; a full rigged brig, she sailed in the Narrows, prettiest thing you ever saw.

"One time there was a vessel caught fire. It was about four in the morning. I heard the disturbance, and got up to see what it was all about. They scuttled her, and then they beached her down somewhere about Deadman's Island."

Query: Was that the *Robert Ker*? She was ashore down Deadman's Island once, I think.

Mr. Scales: "I don't remember the *Robert Ker*."

(Note: the queer thing about Mr. Scales' narration is that he seems to have entirely forgotten—or never known about—matters which seem common knowledge to many pioneers. It is probably accounted for by the fact that he was in Nanaimo for some years.)

### **EARLY WATER SYSTEM. THE HASTINGS MILL FLUME.**

Query: What about the Hastings Mill flume from Trout Lake, Mr. Scales?

Mr. Scales: "Just a big ditch; just a ditch dug in the ground; boarded in places where it crossed a low spot. I never was right up it to Trout Lake, but I used to walk along the ditch shooting. It was easy walking along the banks; easier than walking through the tangle of forest."

Query: Did you shoot ducks?

Mr. Scales: "No, grouse, not ducks, no ducks there, and used to get some trout in the ditch. Down at the mill there was a great big wooden tank the water flowed into" (see Map, 1886), "and I remember seeing trout in that tank a foot long; don't know how they got there."

### **BURNABY LAKE.**

"The first time I ever saw Burnaby Lake I was with Father. Father was orderly to the colonel of the company" (Colonel Moody), "and the colonel had a bit of land on the east side of the Brunette River on the old Port Moody road; bought a few young milkers and had them out there; turned them loose, thinking they would stay around the place, you know, but he lost them, did not know where they had gone. He got Father to go hunt those cattle up; Father did not know where to go hunt for them, so we just got a lunch and away we went. Somehow we got away down around Burnaby Lake; Father said, 'Oh, look here; there is a lake down here or something,' so we stopped then and had lunch at the top end, at the east end, and had lunch; there was a narrow kind of arm" (of water) "and a log had fallen across it, so I walked out on that log; it was only about two feet from the surface, and I said to Father, 'Oh, look here, at the fish here; if I had a hook I'd catch some.' So Father said, 'I'll get you a hook,' so he bent a pin, and with the string off our lunch I made a hook and line, and was hooking them in like old Harry, so Father saw what I was doing, so he thought he'd try it too, so he came out on the log with another bent pin, and, well, the end of it was we got a little sack half full of trout."

Query: Did you get the cows?

Mr. Scales: "We got them later. Father dropped salt here and there, and by and by they wandered nearer and finally we got them in the yard."

Query: Mr. Scales, I did not pioneer in B.C., but I did in New Zealand, and my experience was that when you were hunting up steers in the bush, the bush was so dense, you could only see a few yards; you would be walking along in the bush quietly in the stillness, when all of a sudden there would be a terrific crash, you'd think the whole forest was tumbling in on you; and what had happened was that the steer was hidden behind some bush, you had walked up to within a few feet of it, it had dashed off, and by the time you recovered from your fright you could not tell which way it had gone or which way you came.

Mr. Scales: "Exactly. No use trying to drive the cows in; never do it. They like salt; you know, a salt lick. Soon as we found the cows, Father said, 'Come away, let them be,' and we started out laying the salt around them; circle it around them, drop it here and there, they kept coming up nearer and nearer, and finally we got them in the yard. Took some days."

### **WASHING CLOTHES IN STREAM. ABBOTT STREET.**

"Women used to work those days. Down by that little stream where Mother used to do her washing." (See previous talk about stream near foot of Abbott Street.) "We got some little rocks and put some iron bars across them, so that she could put her boiler on; no washing machines those days."

Query: Strange thing, Mr. Scales, you don't remember all those houses which show on the map of Granville in March 1870 (Trutch map of Granville, 1870); there were eight of them. Don't you remember Turner building the first Indian Church, 1875-1876?

Mr. Scales: "Can't do it. The only thing I can remember between Gassy Jack's place and ours was two loggers came one Saturday night, and made a cedar bark tent, you know, got some cedar bark off some trees and" (motioning with his hands) "made a kind of shelter, cedar bark tent. The only thing I remember was, I saw the two loggers come one Saturday night; Mother had an Indian man working, Jim, some of the sailors used to come over to have dinner there; he was helping—and she had paid him all but one dollar. Well, on Sunday morning when he" (the Indian) "came up, I was standing outside; I could see he had been drinking. He wanted his dollar, and I says, 'You don't want that dollar today, Jim,' and he says, 'Aw, you shut up,' in Chinook."

"Then I said, 'You've been drinking,' and with that he hauled off and hit me. I yelled, and Mother came out, and said something, so he took a rush at her, and got her by the neck" (motioning to the throat) "and jammed her against the door, and took out a knife, and said, 'If you holler I'll give you this.' I ran to the two loggers. I hollered, 'Come on up, an Indian is going to kill Mother.' So one of the loggers comes up pretty fast, and the Indian saw him coming. There was an old shovel on the ground; don't know how long it must have been lying there." (Note: this shovel may have had something to do with the old barn; surmise the old barn was the coal bore mentioned in geological reports.) "The logger picked it up by the handle to strike the Indian, but the handle broke as he picked it up, and he did not hit the Indian. The Indian ran, ran into the bush, and got tangled up in the bushes, and the logger caught up with him; he took a jab at the logger with the knife, and the whiteman got hold of his wrist and took the knife from him; then the other whiteman comes up, and the Indian took to the water. Soon as he got out in the water he let out a war whoop or something out of him, and in ten minutes two hundred" (?) "Indians in canoes came down from the" (Hastings) "Mill. I wasn't scared; not a bit, then. They picked him up out of the water, some of them wanted to know what it was all about, and then they went away; all except his woman, she wanted to know what he had done; she said, 'Don't you stay here alone tonight.'"

Query: In Chinook?

Mr. Scales: "Oh, yes, I talked Chinook. I says, 'All right,' and she says, 'You get someone to stay with you.' So I went over to one of the ships, and a man said he'd come, and he did, brought two barkers" (pistols) "with him, and I let the dogs loose, and the next day when I looked out, I see Jim" (the Indian) "coming down the beach. I said to Mother, 'Jim's coming.' She said, 'Has he been drinking?' I said, 'He's walking pretty straight.' He came up, he spoke to me, in Chinook of course, and says, 'My woman tells me I make much fool of myself; what did I do?' So I told him. 'That's what my woman tell me,' he said. So he said he wanted to 'come back work for you.' I called Mother. She was sort of uncertain like. So he said, 'If you'll let me come back to work, I promise I won't drink anymore.' So Mother said, 'Try it,' and you know, I travelled all over the country with that Indian after that, and never had the least trouble; he would do anything for us. That was the Indian I was with the day I met Supplejack." (See previous talk.)

### **POTATOES.**

Query: Oh, I wanted to ask you, where did you say you got those potatoes?

Mr. Scales: "We went down to Jericho beach; there was a little settlement of Indians there; not the big settlement, not the big settlement up in False Creek; they had had some potatoes down there, Jim said; we did not find any. Then we came back and it was just inside the First Narrows that we went ashore and

up the hill; we went up the hill a piece and then turned off to the right; I don't know just where it was, but somewhere up by the 'Lookout'" (Prospect Point); "back in the woods a piece, there was a bit of a clear space, flat place on top of the hill. We met Supplejack; Supplejack was a great big Indian, six feet or more, black long hair, he always wore his hair long, down over his shoulders it hung, black, and long, and he had a hat, big black slouch hat, low crown, and a broad brim like the preachers used to wear."

#### **INDIAN GARMENTS.**

Query: What sort of clothes did the Indians wear?

Mr. Scales: "Oh, any sort; sometimes one thing, sometimes another; sometimes part whiteman's, part Indian's, may be Indian coat and whiteman's old trousers; most Indians just had a blanket around them. But we met Supplejack coming down, and he says, 'Where are you going, Johnny?' Then, 'You're scared of me; you look pretty white,' and I said, 'We're going to look for potatoes,' and he said, 'You go ahead, I won't hurt you'; we got our potatoes.

"Talking about Indians. One day an Indian came along in his canoe and landed on the beach in front of our place at the foot of Abbott Street, or thereabouts; he was all wrapped up in a blanket. He got out of the canoe, and came up on the beach with both hands full of ducks, his blanket all around him. He spoke in Chinook, and said, 'Want some ducks?' I answered in Chinook; the two dogs were loose, and when I spoke in Chinook, no sooner than I had spoken—the two dogs always got excited when I spoke in Chinook—the one dog on one side and the other on the other side of him, they just went at him. He dropped his ducks and swung from side to side, waving the blanket sideways, back and forth, to keep the dogs off. Then he hurriedly backed down the beach to his canoe, and went off. He never came back for his ducks, he just left them. I was sorry about it; if I had thought of the dogs being loose, I would not have spoken in Chinook."

Query: How did he get all the ducks?

Mr. Scales: "Shot them. Shot them with a gun; old Hudson's Bay flintlocks."

#### **MOODY'S MILL. CAPTAIN STAMP'S MILL.**

"Captain Stamp's mill had little machinery; two old planers, one circular saws" (plural), "one saw above the other, one edger, and one planer; that's all the machinery. The planers would take one by six or one by twelve, but you could get nothing fancy, and that was about the only dressed lumber you could get. Moody's Mill, at first, was a regular old breakdown" (ramshackle.) "When we went over there it was run by an old waterwheel, then after a while they built a new mill, ran it with half water and half steam. The old *Sparrowhawk's* machinery ran the steam end; she was an old English war boat—cruiser—and she was condemned and sold her machinery, and the Moody's Mill got her engines."

#### **MILITARY GRANTS OF LAND.**

"You know, up at Port Moody, there were two preemptions, one alongside of the other; Murray on one, Clarke on the other" (Clarke's was not his preemption originally); "they called it the Murray-Clarke place. Some of the Royal Engineers held their scrip for years, did not put it on land. Land! Who wanted land? There was lots of land; land wasn't worth anything. My sons say to me sometimes, 'Why didn't you buy land? See how well off you'd have been now.' I know all about the mistakes I've made, but land; why there was lots of land. When we'd see a place, we'd say, 'Oh, we'll get a better place than *that* someday.' Why, over in Victoria one military land scrip, the fellow who had it was in a bar and wanted some more, so he sold his for a bottle of rum. Some of the Engineers waited, did not put it on for years; Murray got to know, I suppose, I heard he did, about the railway coming, and he put his on at Port Moody, and Clarke, of Victoria, he got word too somehow or other, and put his on beside Murray's." (See John Murray.)

#### **EARLY SCHOOLS.**

Query: What education did you get, Mr. Scales?

Mr. Scales: "Not much." (With emphasis.) "Mother used to go out to nurse; she had a diploma, but Mother was out so much after we left the Camp" (Sapperton.) "Sometimes my sister thought she was boss, sometimes I did, and between the two of us and Mother away, I got mighty little. Mrs. Moresby had a

school, and we used to pay a dollar a month; it was back of the present penitentiary buildings at New Westminster; then, after we moved from the Camp to New Westminster, I went to a public school."

#### **ROYAL ENGINEERS ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE.**

"It used to be fine to watch the soldiers line up for parade; looked fine all dressed up," (Mr. Scales' face glowed as he recalled it) "marching to church on a Sunday morning, band playing ahead of them."

#### **THE OLD GAOL AT WESTMINSTER. SAM BRIGHOUSE. WIDOW OF CAPT. PRITCHARD.**

"I knew the old gaol well. It was not where the present penitentiary is, but way down on the next street above Columbia Street, back of the present C.P.R. station; I used to go up there often; go through it; knew his wife well; after Captain Pritchard died, she married Sam Brighthouse. She was a kindly woman to me, and to the dogs. I used to go up there with a parcel; I'd be around the butcher shop down on the street and the butcher would say, 'Will you take this parcel up to the gaol?' Of course, that was before we came around to Burrard Inlet." (Note: Captain Pritchard was appointed warden of prison 5 January 1866—he had been jailer since 1860. He died 13 July 1870.)

Query: What I cannot understand, Mr. Scales, is how, in view of Trutch's map of March 1870, showing about eight buildings in Granville, you saw only two, the barn and Gassy Jack's, when you came around Brockton Point in the summer of 1869. What I am trying to establish is dates; we must be accurate as to dates or your whole narrative loses value. You must have been a lad when you carried the parcels to the jail. Are you sure it was 1869 you came to Burrard Inlet?

Mr. Scales: "Can't help it; I don't remember any buildings except the barn and Gassy Jack's. We fixed up the barn, and then went back for Mother and the other children; all of them came around. Only two of us, my sister Elizabeth and myself, came on the *Thames City*; the rest were born in New Westminster; seven altogether. It must have been 1869; it was a year, maybe two years after his discharge; not long after his discharge anyway. I don't remember anyone living at Granville besides ourselves."

#### **CANOE TRIP TO SEATTLE.**

"After we went over to Nanaimo, I worked in the cook house, cooking, dish washing for eighty-two men. Then Father took a crazy notion to go to Seattle. We packed up, and started off in a canoe, five of us, boys; it took us just nine days to go; we did not know where we were steering for."

Query: Did you paddle or sail?

Mr. Scales: "Paddle. We had a sail and sailed once for about two hours, and nearly capsized the canoe; a heavy wind came up; we skimmed along like an aeroplane, but we also nearly went under; we had enough of that."

"We stayed in Seattle about six weeks, the longest I was ever out of B.C. Not much in Seattle then—two old wooden places they called hotels; one, I think was the Occidental, where Occidental Square is now, and I think the other was called, not sure, think it was New England Hotel; two common wooden buildings; no streets, no roads, there was a drug store on a corner, five or six feet below the road, and the mud was running down off the road into the only door the drug store had, and clerk was trying to sweep it back." (Mr. Scales smiled in amusement.) "If you wanted to go to Lake Washington, you had to go by a trail; we worked in a coal mine about four weeks, then quit, and were glad to get back to Nanaimo. Seattle was a dirty hole, nothing but sawdust."

#### **CHINESE COOKING. NANAIMO.**

"I want to tell you about the 'whale' blowing. When I was working in the coal mine cook house at Nanaimo, one day I heard a noise like a whale blowing. It was going 'gssh, gssh, gssh.' There were some cracks in the cook house door, so I peeped through the crack, and here was the Chinese cook filling his mouth with coffee and milk and blowing it out of his mouth all over a lot of pies he was going to bake; make them look nice after baking. When the men came up from the mine and sat down, I said, 'Don't eat those pies,' and the boss happened to be sitting near, and after the meal was over he called me over to his office, and said, 'What's this you've been saying about the Chinaman spitting on the pies?' So I told him, and he said, 'You watch, and the first time you see it, come right over to my office and tell me,' so that evening I heard the blowing again, and I went over the office, and boss comes back to the cook

house, gets the Chinaman by the scruff of his neck, and booted him out of the cook house. Then I said to the boss, 'Do you know what you've done? Do you know there are eighty-two men coming up to eat?' So the boss said, 'Do you think you can cook?' I said I'd try, if he got me a man from the quarry, and, by golly, I did; I cooked for a week."

(Note: the practice of using the mouth to squirt liquids was a common one with Chinamen as recently as the early days of the twentieth century, so much so that there was newspaper comments upon it, which resulted in Chinese laundries being compelled by civic by-law to provide themselves with squirt cans for squirting water to dampen clothes for ironing; they previously squirted it with their mouths.)

### **GENEALOGY OF SCALES.**

(Royal Engineer, 1859.) Arrived on *Thames City*, April 1859. (As at July 1933.) John Scales, Royal Engineer, and his wife, Sarah (née Excell.)

Children: seven.

1. John Henry, born 26 June 1854, eldest, has issue (see ante.) resides Vancouver.
2. Elizabeth, born about September 1857, married Thomas Cornish, issue, three daughters, one deceased, two in U.S., two sons, both in Nanaimo.
3. William James, killed in big explosion at Nanaimo, unmarried, explosion 3 May 1887.
4. David, deceased, three sons, two in Vancouver, one in Nanaimo, two daughters, one in U.S., one in Vancouver.
5. George, living in Nanaimo, 1933, single, has a gas boat and lives on it. Claims to be 68 on 24 June 1933.
6. Avis, widow of Geo. Cuthbert, three daughters, and four sons (I think) all in Nanaimo except one daughter, I think.
7. Rosamond, or Rosmond, claims 62 in 1933, married Thomas Paterson, coal miner, has two daughters in Nanaimo.

Issue of John Henry Scales (all born in Nanaimo, all resident, 1933, in Vancouver.)

1. William John.
2. Francis Arnold.
3. Thomas Clarence.
4. Redvers Henry.

Two daughters and one son deceased without issue.

### **CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN HENRY SCALES AT ARCHIVES, ROOM NO. 1016, CITY HALL, 14 JULY 1933.**

As we looked on a very clear day out of the window, Mr. Scales, in response to my observation, said, "Yes, I see it, Mount Baker." His eyesight must be good—age over 79 years.

I showed Mr. Scales letter from Constable Jacklin, No. 265 of Provincial Police, Nanaimo, in which he records his interview with George Scales, who is living in a steamboat at Anderson's Boat House, Nanaimo, and in which he records that he was 68 years of age on 24 June 1933, came to Nanaimo with his parents when three years old, that they came on the steamer *Emma*, and that his father worked in the quarries on Newcastle Island taking out stone pillars for the Mint which was under construction in San Francisco. The American Consul states that the Mint at 'Frisco was built in 1874.

Mr. Scales: "George is off there. We went to Nanaimo after he accidentally chopped his little sister's finger off at our home near Moodyville. How could he do that when he was only three years old? George was

chopping wood with a small hatchet, and Avis was slipping her hand in, back and forth, and pulling the chips away. George said, 'Stop that; you'll get your finger chopped off.' She persisted, and her finger was chopped off; the middle finger, right hand."

#### **NO DOCTOR AT MOODYVILLE THEN.**

"She nearly died before we could get her medical attention. We took her across the Narrows in a boat to 'Maxies.' We got a horse and buggy there and drove her all the way to New Westminster before we could get her to the doctor, old Dr. Black. That was" (it happened) "right over on the North Shore, yes, near Moody's mill, before we went to Nanaimo; how could he go to Nanaimo when he was three years old and remember it?"

#### **NEWCASTLE ISLAND. NANAIMO.**

"We lived on Newcastle Island for a while, not long. The reason Father went over to Newcastle Island was because they were getting out rock for the San Francisco Mint; he was a stonecutter by trade; that was the reason we were over there; to be in the Royal Engineer party to B.C. each man had to be a tradesman of some sort."

Query: Mr. Scales, what sort of stone did they cut?

Mr. Scales: "All sorts, round, square; the pillars George speaks of." (Note: remains of the stone pillars, broken pieces, etc., can still be seen here in the quarry beside the wharf now used by the C.P.R. to land picnickers.) "The pillars would be about, oh, say, four feet diameter, and twelve feet long. Two of the last pillars—or what they thought were the last—got lost in Plumber's Pass." (Active Pass.) "The barque was lost with all hands. They filled her up below with stone, but the pillars were too big, so they put them on deck; somehow the pillars on deck got loose, rolled towards each other; anyway, the barque capsized and sunk."

"The way I know about the barque being lost is this. When the barque was being loaded with the stone I used to talk to the captain who had two fox terriers. I asked him for one. He said, 'No.' Then just before he sailed he said to me, 'You take the two of them, I may not see you any more,' and he gave me the two terriers. We were living on Newcastle Island at that time, and the loss of the ship, the terriers, etc. all were indelibly impressed on my mind."

#### **INDIAN BOWS AND ARROWS.**

Mr. Scales' walking stick fell to the floor, and he picked it up, saying, "That's skookum wood; awful tough; the Indians used to split it and make their bows out of it; don't know what its name is; we always called it skookum wood. Grows in a sort of cluster; not a very big tree."

#### **VOYAGE ON *THAMES CITY*, 1859.**

"I remember the voyage out to B.C. on the *Thames City* quite well, particularly Neptune coming on board when we crossed the equator. Then there was some sort of mutiny among the crew. I don't know what it was about, but I know some man wanted to go down a companion way, and the sentry held his fixed bayonet in front of him as he stood at the top of the stairway, and the man said he would go down, and the sentry said, 'If you do, it will be on the point of this bayonet,' and the man walked right up to the bayonet until it touched him almost in the stomach, but he went no further; nothing serious happened, but I think they brought the ringleader to Victoria in irons."

#### **FIRE CHIEF OF NANAIMO.**

After having John Deasy's letter (Fire Chief of Victoria), from Saanich, 14 July 1933, read to him, Mr. Scales said, "Yes, I was Fire Chief of Nanaimo; volunteer fire brigade."

#### **ROWING RACES IN THE 1870s ON BURRARD INLET.**

"John Deasy is wrong when he says he rowed in a four-oared boat race between white and half-breed crews on Burrard Inlet in 1870; he's way off; he's ahead of time." (See Deasy letter, 14 July 1933.) "In 1863, Tom Deasy was only a little bit of a kid, and we used to call him 'Snotty nose Tom.'"

### **GASTOWN IN THE 1870s.**

"I told you there was a bit of a verandah on the barn. That's not quite right; it was more of a shelter; Father put it up. The barn was divided into, I think, four rooms; there was a sort of lean-to at the back which served as a kitchen. No, we grew no vegetables, no fruit; no room; no room to grow anything; only forest and trees about us; all bush. During the years we were there Father was off logging at, I think they call it Indian River now."

Query: Mr. Scales, look at this. Here is a map of Granville in 1870 signed by Joseph W. Trutch, March 1870, drawn by J.B. Launders, March 1870, showing nine buildings in Granville. How is it that you say there was only two, Gassy Jack's and the barn?

Mr. Scales: "Can't help it; two is all I remember. There was no store; why, when we wanted groceries, we had to go up to the mill to get groceries and everything else. To the west of the beach was kind of straight, to the east it curved outwards to the mill."

### **CHARLIE, MAGGIE AND DEELIA HOUSE.**

"The way I remember the time the House children and I rowed over to Moody's Mill was because we went over to see the monkeys, and there was a fellow over there had some hens with white top knots all flowing back from their heads. But I never took the girls over to see the monkeys again; once was enough."

Query: Well, Mr. Scales, are you sure it was not before Rowling went to the North Arm of the Fraser in September 1868 that you came to Burrard Inlet? Brown was at Rowling's place before Rowling went there, wasn't he?

### **GASTOWN.**

Mr. Scales: "McRoberts had an orchard, beautiful orchard, I remember, because it was the first time I ever tasted quinces. I said to Mr. McRoberts, 'These are nice looking apples,' and he said, 'Yes, take one.' I did; one bite was enough. Rowling was there when we passed; he shifted there a little before we started to come over here; I remember, because he was having some trouble with his grape vines—they would not grow properly—and he thought he would have to move back. Why, there wasn't a house at Gastown. I cannot help the map, or what it says; *there was no trail between our place and Gassy Jack's*; we scrambled over to Gassy Jack's; just followed where someone had walked before through the bushes; that's what makes me so sure. There wasn't a house there then," (and after reflection) "unless it may be that they built those houses or shacks, whatever they were, after we went over to Moodyville; but when we were there, there was nothing" (reflecting) "*excepting the sheer legs*."

### **COAL.**

Query: Oh the sheer legs? What sheer legs? You didn't tell me about them before. What do you suppose they were there for?

Mr. Scales: "I think they must have been boring for coal; there were three legs; the legs were still standing, just to the west a few feet of the barn, right on the shore. I think they must have been boring for coal; there was some black looking stuff lying around. There was a big fire place in the barn, built of rocks and stones. As I told you, the barn was right on the beach, and the legs were to the west and nearer still to the beach, just on the left front."

### **MOODY'S MILL.**

Query: What was Moody's first mill like?

Mr. Scales: "When we came first the old sawmill was running with water" (and he chuckled.) "Start on a log, saw stopped, back up, start again, stop, back up; have to stop and pull the log from the saw half a dozen times; the old waterwheel!!!! Ha ha!"

### **WHALES IN BURRARD INLET. HERRINGS.**

"Did any of the old timers ever tell you about the whale killed in the harbour? They were going up the inlet, going up to Port Moody, five or six of them, and one got in a little too close, and got drowned on those flats" (Lynn Creek and Seymour Creek flats); "the others went through the Second Narrows; he

worked around and around, and the more he tried to get free, the deeper he got in the mud; he made an awful racket there during the night," (with emphasis) "I'll tell you. They cut him up; some of the whites and half-breeds, kanakas; all kinds of men here then. It was right down in front of where we lived—between Lynn Creek and Moody's Mill.

"There were lots of those black fish then; look like a whale; used to go up and down the harbour *squirting*; you don't see that nowadays."

Query: Herring?

Mr. Scales: "Herrings all gone; why, when we went over to the Island" (Nanaimo) "the herrings were that thick when you rowed you just stirred them up; they used to sell them for a dollar a ton."

#### **FRASER RIVER FROZEN OVER.**

"Anybody ever tell you about the Fraser River frozen solid? Take a team of horses, drive right over; go on one side, pull off the other; hauling hay across, on sleighs; right about where the bridge is now, by the penitentiary at Westminster, somewhere along there. There used to be a meadow on the south side." (Note: this meadow is the flat land below Port Mann.) "We used to go over there for hay. I was only a bit of a child. My Father made a sleigh to pull my sister Elizabeth over there on, I remember; I was too big to ride on a sleigh, I was a big man. No, I was going to walk, not ride on a sleigh; I'll never forget it. You see, it used to be rough ice; they used to clear a patch and flood it with water, make it smooth for skating, so that the skating would be good—a very little water would make it smooth—but it was rough where we crossed, and I fell down and could not get up; I yelled, and Father came and got me."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN HENRY SCALES, 23 JULY 1934.**

##### **ROYAL ENGINEERS BAND.**

"I have often watched the Royal Engineers Band form up under Prof. Haynes at 'The Camp' preparatory to going to church. The uniform they wore was a red coat with white waist belt and brass buckles, dark trousers with a red stripe, and, for head gear, a black busby with all white plume on the right side. I judge their numbers to be twenty, perhaps twenty-five, not more."

##### **FALSE CREEK CROSSING. MAIN STREET.**

"When we went from Gassy Jack's across False Creek, we crossed the narrow part where Main Street is now, on stepping stones, when the tide was low. There was a man on the south side whom we called 'Julius Caesar,' and he used to roll his rocks into the mud, to provide a stepping stone passage, probably more for himself than for us. You had to wait until the tide was right before you could get across, and if you stayed too long you had to get back by going around the head of False Creek."

##### **THE 'BLACK TRAIL,' KINGSWAY.**

"There was a big fire ran through all the timber between here and Westminster, some time in the late '60s. After that the mill men from English Bay used to travel through there to New Westminster picking their way as best they could in and out among the stumps; I used to hear them talking, and saying that they had come over, or were going back, by 'The Black Trail.'"

##### **MEMORIES OF 65 YEARS IN VANCOUVER.**

(Note by J.S.M.: as I sat with Mr. Scales looking out over Vancouver on this beautiful summer's afternoon, surveying this city stretching before us as far as the eye could see, Mr. Scales remarked, "Just fancy sitting here on this beautiful afternoon, and looking on that scene, and reflecting that what I used to do was sit on a stone on the beach" (Water Street) "and watch the gulls, or an eagle, or see the big fish" (whales) "blowing as they went up and down the inlet—that was about all there was to see in those days. It has been a remarkable life; to think of all the changes that have taken place, and to sit here and watch that stream of automobiles going up and down Hastings Street."

Mr. Scales is a picture of health; his eyesight is wonderful.

**PROVINCIAL LIBRARY  
VICTORIA, B.C.**

October 5, 1934.

Major J.S. Matthews,  
City Archivist,  
Temporary City Hall,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Major Matthews:

The passage from DOUGLAS for which you are searching is quoted in Sage's "Sir James Douglas and British Columbia," page 320. Douglas left Victoria on May 10, 1861, as you state. He reached New Westminster the same evening and remained there a week. The notes made by him at the time include the following passage:

"The North road to Burrard Inlet is finished and that to English Bay is carried as far as False Creek. Another line, an extension of Douglas street, is completed to Burnaby Lake, and a line extending downwards on the N. Branch of Fraser's River. It is to be carried as far as McKees farm. Letters will find access by these roads into the country which is so thickly wooded as to be otherwise impassable, and I trust that flourishing settlements will soon be formed in every part of the District which is intersected by these thoroughfares."

The text states that this is taken from his diary, and I have done my best to locate the original, but without success so far. I have not yet given up hope, and if I find it will let you know at once.

Yours sincerely,

KL:GH

W. Kaye Lamb.  
Provincial Librarian and Archivist.

**EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MISS MADGE WOLFENDAN, 22 AUGUST 1934.**

"In regard to the trail to Burrard Inlet—Judge Howay says in his book on the work of the Royal Engineers in B.C., 'In this year' (1859) 'the Engineers also built a trail from New Westminster to Burrard Inlet, along the line on which in 1861 they constructed the road, which exists to-day, known as the North Road.'"

**EARLY ROADS NEAR BURRARD INLET AND NEW WESTMINSTER.**

**NEW WESTMINSTER-BURRARD INLET ROAD.**

In his despatch of 20 January 1861, Douglas mentions the road from New Westminster to Burrard's Inlet, nine miles, as being in progress, amongst other roads.

**NORTH ARM ROAD.**

Letter of Joseph W. Trutch:

Land & Works Dept.  
New Westminster.  
19 May, 1864.

This is to certify that Mr. Hugh McRoberts having completed the road along the North Arm, Fraser River, is entitled to receive the balance of Three Hundred and Thirty-seven Pounds, Eight Shillings, in Land Scrip, due him by the Govt. of B.C. as per agreement dated 3 Sept., 1862.

*[signed]* Joseph W. Trutch,  
Surveyor General.

## **WAGGON ROAD.**

Letter of Joseph W. Trutch:

Land & Works Dept.  
New Westminster.  
25 Aug, 1864.

Sir: I have the honor to enclose a copy of a letter recd. today from Mr. Thos. Martin, and to request your instructions regarding his application.

Mr. Martin's farm is situated at the mouth of the North Arm of the Fraser River. A waggon road has been constructed on the line of this trail up to a point about 1000 yards on the New Wr. side of Mr. Martin's farm—it was designed by Col. Moody that this waggon Road should be extended along the line of the trail to the Point above named on the Gulf.

The circumstances stated by Mr. Martin in his letter are substantially correct, and he seems to be deserving of some consideration.

Should it not be inconvenient to expand the sum of \$500 at present and if it be intended to carry out the design about specified of continuing the waggon road to the Gulf—the main object of which was to keep open communication at periods when the Fraser is blocked with Ice so as to prevent vessels coming to New Wr.—I should recommend that the portion of road which is wanting to permit Mr. Martin access to town be undertaken at once.

I have &c.

sig. of Joseph W. Trutch,

C.C.L.W. &c.

## **DOUGLAS STREET ROAD.**

From *The British Columbian*, 13 May 1865.

"We believe that this road is at length completed; Mr. J.T. Scott, the contractor, drove His Excellency the Governor and the Hon. Colonial Secretary over it yesterday."

## **WAGGON ROAD TO STAMP'S MILLS.**

From *The British Columbian*, 13 May 1865.

"... A proposition has been made to the Government by Capt. Stamp, for constructing a waggon road from the termination of Douglas Street road down the Inlet to a point opposite the site selected for the mills; the terms of the proposition being that each party should bear an equal share of the expense of construction ... with its mills ... Burrard Inlet is evidently destined to become a place of no inconsiderable importance."

## **BRIGHTON.**

### **BRIGHTON ROAD.**

From *The British Columbian*, 3 October 1867: An advertisement for Lake House on the road half way to "Brighton."

From *The British Columbian*, 9 January 1869: "Thoroughfare needed renovation." Also in issues of 27 February 1869, 17 March 1869, 21 March 1869 and 25 April 1869.

From *The British Columbian*, 28 March 1869: paragraph on "The Brighton Telegraph."

## **HASTINGS.**

### **HASTINGS TOWNSITE. BURRARD INLET.**

From *The British Columbian*, 18 March 1869: "Change of name—As a compliment to Admiral Hastings, the name of the new London Institute at Burrard Inlet, has been changed to that of Hastings Institute."

Letters to Capt. Raymur from Trutch, 1869-1870: 18 August 1869 and 23 February 1870, the mill is called the B.C. and V.I. Spar, Lumber and Saw Mill Co., and not until 29 September 1870, is it called the Hastings Saw Mill Co. (The Institute was at Hastings Mill, not New Brighton. J.S.M.)

### **HASTINGS MILL**

From *The British Columbian*, 6 February 1869: "It is stated that the Marquis of Bute has purchased the greater portion of the Hastings property and has most delicately offered it to the family on such terms that virtually it will be restored to the old line. The two marquises were cousins."

### **OLIVER M. HOCKING OF BURRARD INLET.**

Provincial Library,  
Victoria, B.C.  
June 7, 1933.

Dear Major Matthews:

Your letters of June 2 and 5 respectively are herewith answered.

As to Hocking, his full name was Oliver M., and he was Deputy Collector of Customs at Burrard Inlet from 1866 to 1869. In the latter year he leased a tract of land at the terminus, on Burrard Inlet, of the road from New Westminster, on which he erected buildings. He built a bridge at Hastings; the place was called the Town of Brighton.

In the Archives we have a letter from H.M. Ball, 1869, to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works enclosing a return of the sale of the town lots of Hastings as sold by the auctioneer, Mr. Edwards\*, on the 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1869. There is also another letter proposing a future sale by auction at Hocking's place near the sight of the town of Hastings.

I understand that the Lands Department has a large map of the old town of Hastings with lots marked thereon, but no names. The maker of the map is now known. So much for Oliver M. Hocking.

Yours sincerely,

John Hosie,  
Provincial Archivist.

\* Edmonds

## **SALE OF LOTS. HASTINGS.**

### **PUBLIC NOTICE**

NOTICE is hereby given that a portion of the Town Site Reserve on Burrard Inlet, at the terminus of the Douglas Street Road from New Westminster, has been laid out into lots, which will be offered for sale, and Public Auction, at the Court House, New Westminster, on 10<sup>th</sup> July, next ensuing.

The Town will be called "Hastings," and plans of the surveyed portion thereof may be seen at this Office and at the Office of the Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works, New Westminster.

The upset price of lots will be Fifty Dollars (\$50.00).

### **CONDITIONS OF SALE**

Payments to be made in cash, as follows, viz.:—one half the price bid for the lot to be paid on the knock of the hammer, and the remaining half on the 10<sup>th</sup> September, next ensuing, to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works of New Westminster District, at his Office at New Westminster, or at the Lands and Works Office, Victoria.

The holders of lots on which substantial improvements have been made will be allowed to purchase the same at the upset price, on proving to the satisfaction of the Government that such improvements have been made by them on the said lots prior to the date of this notice.

The Certificates of Receipt will not be transferable and Crown Grants will be invariably issued in the name of the original purchaser only.

In default of payment of either of the said installments on the day appointed for such payments as aforesaid, the lot will positively be forfeited to the Government, together with all improvements thereon, and all money which may have been paid in respect thereof.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, noon.

For further particulars and information, apply at the Lands and Works Office, Victoria, or at the Office of the Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works, New Westminster.

By Command.

Joseph W. Trutch

Lands and Works Office,  
Victoria, May 14<sup>th</sup>, 1869.

Department of Lands,  
Victoria, B.C.  
7<sup>th</sup> June, 1933.

Sir:

File 44625-A

In reply to your letter of the 2<sup>nd</sup> instant, we are unable so far to trace who or what gave rise to the idea of the Auction Sale of July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1869, beyond the statement in the notice (copy enclosed).

H.M. Ball, stipendiary Magistrate and Assistant Commissioner of Lands at New Westminster at that time submitted an application on May 28<sup>th</sup>, by one Henry V. Edmonds to act as auctioneer at the sale of Hastings lots proposed to be held on July 10<sup>th</sup>. It would appear this sale was held at New Westminster as Ball suggests that when the next sale is held it should be at Hocking's near the site of the town.

H.V. Edmonds was the auctioneer on July 10<sup>th</sup>, he claimed to be the only one in the district and he was paid "at a rate of commission not exceeding one per cent of the amount realized at the sale."

Forty-four lots were offered at the upset price of \$50.00 each. Seven were sold Nos. 2, 3, 4 to Maximilian Michaud; 9 and 36 to Wm. Reed Lewis; 34 and 35 to Ebenezer Brown.

We do not find that anyone by the name of Hockings was a purchaser, Lot No. 1 on the creek was not sold until 1889 when it was included in the C.P.R. right of way.

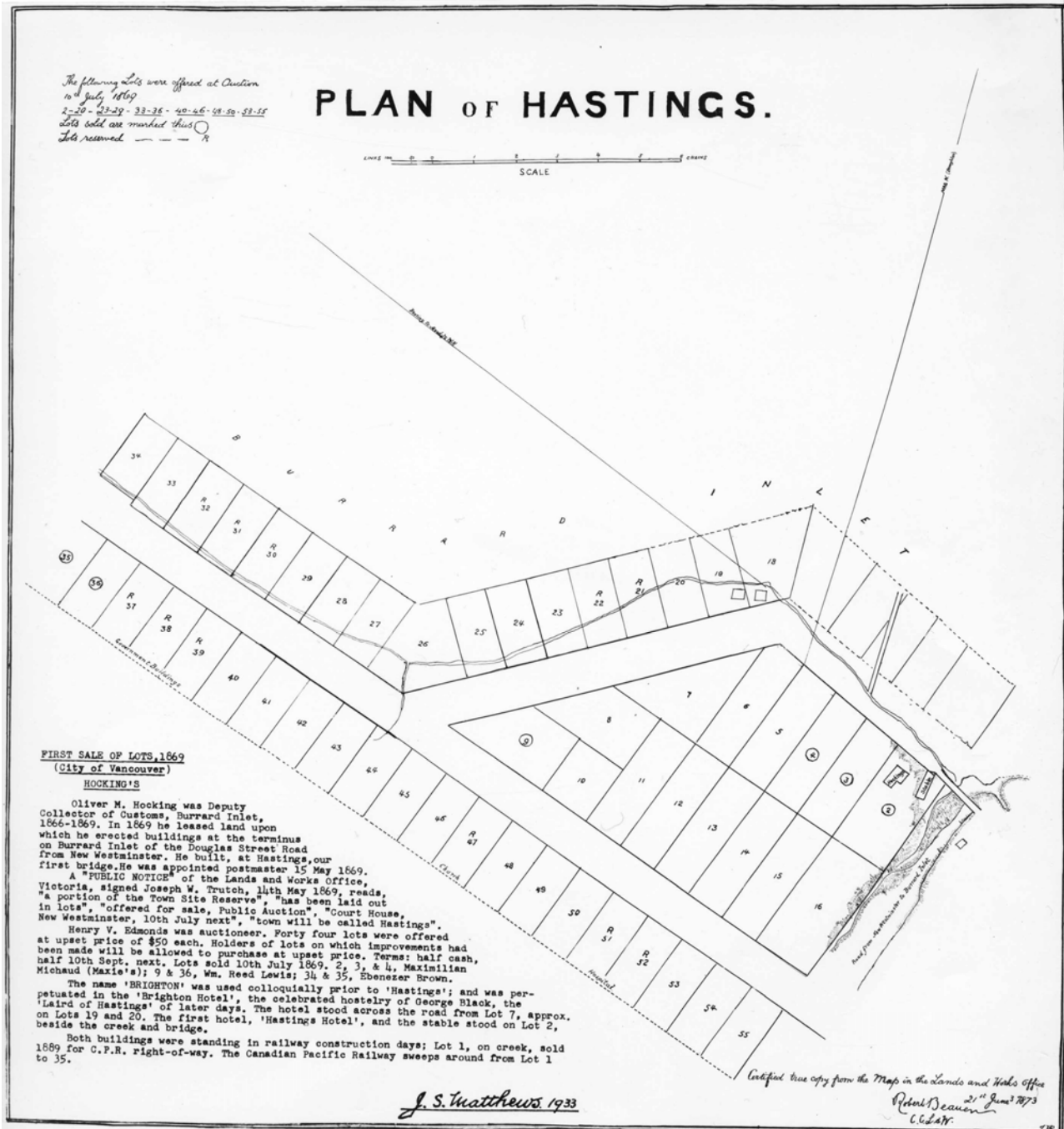
I regret we do not appear to have a copy of the "plan of Hastings" used at the sale and showing the old buildings you refer to.

Yours truly,

H. Cathcart,

Deputy Minister.

Major J.S. Matthews,  
2083 Whyte Ave.,  
Kitsilano Beach,  
Vancouver, B.C.



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_006

## THE DOUGLAS ROAD

Remarks of James McWhinnie at Pioneer's Picnic, 11 June 1933.

"The Douglas Road was just a narrow trail, no wider than a wagon; you bumped over it most of the way, bumpity, bumpity bump over the corduroy. There was no room to pass. Many a time I have had to pull up to let another vehicle pass, for, when you have to pass, it was hard enough, goodness knows, to find a place wide enough to do it. Then as you neared Burrard Inlet, got quite close, once in a while you got a glimpse, perhaps, through the trees, of a bit of water in the distance, Burrard Inlet."

**EXCERPTS FROM *THE MAINLAND GUARDIAN*, NEW WESTMINSTER.**

Wednesday, October 2, 1872.

The False Creek Trail and Bridge.

This excellent piece of work is now completed, and must be a source of great convenience to those occupied at Hastings Mills. As we shall give a more detailed notice of the undertaking in a future issue, we have only to say now, that we sincerely trust the contract has been a remunerative one, as, if so, it should be held up as a pattern to other contractors.

Saturday, October 5, 1872.

The False Creek Trail.

Mr. Howse, the government surveyor, came up last night by the *Enterprise*, to examine and receive, if all is according to contract, the False Creek Trail. He goes over it this morning, and we will therefore be able to report next issue. (Item ends. No report issues of October 9, 12.)

(Note by J.S.M.: This trail ran from Marpole, through the forest to Mount Pleasant near the corner of Broadway and Ontario Street. It then ran down the hollow to Main Street to the bridge, which was decked with poles cut out of the forest. Before the bridge was built, travelers swam their horses across False Creek, now filled in at this point on Main Street in front of the C.N.R. station. The trail was built to enable the farmers on Lulu Island and North Arm get their produce to Granville, etc., without the inconvenience and danger of going by row boat around Point Grey.)

(Also see John Murray re stepping stones across False Creek.)

**EXCERPT FROM *HISTORY OF RICHMOND MUNICIPALITY (HISTORY OF LULU ISLAND)*, BY THOMAS KIDD; WRIGLEY PRINTING, 1927.**

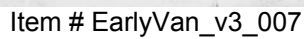
**HASTINGS-GRANVILLE ROAD. NORTH ARM ROAD. FRASER AVENUE. MARINE DRIVE.**

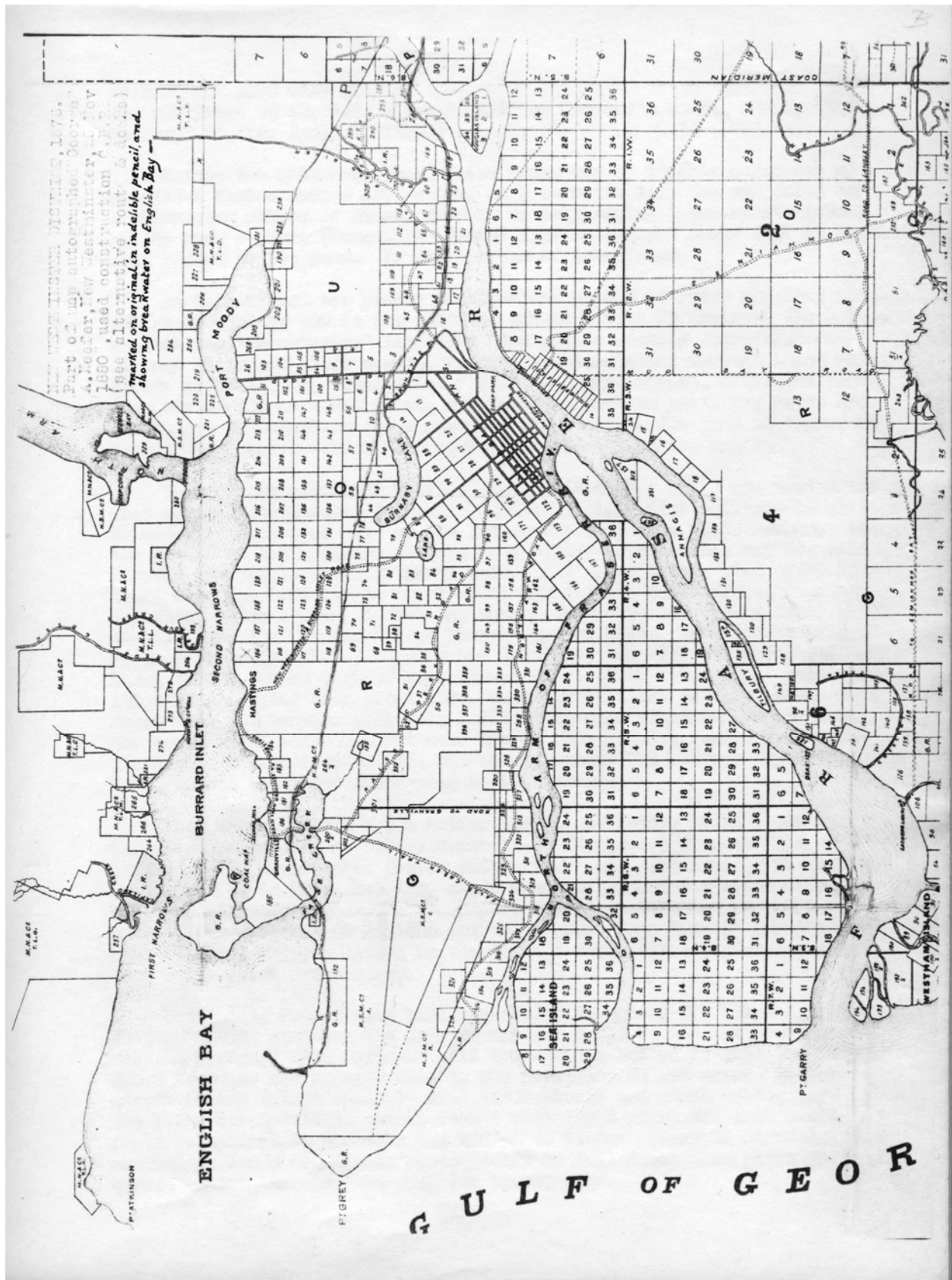
Page 46. "In February, 1875, W.H. (Harry) Eburne came to B.C.," "they got off at Gastown," "there were no roads through the woods to the North Arm at that time, so they had to go by row boat."

Page 41. "In the fall of 1875," "James Knox," "he found work on the road that was being built from Maxie's (the end of the Douglas Road, now Hastings) to Gastown, of which Thos. Kidd was foreman. A snowstorm before the middle of November stopped that work for that winter."

Page 49. "In the summer of 1875," "in looking around they met Hugh Boyd, who was government inspector on the road which was being constructed from old Gastown to the North Arm, now Fraser Avenue."

Page 97. "Up to this time (1886) the road built in 1875, now Fraser Avenue, had not been much used, nor was the road leading up to it from the North Arm settlement in good condition, but the growth of Vancouver led to their being repaired, and were of considerable value until the bridges, and road now Granville Street, were built."





Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_008

## HORSES SWIM DOWN MAIN STREET.

(As published in the B.C. Electric Railway Company's weekly sheet, *The Buzzer*, No. 55, 6 April 1934.) By Major J.S. Matthews.

Before the whitemans came, False Creek was an idyllic paradise; a beautiful marine avenue down which, on a summer's day, the sun shone on a shimmering ribbon of azure, deep in an overhanging frame of evergreen; on the grey sandbar (Granville Island) Indians trapped their fish in hurdle nets staked in the sand. It was a haven of loveliness.

At Main Street two pretty points—pale shades of colour strained through the grove—juttied out in the water to almost meet. To Indians, the narrow passage was *Ke-wahusks*, literally, "two points exactly opposite," and through it passed their canoes, as our *Emperresses* glide through Lions Gate, to the great lagoon, *Skwa-chice* (C.N.R. yards) beyond, where the sturgeon were. The northern point, now Thornton Park in part, lay north and south, and the southern one a narrower ridge with a few feet of dry crest between two shores—where Main Street twists—lay on the angle.

In 1865 the whitemans built a sawmill (Hastings Mill) and needed water. They bridged *Ke-wah-usks* (opposite C.N.R. station) with a flume—on stilts in mud—and clambered over on its framework; they swam their horses. Along the summit of the southern finger, some pioneer slashed his way dry shod through the tangle—perhaps along some still older track, used alike by bear, deer and Indians—to break trail for the new water flume, possibly our first water system, to the Tea Swamp (Kingsway and Fraser Avenue) which emptied into the "Second Bridge Stream" up the hill. The "Second Bridge" spanned the creek about Kingsway and Broadway; the mill dam was lower down, i.e., in the ravine east of Main Street about Sixth Avenue East. Afterwards, the mill got water from Trout Lake, where the whiteman's flume found much favour with the beavers that they built their dams right in it and shut the water off. Rough remonstrance taught them greater reason and henceforth they so built as to aid, not to obstruct. The beavers repaired their dams, raised the water level—and kept it raised.

Then the whitemans cut a better trail, and later, still another. The first, dignified as "False Creek Road" (Kingsway) from the old Capital of B.C. whence came driven cattle for meat. The other, "False Creek Trail," built in 1872, but long since vanished, meandered cross country over the hills from Eburne's (Marpole), and by it Lulu Island settlers brought farm produce to Gastown and the mills. Both "Trail" and "Road" were slits, a buggy's width, in the forest; dark, silent, sinuous; the blue crack above was the sky.

Originally Main Street hill was steep; too steep for horse-drawn wagons; so the "Road," avoiding the deep ravine and knoll to the east, crossed "Second Bridge," slid down the hill through the hollow to join the "Trail" about Broadway and Ontario Street, and continued as one across the corduroyed muskeg (First Avenue)—with its muskrats and skunk cabbage—on to the False Creek Bridge, which, decked with round poles cut from nearby saplings spanned *Ke-wah-usks* and led on to Gastown (Carrall Street). The old bridge had a bad habit; periodically it fell down; then pioneers jumped across on its timbers, and swam the horses over.

First, the deer trail in the bushes; then the whiteman's water flume; then the corduroy "Trail" through the swamp; next the improved "New Road" of mud or dust; then macadamised "Westminster Avenue," oft-times altered; and finally "Main Street," where it twists; but we clung to the old angle, and paved it—bend and all.

### **FALSE CREEK ROAD (KINGSWAY). SECOND BRIDGE STREAM. TEA SWAMP.**

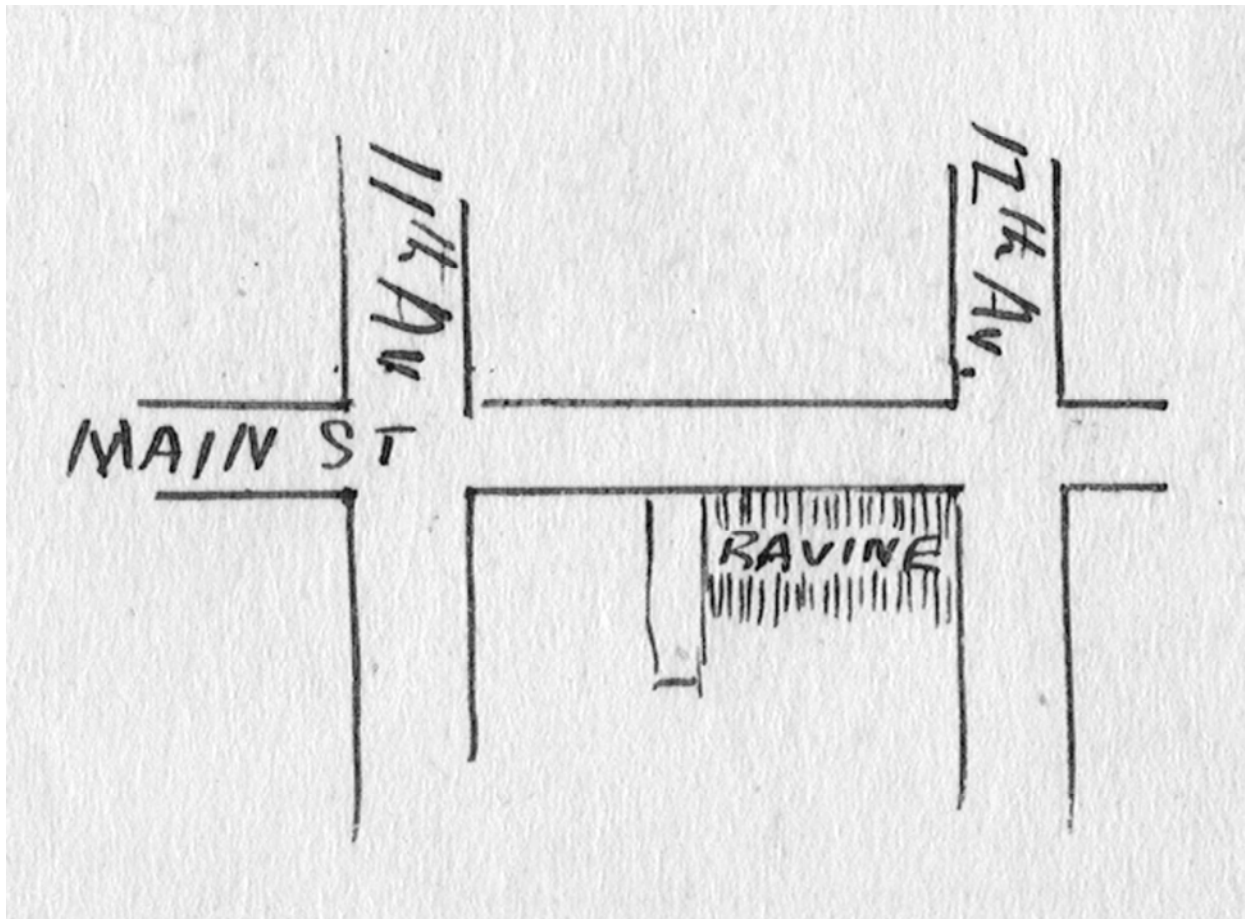
There are still (July, 1934) evidences available of the ravine down which the Second Bridge Stream ran from the Tea Swamp, south of the crest of the hill at 14<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Kingsway.

Beneath the shops on the southwest corner of Broadway and Kingsway is a gully twenty-five feet deep, and about seventy-five feet wide at street level; at the bottom a wet open water way lined with logs. The shops above are supported on long posts, and, facing a paved street with car lines, present no indication that beneath them is the old channel of the Second Bridge stream.

This deep gully plainly indicates why the old False Creek Road veered off to the south after passing what is now Fraser Avenue and slid down about Ontario Street as it approached the False Creek bridge. There has been so much cutting down of knolls, and filling in of hollows in this area, that it is now almost impossible to get, on the ground, an idea of what the original contours were like.

#### *NOTE ADDED LATER:*

In 1935, the old ravine, 25 feet deep, can be seen between 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> avenues, running due north and south, immediately beside Main Street, the west sidewalk of which is protected by a railing. It passes under the corner of Broadway and Kingsway. JSM 1935.



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_009

## **MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD**

From the *B.C. Gazette*, 15 May 1869: "Mr. M. Michaud has this day been appointed Postmaster at New Brighton, Burrard Inlet. By Command, A.T. Bushby."

From *The British Columbian*, 16 May 1869: "We learn that Mr. Maxim Michaud has been appointed Postmaster at Burrard Inlet."

Directories:

No Michaud in 1869 Directory.

In 1871 Directory, M. Michand, at Hope.

In 1874 Directory: Hope – No Michaud. Burrard Inlet – M. Michaud.

Original letters:

"Nov. 16, 1858, paid by myself, \$10.00." – Letter Marcellin Michaud to Col. Moody, Fort Hope, 12 September 1862. (Re land.)

In some of the letters the signature looks as though it might be Marcellus.

Lot 8, Block 10, town of Hope, mentioned as belonging to him.

"I own a few town lots in Hope on which I have lived during these last six years past." – Letter to Trutch, Hope, 25 October 1865.

He was apparently still at Hope in 1871.

"This is the fourth time during the last ten years I have applied for land, but Mr. O'Reilly has always played me out of it." – Letter to Gov. Musgrave, Hope, 15 April 1871.

In the course of one letter he says he is a Canadian.

## **EXCERPT FROM THE *MAINLAND GUARDIAN*.**

Wednesday, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1872 (we repeat 1872.)

Advertisement:

### **HASTINGS HOTEL**

Burrard Inlet

This well known house is situated at the terminus of the road from New Westminster, and adjacent to the ferry whence the boat plys to the various mills.

Travellers can be accommodated with good Beds and Meals at all hours.

A good stock of Liquors and Cigars.

MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD,

Proprietor.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. J.E. MICHAUD, 26 APRIL 1934.**

Mr. J.E. Michaud: "Maximilian Michaud of Burrard Inlet" (Hastings) "was my great-uncle. My grandfather's name was Joseph; he had seven children. My father's name was Zatique" (pronounced Zetic). "I never knew anyone with the initial 'H.' Michaud." (This name is found on page 187, of the Directory of B.C., 1885.)

### **MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD.**

"Maximilian owned property which was later taken over by Joseph. I think Maximilian and Marcellin are the same people, as the two words look so much alike. He died rather young. He had not much schooling, but he learned English at school in the East. He came on foot to British Columbia—across the Prairies and over the Rockies, but when, we do not know. I have heard my father and aunts speak of it almost ever since I can remember. I know that he walked over, but I can't say that he came with the group of Overlanders in 1862. I have often listened to the story that the party he came with suffered intense privation and were several times driven to desperation by starvation. Several perished on the way. Maximilian had no children.

"I have heard that Maximilian was married, but I never heard anything of his wife. He was born in Québec, approximately about 1850, and is supposed to have married on some return trip to Eastern Canada, but who the bride, if any, was, we do not know—we do know that Maximilian died childless."

### **MAXIMILIAN'S PROPERTY.**

"Maximilian died intestate, but it was understood that he would leave the property to his brother, Joseph, my grandfather. Some of the property had been paid for, but Joseph had to pay for the rest. As he died intestate, we thought the property would go to his wife. There was trouble back east, and some of the people wanted to sell the Hastings (B.C.) property. Joseph did not want to, but the others were in the majority, and he had to."

### **ZATIQUE MICHAUD.**

"Zatique was born at Point Levis, across from Québec City. My father was a Catholic, and there is a saint called St. Zatique, and I think my father was called after him. He came out with his mother and father" (Joseph) "by the Horn some time after Maximilian. I do not know which year, but I think it must have been about 1874. Zatique is now 63 years old."

## **15 FEBRUARY 1934 – GENEALOGY OF MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD.**

Residence: "Maxies" of Hastings, B.C.

Place of birth: Québec. Arrived from Québec in British Columbia about 1850.

Avocation: Property Investor, Hotel Keeper.

Marriage: Marriage took place on return trip to the East. Bride unknown by name.

### **CHILDREN.**

On the authority of Tilman Willard Herring, who joined the Seymour Battery in New Westminster in 1871 or 1872, and who attended a banquet of the Original Garrison Artillery Association at the Hotel Georgia, Vancouver, 20 January 1934, Maxie Michaud had no children; the Michaud brothers (three) of Langley, are, he says, the children of Maxie's brother.

### **OTHER SURVIVING MEMBERS OF FAMILY.**

Three Michauds at Langley, B.C. in 1903: Joseph, the father, and Zatique and Maximilian (commonly called "Maxime"), his sons—all farmers. J.S. Matthews, 1934.

### **PERSONAL SERVICES.**

Very little is remembered of Maximilian Michaud, save that he was one of Vancouver's first hotel men; was a staunch Catholic, and patriotic citizen; spoke English well, but with a decided French-Canadian accent; and was a congenial and popular figure with the earlier pioneers. (J.E. Michaud.)

### **LANDED ESTATE, ETC.**

Subtly foreseeing the extraordinary prospects of Vancouver and its harbour, he acquired a considerable portion of the property fronting Burrard Inlet, and along what is presently known as Hastings Street. Among other valuable sites, he purchased six hundred acres in the valley, comprising Langley Prairie, half of which was bought up by Joseph Michaud Sr., a nephew, and upon the latter's death willed to his two sons, Zatique and Maxime, now both retired and living in Langley Prairie. (J.E.M.)

T.W. Herring says, "Maxie worked as cook for Greely Bros. at first; then Joe Arnand bought the Colonial Hotel, New Westminster, from the Greelys and Maxie remained as cook until he moved to Hastings.

"It was Maxie who gave the land at Langley to the children of his brother." (J.E.M.)

### **HISTORICAL.**

Maximilian Michaud, with a group of Easterners, traversed Canada to British Columbia. Many interesting incidents have been cited. Several members of the party starved en route, and they were exposed to innumerable hardships and heartrending discouragements.

In the last years of his life, Mr. Michaud built a home in New Westminster, where he owned considerable property. This home still stands, facing Columbia Street, the first residence next to Saint Peter's Church.

Upon his death he failed to leave a will—his wife had predeceased him—and having had procreated no children, consequently all his property, as provided by law, was to be divided amongst the closest of kin. Joseph Michaud Sr. was the only member of the family in the West. His remonstrations with his co-heirs in the east, who demanded the sale of everything, failed to retain the property on Hastings and elsewhere, which sold for a fraction of its present value. Thus death not only robbed Maximilian Michaud of enjoying the fruits of his plans, but also failed to remunerate even his heirs. (J.E.M.)

### **15 FEBRUARY 1934 – GENEALOGY OF JOSEPH MICHAUD OF LANGLEY PRAIRIE; BROTHER, MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD OF HASTINGS, B.C.**

Residence: Langley Prairie, B.C.

Place of Birth: Québec City, Québec. Arrived in B.C. from Pt. Levis, Québec, in 1874.

Avocation: Farmer.

Marriage: At Québec City, to Georgina Morin.

### **CHILDREN.**

Seven (all living).

Florence, now Mrs. Jas. J. Doyle, of Langley Prairie; no children.

Zatique, now retired farmer, of Langley Prairie; one son, J.E. Michaud.

Maximilian, now farmer, of Langley Prairie; two sons.

Mary, now Mrs. Geo. Freeman, of Bellingham, Washington; one son, two daughters.

Laura, now Mrs. L.R. Layton, of Langley Prairie; no children.

Lena, unmarried, of Langley Prairie.

Josephine A., unmarried, of Langley Prairie.

### **PERSONAL SERVICES.**

Joseph Michaud was a farmer—he held no known public office. He was of the Roman Catholic denomination.

### **LANDED ESTATE, ETC.**

Joseph's landed estate consisted of about 500 acres of land at Langley Prairie, which was inherited from his brother Maximilian Michaud of Burrard Inlet. After the Great War he sold the old farm to the Government of B.C. for subdivision and settlement by returned soldiers under the Soldiers' Settlement scheme. About 1934 he purchased considerable property in the village of Langley Prairie.

### **FAMILY ORIGINS.**

French Canadian. The name Michaud is said to be quite as common in Québec as it is rare in British Columbia.

### **HISTORICAL.**

Joseph Michaud came to B.C. with his wife and children—then presumed to have numbered four of his seven—in a sailing ship, around Cape Horn. His brother, the Burrard Inlet pioneer of pioneers of Burrard Inlet, had preceded him some years, and had already settled on Burrard Inlet (1869 or earlier), at New Brighton (now Hastings). Joseph died in 1910 and is buried at New Westminster. Mrs. Michaud is also dead; the seven children are all living in 1934.

The son, Zatique, married at Langley Prairie Miss Elizabeth Selander, and there is issue one son, Joseph Ernest Michaud, born at Langley Prairie, 14 May 1913, and now manager of his father's "Traveller's Hotel," Langley Prairie. Zatique is now a retired farmer and a property owner in Langley Prairie.

The son Maximilian (Maxime) married, and has issue two sons. Maximilian is still actively engaged (1934) in farming.

### **FROM THE *VANCOUVER DAILY ADVERTISER*, VOL. 1, NO. 10; WEDNESDAY, 19 MAY 1886.**

Advertisement:

#### **THE BRIGHTON HOTEL**

Hastings, B.I.

This fine and commodious new hotel has recently been completed and is furnished with every convenience for the comfort of guests. The situation and accommodation are unsurpassed on Burrard Inlet, which has become the most fashionable

#### **WATERING PLACE**

in British Columbia. The prospect is charming, the sea breezes are invigorating, and the facilities for boating and bathing are excellent. Private sitting and dining rooms. Suites of apartments for families or parties.

The bar is entirely detached from the main building. First class stabling and feed for horses. Busses to and from New Westminster twice a day.

GEORGE BLACK,

Proprietor.

### **C.P.R. OFFICES. HASTINGS, B.C.**

2500 – 37<sup>th</sup> W.  
June 25<sup>th</sup>.

Dear Major Matthews:

I wish I could give you the information you are looking for, but I have only a very vague recollection of Hastings, I, being only a tiny tot at the time we lived there, which was from 1886-1888. My older sisters would remember more, Mrs. R.G. Tatlow and Mrs. N.F. Townsend.

We lived at Black's Hotel on the waterfront there, my father having his offices in a station building by the side of the track. We used to come in and out of town on a little speeder that my father used, while our house was being built at 1070 Georgia St., where we lived from then, until 1909. I have seen photographs taken at some sports there, in which many of the old timers figured, but I can't remember who has them. I am sorry I can't be of any more help to you.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Ida McGaffin.

Mrs. N.F. Townsend, Mrs. C.S. McGaffin—daughters of Mrs. H.J. Cambie, C.P.R. Engineer.

## **HASTINGS. THE NAME AND FAMILY.**

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

CANADA

(NAVAL INTELLIGENCE)

27.4.34

Dear Sir:

I much regret the delay in answering your letter. I have a certain amount of information to give you. The enclosed extract from "The Times" is authentic. I wrote to my mother (my father, Admiral Alexander Plantagenet Hastings, died a few years ago.) I have now received her reply in which she says:

"Admiral Hastings was at Vancouver in 1869. He was your pater's uncle. He was the second son of the 11<sup>th</sup> Earl of Huntingdon, George by name. He was C. in C. Pacific Station, and was by what father told me, one of the most kind and good natured of men, and one of the ugliest, which is certainly borne out by his photos. Your father was one of the four nephews he had serving in "Zealous," Arthur and Frank Brooke and Frank Hastings Dent—all these four have died. The Admiral married a Miss Dogacher, and she was living in the "Zealous" at Vancouver, where two sons were born. Another son and daughter were born in England. Hans Hastings was the eldest, and he died last year, and Walter is also dead. Hans' widow lives near here, and I see something of her and of the Admiral's daughter Lily."

My mother's address is Mrs. Hastings, Oak Lodge, Browning Avenue, Boscombe, Hants, England.

I suggest that you get in touch; write Mrs. Hans Hastings. My mother could forward the letter, and will, I am sure, be glad to help you.

About the chart you mention. The new edition published 1932 has no Hastings Mill marked on it. If you want information on the older editions you should apply to

The Hydrographer of the Navy  
The Admiralty, Whitehall, London, England.

I hope this information may be of use to you.

Yours faithfully,

E.G. Hastings.

Comdr., R.N.

p.s. I also enclose extract from Peerage, giving the Admiral's family.

**EXTRACT FROM *THE TIMES*, THURSDAY, 23 MARCH 1876.**

"The late Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Fowler Hastings, C.B., recently Commander-in-Chief, Sheerness, was the second son of Hans Francis, twelfth Earl of Huntingdon, by his first wife, Frances, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Chaloner-Cobbe, and was born in 1814." (28<sup>th</sup> November.) "He entered the Navy in 1824, and passed his examination in 1832. In the following year he obtained the rank of Lieutenant. After which he was appointed to the *Excellent*, Gunnery Ship at Portsmouth." (In May 1834, to the *Revenge* in the Mediterranean, and in 1837 to the *Rhadamanthus*, also in the Mediterranean, and one of the first steam vessels of her Majesty's service.) "He obtained his commission as Commander in 1838; was early in the succeeding year made an inspecting commander of the Coastguard, and in" (August) "1841 was appointed to the command of the *Harlequin*, 16, of the East Indian and China Station. While in that sloop, besides sharing in the closing operations of the Chinese war, he received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the Station for his gallant conduct in leading the boats of the *Harlequin*, *Wanderer* and *Dido* in the attack on the piratical towns of Murdoo and Qualloo Batto, in the island of Sumatra. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1845" (31 January) "when the *Harlequin* was paid off." (Commanded the *Cyclops*, steam frigate, west coast of Africa, 1848-1851, and from August 1852 to May 1857, the *Curacoa* in the Mediterranean and Black seas.) "Captain Hastings was appointed to the *Curacoa* in August 1854, and commanded that steamer in the Black Sea Fleet during the" (Russian) "War. For his services in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea he was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath" (2 January 1857) "and received the Turkish Order of the Medjidie of the Third Class." (Real-Admiral, 1863. Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Station, flagship *Zealous*, 20 guns, one of the earlier built wooden ironclads, November 1866 to November 1869.) "In 1866 he was appointed to the command of the Pacific Squadron, in succession to Rear-Admiral the Hon. J. Denman, and in 1873 was appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. He became Rear-Admiral in 1863, and Vice-Admiral in 1869." (Commander-in-Chief, Nore, 1873 to 14 February 1876. Died suddenly a few weeks afterwards, 31 March 1876.) "He was the senior on the list of Vice-Admirals, and by his death Rear-Admiral A. Cumming, C.B., becomes Vice-Admiral, and Captain A.W. Acland Hood, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen, obtains Flag rank."

May 21<sup>st</sup> 1934.

Oak Lodge,  
Browning Avenue,  
Boscombe, Hants.  
Tel. Boscombe 1941.

To

Major J.S. Matthews.

Dear Sir,

I received your most interesting letter and the two photographs today and have forwarded them on to Mrs. Hans Hastings (the widow of Admiral Hastings's eldest son), as she will possibly find some photos, or bits of information which might be useful to you among her late husband's papers, or get them from the Admiral's youngest son, or his daughter (Mrs. Henry), both of whom are alive.

My husband, who died in 1925, was in Vancouver with his uncle as a young lieutenant and loved the place and the life out there. He retired as an Admiral, as soon as he reached that rank.

I hope Mrs. Hans Hastings will be of some assistance. Anyway you are sure to hear from her.

Yours faithfully,

E.C. Hastings.

### **HASTINGS. ADMIRAL HASTINGS.**

Excerpt from letter, Edyth M. Hastings, St. Davids, Milford on Sea, 30 June 1934.

"Wish that my husband, Hans Hastings, eldest son of the Admiral, was alive;" "after over 30 years married life he died quite suddenly last year."

"The Admiral with his wife and son Hans, left Plymouth in the H.M.S. 'Zealous' on Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> 1866. They passed through the Sts of Magellan Mar. 14 1867, reaching Esquimalt on July 12<sup>th</sup>. They remained here for two years, and on July 22 1868 a son was born to the admiral Walter Henry. They left for Payta in Peru in April of 1869." "Maple Bank, the Admiral's and Mrs. Hastings' residence." "I enclose a photograph."

"From left to right, seated: Paymaster Mr. Perry, Mrs. Hastings, Frank Brooke, The Admiral, Capt. Dawkins.

"From left to right, standing: Frank Dent, Arthur Brooke, and Alex Hastings, the father of Commander E.G. Hastings, O.B.E., R.N."

### **CAPTAIN EDWARD STAMP (HASTINGS SAWMILL).**

Report in old *Victoria Gazette* newspaper, 1858. (From *Reminiscences of Old Victoria*, Fawcett.)

"House of Assembly, Aug. 26, 1858.

"Petition of Edward Stamp to grant him privilege of bringing water into Victoria by means of pipes along the streets."

Page 210: "I have met two gentlemen, residents in 1885" (Victoria) "who both state View St. was open for traffic from Wharf St. eastward until 1858 when the land," ... "was fenced in by Capt. Stamp with consent of Governor Douglas."

**EXCERPTS FROM THE *MAINLAND GUARDIAN*, NEW WESTMINSTER.**

(May also appear in earlier or later issues not available.)

**ADVERTISEMENTS, 7 AUGUST 1872.**

# HASTINGS HOTEL, Burrard Inlet. This well-known house is situated at the terminus of the road from New Westminster, and adjacent to the Ferry whence the boat plys to the various Mills. Travellers can be accommodated with good Beds and Meals at all hours. A good stock of Liquor and Cigars.

MAXIMILLIEN MICHAUD

Proprietor.

# Inserted continuously until last available issue, 26 September 1874. (Note: believed to be "Portuguese Joe.")

# G. FERNANDES, Burrard Inlet. Encourage home industry. Dealer in Provisions, Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. etc. Prepares Best Ground Coffee, and Black and White Pepper in the Colony. Give them a trial.

HASTINGS SAWMILL COMPANY, Burrard Inlet, B.C. The above mill is now in full working order and capable of filling orders for all descriptions of Lumber, Timber, Spars, etc., upon as reasonable terms as any mill on the coast. Quick Despatch Guaranteed. Orders received in Victoria by Dickson, DeWolf & Co.

(Last appearance of this ad, 30 August 1873.)

JOHN LAWLESS. Public notice, During my absence from Burrard Inlet, I authorise W.T. Jones as my duly appointed attorney to collect all monies that may be due to me and his receipt for same is a valid and legal discharge. JOHN LAWLESS.

**NEWS ITEM, 1 MARCH 1873 – TOMPKINS BREW. COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS. CONSTABLE.**

We are very much pleased to meet our old friend, Tompkins Brew, Deputy Collector of Customs at Burrard Inlet. He seems to be the same old hat.

(Note: excerpt, *First Victoria Directory*, 1869, List of Officials, Colony of British Columbia, page 67: "Customs: Revenue Officer and Constable at Burrard Inlet, Tompkins Brew, \$900 [a year].")

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

6 August 1873.

A. McCRIMMON. For Sale, a long established boot and shoe business at Granville, Burrard Inlet. The undersigned having commenced business in another line, is desirous of disposing of the good will and fixtures in the above named business which he has been carrying on for years. Apply to

A. McCRIMMON, Granville.

26 September 1874.

McCRIMMON'S SALOON, Granville. The undersigned will be glad to see any of his friends at his establishment where they will find the best LIQUORS, ALE, PORTER, & CIGARS to be had in the Market.

ALEX McCRIMMON.

### **SUNNYSIDE HOTEL. JOSEPH GRIFFITHS. ALEX MCCRIMMON.**

Excerpt from letter, 4 August 1934, from Dr. D.F. MacInnis, M.D., Shubenacadie, N.S.

"I was at the old home at Middle River for a few minutes this summer." "Mother told me that when the first McCrimmon, Alex, I think, was dying, he sent for an old magistrate named Miller" (Constable Miller) "and he wanted to leave the Sunnyside to his klootchman, but Miller refused to do this, and got him to leave it with a brother, Archie, in Ontario. He came out, and one day got on a spree, and sold it to Griffiths for \$4000. Griffiths kept building on to it all the time he had it, but never carried any insurance. Mother said she had all Chinese help when they were in the Sunnyside. On her arrival at Granville an Indian sold her an ordinary sized salmon for \$1.00; next day she bought one for ten cents. My Father and Mother went to B.C. about 1878 from Le Mars, Iowa, where they" (had) "farmed for about eight years."

### **FALSE CREEK BRIDGE.**

News item, *Mainland Guardian*, Wednesday, 6 August 1873. "False Creek Bridge has been entirely replaced, and the work done under the supervision of Mr. G.H. Armstrong in a very creditable manner."

### **DEIGHTON'S HOTEL. "GASSY JACK."**

Advertisement, *Mainland Guardian*, Granville, 8 April 1874. (Issues from September 1873 to March 1874 missing.)

#### **DEIGHTON'S HOTEL GRANVILLE**

This newly constructed and commodious Hotel is situated close to Hastings Sawmill on Burrard Inlet. The establishment is replete with all the comforts of a home. The furniture and everything connected with the fittings are new. The large and comfortable parlors, single and double bedrooms, extensive dining rooms are furnished in every respect with care and are under the experienced management of MRS. THOS. DEIGHTON.

Granville is in daily communication with New Westminster by Steamer and Stages. For invalids or sportsmen no better location can be found in the Province, and the charges will be found to suit the times.

JOHN DEIGHTON,  
Proprietor.

(Note: this ad. appears continuously to 26 September 1874, the last available issue of the *Guardian*.)

### **ROYAL MAIL STAGES.**

Advertisement, *Mainland Guardian*, 15 April 1874. W.R. Lewis (stage).

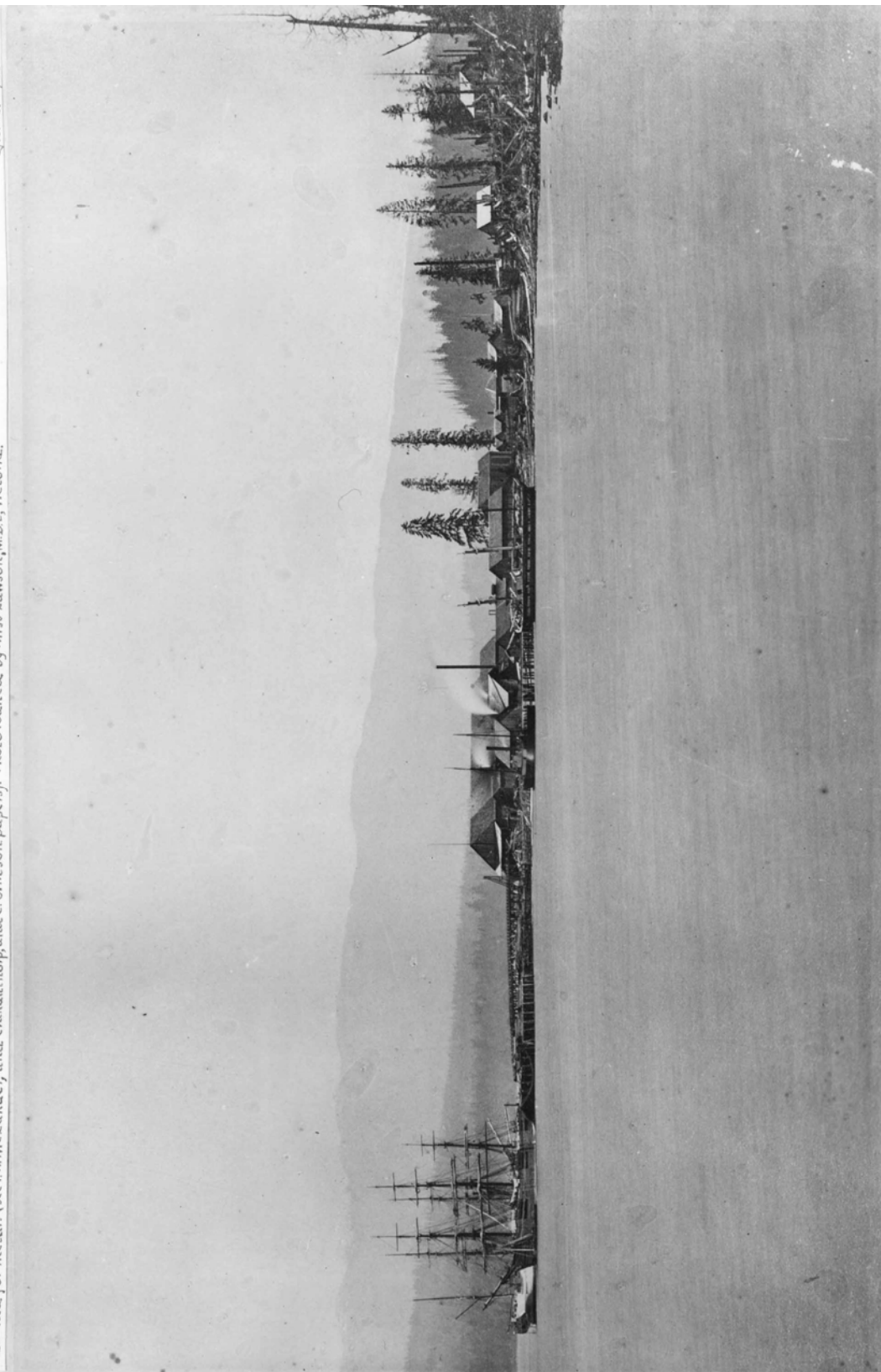
#### **ROYAL MAIL STAGE**

New Westminster and Burrard Inlet. Leaves New Westminster every day at 9 a.m. Leaves Burrard Inlet every day at 2 and 3 p.m. Extras will be sent when required. Fare, \$1.00.

W.R. LEWIS, Proprietor.

(Ad. discontinued, May 1874.)

Dutch barque "Cornelis", of Amsterdam, B.H. Boer, master, arrived Burrard Inlet 26 June 1871, loaded lumber at Hastings Sawmill for Valparaiso, Chile, sailed Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>, only vessel ever sail through First Narrows without tug, reached English Bay safely, wind dropped, stranded entrance Howe Sound; Capt J.A. Raymur, mill manager, taken in canoe by Indians to wreck, Aug. 9th; Capt W. Ettershank discharged part cargo; Capt W.H. Soule stayed aboard; tug "Grappier" towed wreck to Burrard Inlet, \$550<sup>00</sup>, beached, ~~at Hastings~~ condemned, yards and topmasts removed; hulk, etc. abandoned, effects sold to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ accounts closed Oct. 10, 1871. Wreck gradually sank in beach; one cannon went to Indians at "The Mission"; hulk finally burned for metal. (see F.W. Alexander, and C. Simson papers). Photo loaned by Miss Lawson, M.B.E., Victoria.

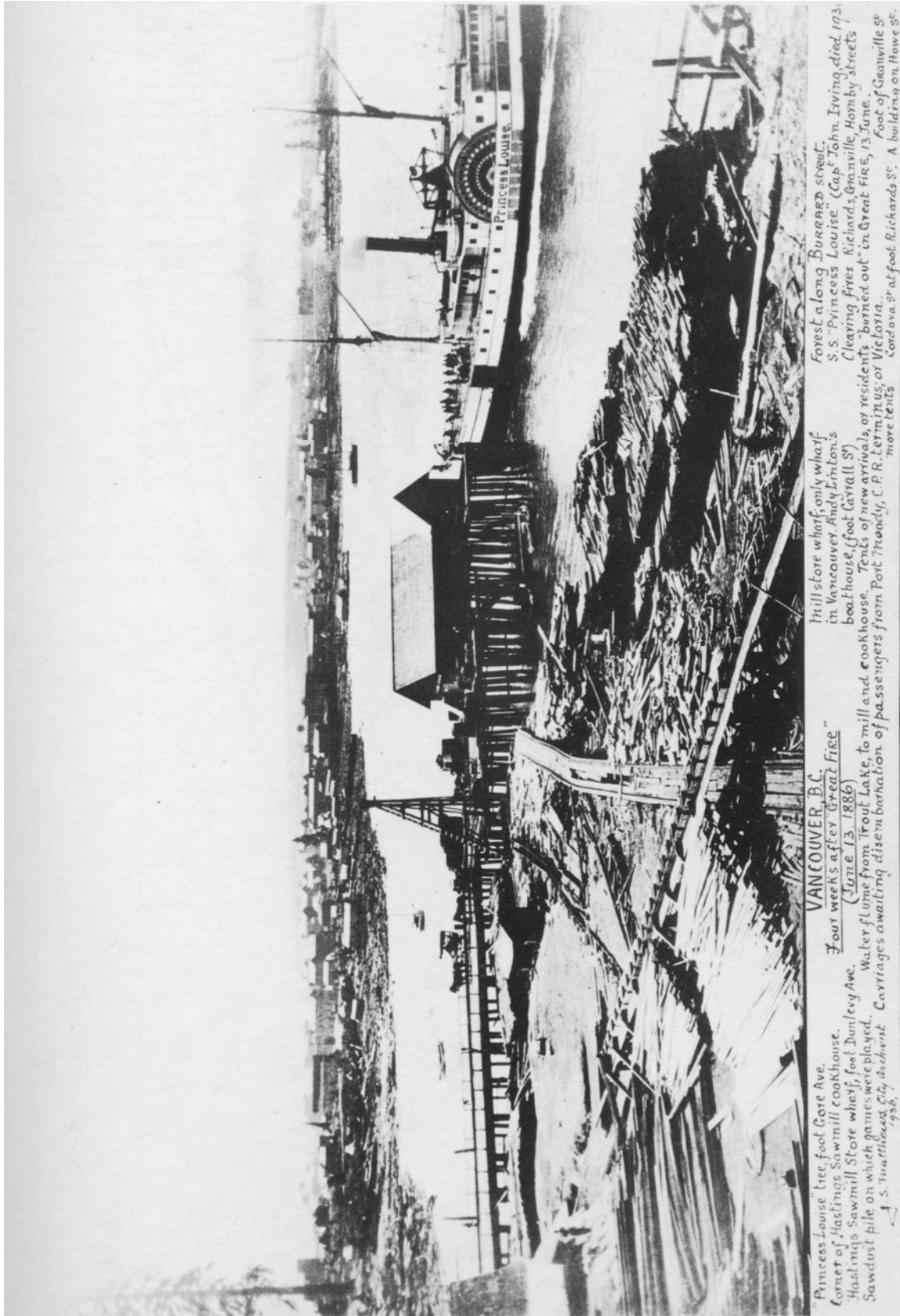


HASTINGS SAWMILL, BURRARD INLET, probably 1873

J.S.M. 1936 "probably 1871" because if the white roof is Capt Raymur's cottage, then it is before 1872, if not cottage, then it must be new roof of new school erected about Dec. 1871.

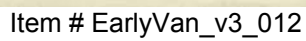
Tug mill store wharf, cookhouse, New store, First store and wreck of "Cornelis" Hastings Institute

HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL  
CAPT RAYMUR'S COTTAGE  
X J.S.M.



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_011

Princess Louise tree, foot Gore Ave.  
 Corner of Hastings Sawmill cookhouse.  
 Hastings Sawmill Store wharf, foot Dunlevy Ave.  
 Sawdust pile on which games were played. Carriages awaiting disembarkation of passengers from Port Moody, C.P.R. terminus; or Victoria, S.F. or Granville St.  
 1936.  
 VANCOUVER, B.C.  
 Four weeks after "Great Fire"  
 (June 13, 1886)  
 Water flume from Trout Lake, to mill and cookhouse.  
 Tents of new arrivals, or residents "burned out" in Great Fire, 13 June.  
 Forest along Burrard street.  
 S.S. "Princess Louise" (Capt John Irving died 1931)  
 Clearing fires Richard's Granville Horn by streets  
 Condover St at foot Richards St. A building on Howe St.



## **T.H. CUDLIP.**

Advertisement, *Mainland Guardian*, 26 September 1874.

Dissolution of Partnership. The partnership hitherto existing between Thomas Henry Cudlip and James Anthony Clarke as farmers and stock raisers at the Township of Langley is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due to the said firm must be paid to T.H. Cudlip and all liabilities will be paid by the said T.H. Cudlip.

Langley  
31<sup>st</sup> July, 1874.

THOMAS HENRY CUDLIP  
JAMES ANTHONY CLARKE

## **18 OCTOBER 1933 – HAROLD RIDLEY’S EXPLANATION OF PLAN OF HASTINGS MILL PROPERTY AND BUILDINGS AS SHOWN ON PHOTOGRAPH OF MAP OF C.P.R. RIGHT OF WAY.**

Note: in this connection it will be noted that Otway Wilkie of New Westminster reports “We” (the survey party) “reached George Black’s Hotel at Hastings on Christmas Day, 1884, in a snow storm, having completed our survey as far as the eastern boundary of Hastings Townsite. The survey from that point to Coal Harbour was completed afterwards.” The map, however, was not signed by H.J. Cambie and H. Abbott until 22 February 1886, approved W.C. Van Horne, 11 March 1886, and deposited with the Land Registry office, 12 May 1886, then at New Westminster, now Vancouver, where, in November 1933, the map is preserved.

1. C.A. Coldwell’s house, mill foreman at time of fire; before that Mr. Gaffney, mill foreman before Coldwell, lived there. None of the Gaffneys here now; they moved away.
2. Rev. T.G. Thompson’s house, at time of fire; previous to that Dr. Duncan Bell-Irving lived there for a time, and previous to that Dr. Walkem.
3. Surgery, and doctor’s office; not a hospital; no room for a sick person. Dr. Walkem was quite a naturalist, and used it for that purpose also.
4. Captain W.H. Soule’s house, stevedore.
5. R.H. Alexander’s barn.
6. R.H. Alexander’s house after he became manager. The projection to the southeast was the first cottage occupied by Captain J.A. Raymur, the first mill manager; it was Mr. Alexander who added the big front addition.
7. Fence around Mr. Alexander’s private grounds, etc.
8. Road. Hastings Mill Road down to mill from Granville-Hastings Road. It just touched the corner of Mr. Alexander’s fence.
9. Hastings Mill school house.
10. First house Mr. Alexander lived in, afterwards occupied by the office men as a bachelor’s hall; they roomed there. Henry Newtown, James McColl and Ainsley Mount (who died there) were among those who lived in the building.
11. Abington Ridley’s, mechanical engineer, Hastings Mill. Father of Harold Ridley (see above). Afterwards, at time of fire, occupied by McCartney’s, tallyman, afterwards land surveyor. See photo No. Mi.12 negative. Built 1873 for J.P. Paterson.
12. Caulfield Bros., see photo No. ?
13. Water tank, duck pond beside it and overflow. Tank dug out of ground; water from a small creek from up Hastings Street way filled it.
14. Calvert Simson’s house; storekeeper; resides (1933) Barclay Street.
15. The Main Office.

16. THE OLD OLD MILL STORE, the original, afterwards used for Lodge room upstairs (in ceiling); warehouse. It was the highest or tallest building. See photo No. Mill 19, Neg. Mill 2.
17. The Cook House and Dining Hall for employees.
18. Open water, Burrard Inlet. Drainage from Cookhouse, etc., emptied here.
19. A board walk.
20. THE NEW OLD MILL STORE, now at Alma Road. Afterwards the modern Hastings Mill store was built beside this to the south, and a "store front" built in front of both buildings. See photo No. P. Mill 14, N. Mill 15.
21. Wharf shed. See watercolour by Mrs. Richards.
22. Open sawdust. General athletic ground, lacrosse games, etc.; filled in with slabs, etc., and then covered with sawdust to level it.
23. Mill refuse fire.
24. The mill proper with log haulway at east end.
25. Machine shop and engine room and smoke stacks.
26. Oil house.
- 26A. Low cedar tree. See Marion Thompson photo No. ?
27. Blacksmith shop.
28. End of flume above ground; here it went below ground and served cook house, etc., etc.
29. Little bit of a water tank at end of flume. Flume was about 12" wide at top, 8" deep.
30. Little cottage once occupied by the master of the first mill tug, the *Maggie*.
31. Occupied as dwelling by Adolph Nelson, Planerman. See man in "Christie Stiff" (bowler or derby) hat in Bailey Bros. photo 414, and his little child (who was drowned) in white dress in front of mill employees.
32. LIBRARY AND MECHANIC INSTITUTE.
33. Fire Engine, hand pumped. The first fire engine north of San Francisco.
34. White employees, bachelors, cooking for themselves.
35. Saw fyer's house.
36. Tom Hunter's, mill foreman, Bailey photo 414, afterwards Isaac W. Doherty, still living (1933) in Mt. Pleasant. See photo No. ?  
(Bake shop here somewhere, but not sure where.)
37. At later date, Captain White, master of one of the later date mill tugs.
38. Two dwellings, probably the first duplex in these parts; two sets—one on each side, bachelorising.
39. Shack; bachelors.
40. Dwelling at one time occupied by Abington Ridley; high fence around it, twelve feet high.
41. Dwelling, of sorts
42. Dwelling, of sorts.
43. BUMMER'S HALL, where everybody went for dances, to smoke, and loaf.
44. House where Harold Ridley was born, 1875.

45. Dwelling.
46. Dwelling.
47. Water tank connected with flume from Trout Lake. Fish in this tank, in fact, in all tanks.
48. Water tank, ditto.
- 48A. Two tall fir trees close to smoke stacks in panorama photo, 1886, of Vancouver.
49. to 54. Shack dwelling for "breeds." White-Indian, Hawaiian-Indian, a single Malay; no Chinese.
55. to 68. All occupied shacks. Mill hands of Chinese, "breeds," Indians, etc., etc.
59. Shack outside flume. A Chinese died of small pox here, and Abington Ridley had the task of burning the shack down.
65. to 68. (Probably 67.) Occupied by Captain Stevens, of the Moodyville tug *Senator*, and also associated with Captain Soule in the stevedore business.
- All of the buildings termed "dwellings" were small affairs of one storey (save in one or two instances), and all of the same pattern. Even Captain Raymur's first cottage was very simple until the big addition was made by Mr. Alexander to the front of it.
69. The Road to Granville and Hastings. A two-plank sidewalk on beach side to Granville from mill.
70. St. James' Church on beach.
71. Westminster Avenue.
72. Gore Avenue.
73. Dunlevy Avenue.

Read and approved 27 February 1935, (signed) H.E. Ridley.

*NOTE ADDED LATER:*

Harold Ridley died 2 June 1937 of cancer, leaving widow, one son Eugene, one daughter Mrs. Millet. Buried in family plot, old section, Mountain View.

He died very poor, was buried at City's expense in a coffin little better than a rough box.

He was a strikingly fine character; one might almost say, beautiful. He wore overalls or work clothes when he came to see me, but beneath that rough covering was a gentleman with a soul, and a face I never tired of admiring.

J.S. Matthews  
4 June 1937

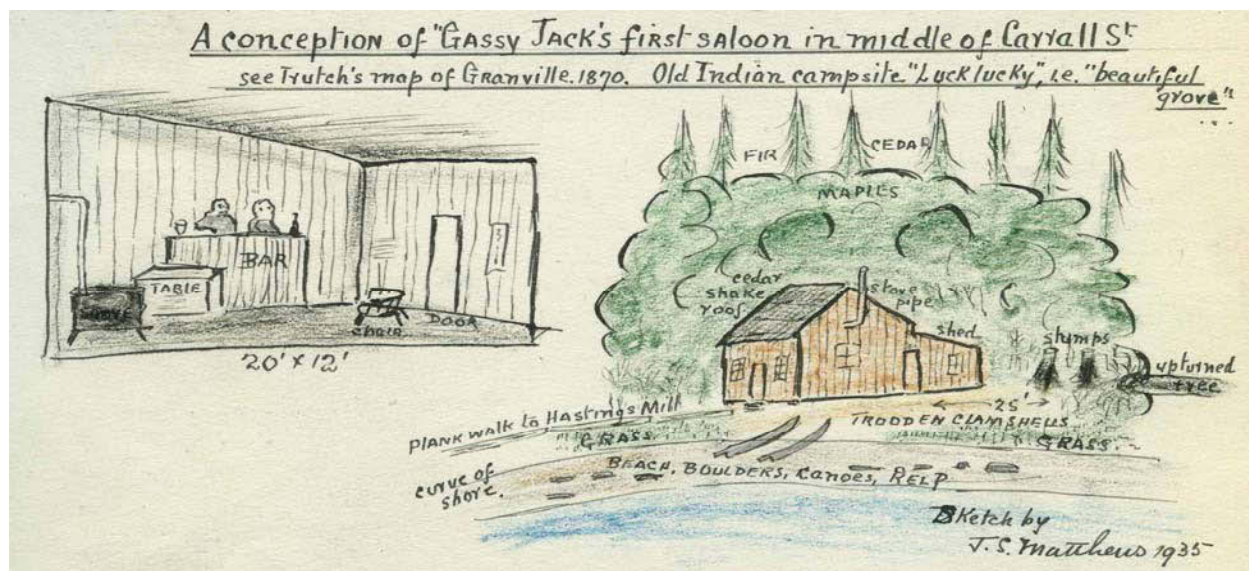
**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, 1956 VENABLE STREET, 18 OCTOBER 1933.**

**HASTINGS. THE "END OF THE ROAD."**

"The 'End of the Road' was the way in which we habitually referred to the terminus of the Hastings-New Westminster Road at Hastings. There was no road or even wagon track from Hastings to Granville when my father came here in 1871, but one was finished before I was born in 1875." (See Mrs. McLean, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "Anyway, before I can remember. I know it was finished in 1880 when I was five or six years old, and I can remember my brother's birth in 1880. I can remember Harry Freeze driving stage to New Westminster."

### GASSY JACK'S PLACE AT GRANVILLE.

"Gassy Jack's place—call it hotel, or saloon, or what you like, it won't make it any different—his first place was not the one most people know as the Deighton Hotel on the corner of Carrall Street; it was nearer the water and a little to the east, in a little clearing edged with maples and crabapple trees—it must have been an old Indian Camp. We were told he had to move because he was on Hastings Sawmill property, but I guess this map, Trutch's Town of Granville, 1870, explains it; we were just children and did not know the facts; it was evidently on the road or street allowance, that must have been the reason. This sketch of it here in the middle of Carrall Street is exactly how it was; I recall it very well, because it stood on the shore for a long time after I can first remember."



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_013

#### NOTE ADDED LATER:

"From my memoir of 1873, I quote, 'we tied up to the floating walk, fastened to piles that lead ashore.'

"Seems to me, there was nothing but Gassy Jack's small place and the forest back of it."

"This sketch on opposite page is so true to my memory—except the 'floating walk' [They are two canoes; not a float. JSM.] being three years later 1873—I feel it is almost incredible in its accuracy.

"J. Warren Bell"

8 February 1946

JSM

"It was a bit of a shack about twelve feet wide by twenty long, with board and batten side and a roof with a pitch of about forty degrees, covered with hand-split cedar shakes. There was no chimney, but a stove pipe stuck out of one side—just like it does in this photo of the Caulfield brothers' house down at the Mill. It faced the sea and stood just a few feet from high tide, and was surrounded with a bit of a clearing, just a ragged bit of clearing on the shore, about 100 feet frontage and seventy-five feet deep. In front there was a little space between high tide and the shack, and this had been tramped bare; it must have been an old Indian camping ground, for the earth was half broken clam shells. The road to Hastings Mill twirled around the west end of the shack, and went off into the forest towards Hastings Mill. The front door was just a door in the middle, and a couple of steps from the ground in front, and from the northeast corner a two-plank sidewalk just laid on to the ground, led off towards Hastings Mill through the bushes and along the beach above high tide. On each side of the door was one window looking over the inlet; twelve panes of glass, in two parts, the top sash was movable and could be dropped in its frame. Around the back was

a small lean-to sticking out, as shown here in Trutch's map. It was a bit of a low thing with a single door facing west, and a small window of perhaps four small panes facing the same way; I remember they once put a horse in it for the night; it was full of nothing very much. I think there was a stove pipe sticking out of the lean-to roof.

"The 'road' to Hastings Mill was not more than twenty-five feet wide—forest both sides, and where it turned, it just touched the southwest corner of the shack; the road ended there and near the shack was a shard packed clam shell road, and led off back to Hastings Mill.

"To the east of Gassy Jack's shack, almost overhanging it, were some maple trees and crabapple trees, rather pretty place. To the west was the well-known Maple Tree. At the back was a litter of old upturned stumps beside the road, and behind that the tall forest."

### **HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

"Bailey Bros. photo No. 722, 'Looking across Burrard Inlet from Vancouver' is really the Hastings Sawmill about 1889 or 1890, perhaps 1890. This is the explanation of it.

"On the extreme left is the 'New' and 'Old' Mill Store combined into one behind a 'store front.' The words 'Hastings Mill Store' are painted on the wall of the 'new' part; the old part—the part which is now out at Alma Road—is to the north of the 'new' part. Above it is a pile driver. And below it winds the Hastings Mill Road with two women wheeling baby carriages on it; this is now Dunlevy Avenue.

"Two cottages, exactly alike, face the mill store. R.H. Alexander lived in the western one before he was manager; afterwards Peter Cordiner, an alderman of the first City Council, and an official of the mill; at the time of the fire I think Calvert Simson was living in it. The eastern one was once occupied by old Dr. Walkem, afterwards by Mahoney, and the time of the fire I think A.E. McCartney, the first resident land surveyor in Vancouver (he is buried in the old part of Mountain View Cemetery), and his tombstone records that fact.

"Behind these is a taller dwelling with a small attached building; that is the Ridley home, my father's home, and still further back is the cottage of the Caulfield brothers, a special photo of which you have, showing the front of it; you will note the stove pipe comes out of the side.

"Between the ship and the mill store is a building with cupola and bell tower; that is the cook house, dining hall—the bell on top of the cook house was rung to call the men to meals, and don't I recall—do you think I'll ever forget?—that old bell, when it rang at dinner and supper time, how it used to hurry us over there, when it went gong, gong, gong!

"Below the stern of the shop are two buildings, one running north and south, the other east and west. The latter is the new shed for dressed lumber; the other, running north and south, is the old shed for dressed lumber."

### **OLD OLD MILL STORE.**

"The top of the telephone post between the words 'Burrard' and 'Inlet' just touches the gable end of the old office, used in my time as a 'mill' local office, which reminds me that it was over in that direction that the really old 'Mill Store' stood; there was an old mill store before the old one now at Alma Road; it was the one they used when the mill was first built. The old 'Office' was a very old building."

### **FIRST LIBRARY IN VANCOUVER. BUMMER'S HALL.**

"A small white gable, in the centre of photo, and directly below distant Indian Mission, is the Bummer's Hall, a big sitting room where they held dances and the men used to sit and it was there that the first library in Vancouver started.

"The long open shed running parallel with the mill—from the small steamer eastwards, was a new structure, and it was at the eastern end of it that Bailey Bros. photo No. 414 was taken.

"Below and between the four smoke stacks you can see a semaphore on the Railway, and running from that to the eastern end of the mill is a fence to prevent pilfering of lumber.

"Touching the big stump east of the fence is a large water tank, one hundred feet square, built up in a shallow excavation. To the west of the fence is a similar tank, both above ground in shallow excavations, both of wood; big tanks, and in which I have often fished for trout; the water came by flume from Trout Lake." (See elsewhere for route of flume.)

"In line with the semaphore is a clump of bushes which conceals the old duck pond" (see H.B. Smith's map of Vancouver, 1886) "and creek which came down from up Hastings Street way."

#### **NORTH VANCOUVER.**

"You can see the C.P.R. railway fence, and also observe how the line swings round between the Ridley and Cordiner houses on the left. In the far distance across the inlet you can see Tom Turner's shack to the *right* of the smoke stacks, and the Indian Mission to the *left* of them. The clearing is now the location of Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver.

"The streak—about three inches long—on the lower right hand corner of the photo, Bailey Bros. No. 722, is the road to Hastings and New Westminster; hard baked sand and mud."

#### **CATTLE PEN.**

"Just east of the semaphore there was an unloading place for cattle, a cattle yard. In 1898, at the time of the Klondike rush, they unloaded cattle there to go to the Klondike, and a lot of Belgian dogs, vicious brutes."

#### **HASTINGS MILL SCHOOL.**

"The well-known Hastings Mill School photo with group of children in front shows a clear piece of ground beside it, and at the bottom a pyramid shaped boulder; that is not the Hastings Mill Road, but the school playground, the first in the city. The Hastings Mill School encroached on the C.P.R. right of way and was torn down; just when I cannot say, but I know I attended a school up on Oppenheimer Street in 1887."

#### **HASTINGS ROAD.**

(Road to Hastings from Hastings Mill.) "The road to Hastings kept close to the shore; there are still traces of it to be seen now in this year 1933; traces between Powell Street and the railway track; especially right up by Victoria and Salisbury Drive. It was right close to the water, and as it passed where the sugar refinery is now, it ran so low that at high tide the water washed over the road; it was very swampy along there; you can see the swamp there still," (Hastings Viaduct is south of it) "and the same low ground." (See story about Indians passing canoes through.)

#### **HASTINGS MILL BEFORE 1890.**

##### **BEAVER.**

"I think the last man to catch beaver in Trout Lake was 'Old William,' an Indian; he, as an old man, and I, as a boy, used to go together to fish up there. He went to Squamish, and must be dead now; he was an old man then."

##### **BREWERY CREEK. BEAVER, TROUT, ELK. DOUGLAS PARK.**

"Brewery Creek is that creek just east of Westminster Avenue where Doering and Marstrand had their brewery; that is why it was put there; to get the water. I used to fish for trout in it, and I have seen there the bitten-off ends of logs which the beavers had cut down. The park at Heather and 20<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> avenues was a beaver meadow; that's why the loggers camped there."

##### **CHINA CREEK.**

"China Creek was away off to the east at the head of False Creek; it was called China Creek because some Chinamen started, in 1888 or 1889, a garden there on a small clearing; the creek came down from Trout lake. There used to be lots of trout in Trout Lake, but they cannot get up now that the head of False Creek is filled in. Oppenheimer had a brick yard up by China Creek; most of the bricks for the old Market Hall" (City Hall) "were burned there." (See Sentell's story re the bricks in City Hall coming from Hong Kong. There was another brick yard at Welwyn Street and Salisbury Drive.)

#### **FAIRVIEW LOGGING. DOUGLAS PARK.**

"The Chinese gardens on Heather Street, now a park about 22<sup>nd</sup> Avenue, I recall quite well before the Chinamen went there. It was originally a natural clearing, a berry clearing, and I think there were beaver there. When the loggers were logging up Oak Street way they had their camp there, and they had a clearing fenced, and used to turn their oxen out in it to graze and roam about; that was how it became still more cleared; the oxen tramped about, and broke the bushes down, so that finally the Chinese chose it for a garden. The old logging road came out by what is now the Vancouver Lumber Company's mill on False Creek; there was one main logging road, and branches led off from it. The meadow was probably at one time frequented by elk; that's why they afterwards used it for turning the oxen into on Sundays."

#### **WESTMINSTER AVENUE. JERICHO. LOGGING. BRIDGE.**

"There was another swamp up on Westminster Avenue and about 33<sup>rd</sup> Avenue. They were logging out at Jericho when I was about seven, that would be 1882, because I remember it, and then there was logging going on back of the Moodyville Sawmill. There was a big bridge up Lynn Creek, away back above the canyon; it was sixty or more feet high, built of logs; the Moodyville people hauled their logs over that bridge with oxen.

#### **KITSILANO INDIAN VILLAGE.**

"The Indian village at False Creek Reserve was more towards the Granville Street Bridge than the Burrard Street Bridge in those days; of course, afterwards there were a lot of houses right under the present Burrard Bridge."

#### **ELK.**

(After discussing the disappearance of the elk. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) "Well, the story used to be that Walter Moberley told that he had seen living elk at Burnaby Lake. I think they must have all gone about the 1860s." (See Haatsalano.)

#### **HASTINGS SAWMILL STORE.**

"The Hastings Sawmill store at Alma Road is not the first store the Hastings Sawmill people had; there was one earlier than that, the one they used when they first built the mill, a bit of a place. They had three in all. The first little old one, then the one at Alma Road which did for many years, then the third one to the south of the second one, and they combined the two—they were attached—and put a 'store front' in front of both."

#### **HASTINGS SCHOOL.**

"This bare ground to the right of the old Hastings Mill School is not the old Hastings Sawmill road, now Dunlevy Avenue. It is the playground. The Hastings Mill Road was further to the east a bit, a hundred feet or so."

#### **SPORTS; LACROSSE. HASTINGS SAWMILL. DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.**

"We used to play lacrosse on the old sawdust pile at the Hastings Sawmill; that's where we had the Dominion Day celebrations and games. A.E. Godfrey was one of the lacrosse players." (He was well known afterwards as a lacrosse player.)

#### **FIRST LAND SURVEYOR. A.E. MCCARTNEY. CALVERT SIMSON.**

"Calvert Simson lived in one of the little cottages facing the Mill store, and A.E. McCartney in the other one, at the time of the fire." (Note: think wrong. Peter Cordiner lived in one.) "A.E. McCartney was the first resident land surveyor in Vancouver. He is buried in the old part of Mountain View Cemetery, and the fact that he was the first Land Surveyor is recorded on his tombstone; I think he has descendents living in Vancouver."

#### **1 DECEMBER 1933 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. FRED W. ALEXANDER.**

Fred W. Alexander (son of R.H. Alexander, after whom Alexander Street is named) now on a visit to Vancouver on business connected with the Pacific Coast Lumber Bureau, Seattle, Washington, and of which he is an official.

Mr. Fred Alexander was born on Yates Street, near the old Dominion Hotel, Victoria, on 19 December 1869, spent his boyhood at Hastings Mill, and was educated at ?, Victoria, and Bishop's College, Victoria.

### **GASTOWN OF THE '70S AND EARLY '80S.**

He said, "This photo" (Ridley's Gastown) "shows Portuguese Joe's store on the right. Portuguese Joe had a quarrel with another Portuguese, slammed a pistol down on the counter, the pistol went off, shot the man, and Joe fled. The Indians found him hiding on top of Siwash Rock, but he died before he was tried."

### **TELEGRAPH OFFICE.**

"I remember the telegraph line being brought in to Gastown. Sam McClure, brother of Mrs. J.C. McLagan, whose husband owned the old *World* newspaper, was the first telegraph operator; that would be about 1881 or 1882. Edwards was the next telegraph operator. The telegraph office was in a little building beside Jonathan Miller's house."

### **HOTELS. SALOONS.**

"There were four hotels or saloons. The Sunnyside, Deighton's, Mannion's, and Robertson's. Robertson had been a logger, and had been known as 'Pete Donnelly'; why, I don't know. Then he started this saloon shown here" (Thompson photo of Gastown, 1882), "sent back to Scotland and got his bride out, they were married, and lived in this little cottage with the lean-to in front of which Dr. Masters is sitting; he did not live in the two-storey dwelling where the ladies are sitting on the door step. Dr. Masters was the government doctor. I am not sure, but I think McCartney had a drug store in the lower floor of this tall building. Ike Johns, the customs officer, lived down the far end of the town, at the west end of the beach. Blair's house was not there in 1882, as this picture shows; at least I don't think so."

### **COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.**

"Next to the Deighton Hotel was a small house where Alex Johnston, who operated the hotel after Cudlip, lived. Alex Johnston had formerly worked for George Black. The little log jail, the *old* log jail, had just two cells. The log jail would be, perhaps, 12 or 14 feet long, and 8 to 10 feet wide, the cells being side by side with a little passage way in front of both."

### **MILLER'S HOUSE. COURT HOUSE.**

"This entrance" (Ridley's Gastown) "under the verandah with the child playing with a rocking horse, is the entrance to Jonathan Miller's little bit of a place. A little rat-hole of a building; today it would be called a shack, with a living room, a kitchen, and two bedrooms behind the verandah. The Court House was in behind, but the two were not connected as shown here in the plan of building signed" (22 February 1886) "by Mr. Cambie. I was quite big when the Court House was built. Father was a Justice of the Peace, and the cases were all tried down at the mill; a rather queer scene sometimes; everybody talking in Chinook. But the Court House at Gastown was very small; one room, I think, and a row of cells—about four, there must have been more than three, with doors opening into the room, doors with an aperture closed with bars high up on the door, walls of flooring or V joint, and darkened by smoke. Which reminds me of a tale they tell of a logger Miller put in the old log jail."

"Miller put a drunken logger in the old log jail. They never locked the cells unless they put an Indian in. The logger woke up by and by; pretty early in the morning, and found himself in a cell, and wondered how he had got there."

"Presently a friend came along and the logger enquired from the friend."

"The Friend: 'You were pretty bad last night.'"

"The Logger: 'What did I do?'"

"The Friend: 'You'll find out when Miller comes along, better come on out for a walk and get your head cleared up before he comes along.'"

"The Logger: 'Oh, no! Couldn't do that.'"

"Anyway, finally the friend persuaded the logger to come on out of his cell, and they went for a walk down the old trail which led through the bush towards where the Royal City Planing Mills were afterwards—down Carrall Street, now going south. Then the friend urged:

"The Friend: 'I believe if you scooted down to the camp'" (Jerry Roger's logging rollway and camp) "'Miller would forget all about it.'

"The Logger: 'Oh, no! Couldn't do that.'

Anyway, the logger finally scooted down to the camp, and stayed there. Every time one of the boys went up to Gastown, they would come back saying, 'Miller's asking for you, wants to know when you are coming up town,' and then smile. But the logger wasn't 'having any'; he was staying where he was safe, and stayed for a whole six months sober up. Then he found out that it was 'quite all right,' and started for town at once, for the usual purpose, of course."

(Note: this camp was on False Creek, just west of the foot of Ash Street, and east of the creek mouth, that is, about between the creek mouth and Ash Street. In 1900-1902 it was as small green patch between second growth trees and water; see J.S. Matthews' first home, False Creek.)

### **FIRST CUSTOMS OFFICER, BURRARD INLET.**

"Tompkins Brew, he was a man over six feet, was the first customs officer for Burrard Inlet." (Note: this requires investigation. See Hastings Map of 1869; the man Hocking who lived in the only house at Hastings was also a customs officer.) "There was no customs officer at Granville in 1870." (Trutch's Map of 10 March 1870, shows "Custom House," "Jail.") "Tompkins Brew lived at Brockton Point; he was a brother to Mrs. J.B. Pemberton of Victoria." (See Victoria Directory, 1869, page 67.) "Before Brockton Point was known to us as Brockton Point we always called it 'Brew's Point'; that was when I was a boy. He had an Indian wife. Chartres Brew, of the Cariboo, was his brother.

"Tompkins Brew seized a barrel of whisky at the end of our dock; some breach of customs regulations, I suppose. Anyway, they argued and argued about it, and Brew took samples; so many samples were taken for one thing or another until at last they finished the barrel of whisky.

"You know the Cunninghams of New Westminster; they were always prohibition enthusiasts, and Mr. Cunningham wanted to 'save' Brew's boy; he wanted Brew to let him have the boy to bring up, but Brew replied that his recognised church was the Episcopal, that he sometimes went to the Presbyterian, or he might even approve of the Roman Catholic, but he'd be 'damned' if his boy should be a Methodist. The boy afterwards work for" (Mayor) "Dickenson of New Westminster as a butcher boy. Used to ride around Westminster on horseback delivering meat to the houses."

### **GEORGE BREW OF GASTOWN.**

"No. George Brew, who bought a lot in Gastown in 1870 or 1871 was no relation to Tompkins Brew. George Brew was cook at the Hastings Mill. I just remember him as cook, and I know his name was George. I don't know whether he built the building which was afterwards the Terminus Saloon" (Blair's) "but I know he ran it before Blair did."

### **NEW YEAR'S EVE IN EARLY DAYS. FIRST JAPANESE.**

"This photo" (Bailey No. 414) "of Hastings Mill employees. 'Rusty' Pleace, not 'Poulice' as it is spelt here, was a well-known character. This little child in white here is his child; she was drowned.

"One New Year's Eve—everybody called on everybody on New year's Eve in those days—'Rusty' Pleace was 'half shot,' so they wheeled him around with them on their visits in a wheel barrow, but finally they got tired of wheeling him, so they tied him up to the old Maple Tree at Gastown with a horse chain; he was still there in the morning. 'Rusty' is the man in the derby hat; the man in the white coat almost touching him is the 'oiler.' The end man, whiskers, on right, is Ward. This man, second from the end, may be a Jap, as Harold Ridley says, but the first Japanese here I ever saw worked for us in the house. When he first came, Mother started to talk to him in pidgin English, and he replied, with a formal bow, in most perfect college English, 'I'll endeavour to follow Madam's instructions to the best of my ability.' He'd been educated somewhere in England, I think."

### **FIRST CONSTABLE IN VICTORIA.**

"Which reminds me that Bill Haywood, of the University of Oregon, is a grandson of Frank Coty," (François Coté) "our log tender, who had come with Sir George Simpson in 1849—an old voyageur. Old Coty always said he was the first constable in Victoria; he was appointed by Sir James Douglas, and was given an old log cabin for a jail, but couldn't get anyone to put in it. So he got some Hudson's Bay rum, and filled up three or four fellows, and then put them in it and locked them up. Then he went out in the woods and finished the rum, and left them in the log jail. After a while they got thirsty and began to 'holler' for water. Coty said he was only constable for one day. Sir James got to hear of it and 'disappointed' him the next day."

### **SAILING SHIPS AT HASTINGS MILL. EARLY CHURCH.**

"Frank Baker, we called him 'Dumps' Baker—he was so little—lived in one of those shacks down where the sugar refinery is now. He had always a 'raft' of dogs around his place; no one would go near him; he was a great deer hunter.

"Once, there had been no ships in for a long while, and finally one came in to load. I forget her name, but the captain was Captain Couves. Captain Couves used to have a prayer meeting every night on board. Then Sunday came along. The church was the school house, right alongside our cottage; the old school here—this is the photo of it; this is our stable just to the left; the roof of Ridley's house just shows above it. Well, the first Sunday Captain Couves was in port, of course, he went to church in the school house. The stevedores at that time were Simon Fraser, W.H. Soule, and 'Dumps' Baker. Simon Fraser and Captain Soule were both married and accustomed to go to church, but 'Dumps' wasn't over familiar with the inside of a church; doubt if he knew what the inside looked like. So Simon and Captain Soule went in, but 'Dumps' only got as far as the door, and then he scooted, and, of course, the situation being what it was, 'Dumps' was out of the running for getting the job of stevedoring the ship.

"After the Captain" (Couves) "got back to his ship he held another prayer meeting, called on the Lord to give him guidance as to who to give the job of stevedoring the ship to. The steward helped him to pray for guidance, and the steward prayed that the Lord would give the captain guidance to give the job to Captain Soule, who was 'a most godly man.' But the Captain found out that Captain Soule had given the steward twenty dollars to do the praying.

"Calvert Simson, of course, was our storekeeper; he married Blair's daughter.

"Cordiner, our blacksmith, lived in this little cottage to the right of the school in this picture. Our cottage was to the left of the stable. Edith Cordiner, now widow of Chas. Nelson the druggist, afterwards reeve of West Vancouver, was a daughter."

### **THE HASTINGS MILL SCHOOL.**

"This school was run by the government with my father as trustee. Once they needed wood, so my father sent up a load, and sent an Indian up after it to split it up. Then, in the regular course of business, he sent in a bill for one dollar to the government, but the government refused to pay the bill until they had information and the receipt of the man who got the money. So my dad wrote on the bill, 'Sore Neck Billy, his mark, one dollar,' and sent the bill back. Then they paid it."

### **MOODYVILLE SAWMILL. LOGGING DAYS AND LOGS.**

"This photo" (Bailey Bros. No. ?) "of ships at Moodyville; the old water mill was to the left" (east) "of these ships. In those days, when a boom broke up in a storm they did not go after them and collect up the scattered logs; it was cheaper to go and cut down some more trees. But the Indians up Sechelt sometimes used to collect them and bring drift logs in, and sell them to the Moodyville Sawmill."

### **DYNAMITING FISH. HERRING.**

"One time, 'Old Shale,' he was Indian chief at Sechelt, was down and—it was before the days when dynamiting fish was made illegal—he saw Sue Moody, who was one of the owners of the Moodyville Mill; he was lost in the *Pacific* off Flattery when they ran into a sailing ship and all lives save one were lost—dynamiting herring." (See W.R. Lord.)

"In those days Burrard Inlet was full of herring, the water was black with them, and Sue, to keep himself friendly with old Shale, and get him to get the Indians to bring more logs, gave old Shale a couple of cartridges of dynamite.

"'Old Shale' took the cartridges back to Sechelt, and soon called all the Indians together to go out and see the new way of catching fish. But Sue had forgotten to tell Shale that the fuse ran down the centre of the cartridge. So Shale and his Indians went out in their canoes, and 'Old Shale' stood up in his canoe, and lit the fuse, and then started to blow on it. 'Old Shale' got the surprise of his life when the cartridge went off and blew his hand off at the wrist. I have often wondered what old Shale thought when 'she went.'"

#### **HASTINGS SAWMILL. LIBRARY.**

(Bailey photo No. 722.) "No. 9 is the old Harvey house; he was first storekeeper; No. 4 is our house, our original cottage, the first of the three we lived in; Harry Newton and Mowatt afterwards lived there. No. 10 is the cook house, 11 is Ridley's, 12 is the original store, the old store, the first one, a high building, the one used before the one they now have at Alma Road; there was a hall or lodge room upstairs, you can see the old flag pole, a high one, right in front of the store, I remember how high, because the halyards used to get out of the wheel at the truck and we used to have to pay \$5 for someone to climb up and put them in again; 13 is the old shed for dressed lumber. The library does not seem to show; I think it was pulled down, but it was somewhere in here between—to the right of—12 and 13."

#### **TEA SWAMP.**

"At first they tried to bring water for the mill from the Tea Swamp; there used to be a ravine leading up to the Tea Swamp, but the fellow who built the flume, built it up hill; tried to make the water run up hill." (Note: the Tea Swamp was in and about the corner of Fraser Avenue and 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> avenues east, and the ravine ran down the hill a little to the east of Main Street.)

725 Henry Bldg.  
Seattle, Wash.  
Mar. 13, 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

It is a fact that the Hastings Saw Mill endeavoured to bring in water from the Tea Swamp or rather from what was called, in those days, the "Second Bridge Stream" and the mill dam was about where the Brewery was after built. The False Creek Bridge was the first bridge and the bridge across the creek, running out of the Tea Swamp, was the second.

The flume from the swamp ran in front of the old schoolhouse and through the back yard of the cottage we lived in near the mill. As I have already stated, no water ever came through the flume as the "engineer" built it up hill.

I have known of men swimming their horses across False Creek not before the bridge was built as I was too young, but when the bridge fell down, which it periodically did.

Very truly yours,

F.W. Alexander.

(Comment by Harold E. Ridley, on reading original of above letter. "I have myself picked up freshly chewed beaver sticks under the *Second Bridge*; they did not expect to get the water from the Tea Swamp, but at a point in the ravine just below Ninth Avenue.")

#### **TROUT LAKE WATER.**

"So then they brought the water from Trout Lake; built a dam up there. We got wonderful water from Trout Lake during the whole time the mill was in operation; we never had to clean the boilers; the peaty water, or something, used to keep the boilers as bright as polished steel. There were a lot of beaver in Trout Lake and they would tear out the dam. They" (the beavers) "would raise the water in their houses. So they sent a fellow up there we called 'Silly Billy' Frost; he got his name from one time when they were

repairing the dock, he stood on an outside timber” (stringer) “and sawed himself into Burrard Inlet; sawed ‘til the timber snapped off and fell—he went with it. So after that they thought the best thing to do with him was to send him up to Trout Lake to look after the flume.

“They kept that going for a while, but after that the beavers built their houses higher, and from that time on there was no repairs to be made to the dam, the beavers kept the dam repaired. The only thing was that, in the fall and winter, the beavers would plaster up the end of the flume, and we had to clean that out so that the water would run into the flume.”

#### **NORTH VANCOUVER.**

“Tom Turner died. Years after his death a man named Spring, he was a king pin in St. James’ Church, and a contractor, ‘dug up’ a will. Some woman is supposed to have found the will in a trunk in Scotland, if I remember rightly; it wood all show in the court records, and got the property. Tom was probably the *first settler in North Vancouver*—his place was just west of Lonsdale Avenue.” (See photos.)

#### **HASTINGS MILL STORE.**

(Bailey photo No. 722.) “This photo is about 1890. They did not put the sign “HASTINGS MILL STORE” up until about that time; after the Fire” (of June 1886).

#### **HASTINGS MILL, ORIGINAL SITE. STANLEY PARK.**

“They first started to build the Hastings Mill right where the Brockton Point athletic grounds are in Stanley Park; they stopped because they could not get enough water for the mill; that is why there was a little clearing there, and the Indians settled there afterwards on the clearing; facing Deadman’s Island.”

#### **PORTUGUESE JOE AND PORTUGUESE PETE.**

“I don’t know where Portuguese Joe’s children are—if he had any. ‘Portuguese Pete’ had a little store up Pender Harbour; he was a fisherman; worked longshore, and fished.”

#### **NOTE ADDED LATER:**

Portuguese Joe No. 3 that is Gonsalves.

#### **KANAKA RANCH IN COAL HARBOUR.**

“There were two Kanakas down at the Kanaka Ranch in Coal Harbour, and they had one wife. One used to come up to the mill store to buy groceries, and things for one set of children, and the other came and bought for the other set; just how they arranged it I don’t know, but such as the case.”

#### **DRILLING FOR COAL, GRANVILLE.**

“No. I don’t know where the drill for coal was made near ‘Gastown.’ Of course, it might have been down Coal Harbour.” (See Mayor Oppenheimer’s book—printed reports—page 59.) “The ‘Kanaka Ranch’ was down there, where all the best houses are now, near the Burrard Inlet end of Denman Street. The Hudson’s Bay had a trading station down in the Hawaiian Island, and that was how the Kanakas came up; there was another one” (Kanaka Ranch) “in Victoria, I forget where, near the Empress Hotel, it might have been where View Street is now; somewhere about there.”

#### **THE HASTINGS (DOUGLAS) ROAD.**

“Right past Burnaby Lake there is a short pitch in Hastings Road, or used to be, that is ‘Chickamin’ Hill” (Money Hill), “then comes the ‘Long Hill.’ Old fellow Lewis, who ran the stage, used to stop to collect the fares at Chickamin Hill; then he would pull on up to the ‘Long Hill’ and tell you to get out and walk, but he always got the money at Chickamin Hill.”

#### **GRANVILLE-HASTINGS ROAD.**

“I can remember when the road from Hastings to Granville was built. Before that Van Bramner ran a little steamboat, the *Lillie*. She was just a little steam launch with a propeller. Hugh Stalker, afterwards of the *Senator*, used to run her; he was engineer, and a Siwash for the captain.”

### **TOM LYNN OF LYNN'S CREEK.**

"Tom Lynn of Lynn's Creek—I don't know what 'Fred's Creek' means on these old maps—was an old Royal Engineer; he was captain on the tug boats here; Hugh Lynn, his son, got hanged; Tom had a bit of a milk ranch over at Lynn Creek." (His grant is supposed to read John Linn.) "Tom used to come over to Gastown for a periodical drunk; he'd fight to 'the drop of the hat' in front of Mannion's Hotel. There was a long float running out in front of the Granville Hotel" (Mannion's); "pretty shallow shore; and when Tom would see Mrs. Lynn getting off the boat, Tom would take to the woods as fast as he could."

### **FALSE CREEK ROAD AND BRIDGE.**

"I don't remember the building of the False Creek Bridge" (Main Street) "but I remember it used to fall down periodically and they had to built it up again. It was built after the 'Road to Granville' shown here" (on Forbes-Vernon Map of New Westminster District, 1876.) "Before that they used to swim their horses."

### **FRASER AVENUE (NORTH ARM ROAD OF LATER DAYS).**

"This road from the North Arm towards Granville used to stop down on what we call Marine Drive now, by Cridland's; right down on the river. Angus Fraser had a camp down there and used to float his logs down a ditch." (Note: see Henry S. Rowling.)

### **POINT GREY (HEAVILY TIMBERED).**

"Look at this land grant the Hastings Mill had." (Vernon's 1876 Map of New Westminster.) "It stretched all the way from Point Grey away beyond Mount Pleasant. I wish I had got my father to write down the story of Hastings Mill; he often promised to, but never did. He told me once how many feet to the acre that timber stand produced; it was something astonishing; it" (the trees) "was standing just as tight together as they could stand. Well, as I told you, they logged it three times, went back twice after the original logging."

"One of their camps was at Cridland's where the present Fraser Avenue finishes; another one was at the tip of Point Grey, where they had an elevator system for raising the material for building the University, near there; another one at Jericho, and another one, the 'Horse Camp,' where they used the big cars and the wooden rails, along the far end of Point Grey Road. Jericho, of course, got its name from Jerry Rogers; Jerry Rogers came from the State of Maine."

### **TRACTION ENGINES FOR LOGGING.**

"The traction engines which we used at Jericho for logging were first used at the 'Horse Camp,' Jericho, cars on the wooden rails" (Note: see Calvert Simson's narrative, also final disposal of the parts) "were brought out from England for use on the Cariboo Road, and after they had failed, the Hastings Mill bought them. They never did get up the Cariboo Road; they got up about as far as Yale and stuck in the mud. One had a great upright boiler on it—it stood as high as this room, and looked like some antediluvian monster coming down the road, swaying from side to side; it frightened men and horses. The wheels had huge white solid rubber tires, I should think six inches thick, and a foot wide; great big solid things; pure, pure white rubber, I was told a set of those tires cost, in those days even, five hundred dollars, equal to twice as much now."

### **JERICO.**

"Jerry Rogers was the first at Jerry's Cove, or Jericho; his original house was afterwards used for the original club house of the Jericho Country Club. After Rogers came Angus Fraser, and still later Dalgliesh, lived in it with Mrs. Dalgliesh; this is her place, in the distance in this photo of the paddle wheel tug *Richmond* and a scow of picnickers" (Bailey Photo); "Dalgliesh sold it to the Jericho Country Club, and then it burned down."

### **HASTINGS ROAD TO GRANVILLE. ST. JAMES' CHURCH.**

"This photo of St. James' Church, wrongly marked; it should be 'looking west,' not 'looking east.' The old two-plank sidewalk to Granville ran in front of the church along the beach. This sidewalk in this photo" (showing Church and man and child standing on cross-plank sidewalk) "this sidewalk was not built until 1881 or 1882, and was built by ship's crews who refused to work; I think they were Negroes. We turned them out" (of the jail) "in the morning, and they went to work on the sidewalk; put back in jail at night. I used to be bell ringer in that church; Rev. George Ditcham was the first minister at St. James'." (First minister who stayed some time.)

Note: the exact location of the first St. James' Church was partly on (now) Alex Street and partly on Lot 36, Block 1, D.L. 196, just west of present lane leading across C.P.R. main line.

### **PRINCESS LOUISE TREE. MARQUIS OF LORNE.**

Query: Mr. Alexander, how did the Princess Louise tree come to be so named?

Mr. Alexander: (continuing) "When the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General, he and the Marchioness were out in British Columbia, and it was expected she would come over the Hastings Mill. So they built a trail from the mill to the tree and a bit of a platform around the tree, so that she could see a big tree. She never came, but Lord Lorne did, and they chopped down a tree close by to show him how a big tree was felled. It stood almost exactly at the foot of the present Main Street, fifty to a hundred yards east of the church." (See panorama photo of Vancouver, 1886.)

### **INDIAN CANOE RACES AT NEW WESTMINSTER.**

"The finest Indian canoe races I ever saw were those staged for Lord Lorne on the Fraser River. I don't know how many canoes started, but there was quite a lot. They went down the river; my, but they were swift! Then they came back again, and then down again, and then back. I know three canoes were in at the finish; there were, I think, eleven men to the canoe, and swift; my, they did 'go!'"

### **INDIAN SUPERSTITION.**

"We had an old Indian known as 'Old William.'" (See Ridley's Trout Lake narrative.) "He used to look after us, we children; why, I learned to talk Chinook almost before I could talk English. There was an Indian rancherie east of the mill—two or three hundred yards east, along the shore, where they used to hold the Indian Dances. Well, anyway, one morning Old William came to the house looking pretty poorly, and Mother asked him what was the matter.

"Old William said that the previous night he had been coming home along the trail carrying a lantern, and had met an Indian woman—she was not a moral woman—and she had put the lantern down on the ground, and then stood back and made grimaces at him, at the same time clawing the air with her fingers extended like claws, first one hand, then the other, slowly clawing, and making faces at the same time, and she had clawed the breath (his soul) out of him.

"Mother said, 'You know that's not true. You know they can't do that.'

"Then Mother continued, 'You are a Catholic; you believe what the priest says. Did you tell the priest?' Old William said he had.

"'Didn't the priest tell you it could not be done?' continued Mother. Old William said he did.

"'Well,' said Mother, 'don't you believe it?' William said he believed what the priest said; it could not be done.

"But all the same, Old William stayed sick, and got worse and worse, until finally they had to get an Indian witch doctor down to do his 'stuff,' and then Old William got better, but up to that time he got thinner and thinner, and he would surely have died."

### **THE LIONS.**

(Peaks in North Vancouver.) "On the old, old charts, 'The Lions' were marked 'Sheba's Breasts'; I saw that on an old English chart once; but we never called them 'The Lions'; we always called them 'The Sisters.'"

### **HASTINGS MILL SHIPPING. E.D. HEATLEY.**

"Vancouver was first stated, that is, the Hastings Mill, by an old Englishman, E.D. Heatley, who lived in San Francisco; his nephew, Ernest Heatley, is still alive, I think, in England. When the C.P.R. came through my Dad tried to get Heatley to put the Hastings Sawmill property on the market at the same time as the C.P.R., but Heatley would not do it, and sold out to a syndicate, the Victoria crowd. Heatley Avenue is named after Heatley, but how Campbell Avenue got its name I do not know, unless it is that Campbell, the Victoria druggist, was one of the Victoria syndicate."

### **R.H. ALEXANDER'S DIARY.**

"I often tried to get Dad to put down the story of Hastings Mill, but he never did. But I think I have a copy of his diary when he came from Red River with the Overlanders of 1862; if I have a spare copy I will send it to you."

### **WARSHIPS.**

"The first man of war I can ever remember in Burrard Inlet was the H.M.S. *Repulse*; that is, so far back I cannot remember much; she had muzzle-loading cannons; must have been 1874 or 1875. Yes, I was born 19<sup>th</sup> December 1869."

### **THE FIRE ENGINE (HASTINGS SAWMILL). GUNS AGAINST 'SAVAGES.'**

"I think possibly Harold Ridley is right when he says our old fire engine was the first north of San Francisco; this is it here in this photo of 'The Dark Town Fire Brigade' on the Granville-Hastings Road. The fire engine came here in 1867. Then there were two guns, four pounders, brass, those guns came out about the same time, to protect the sawmill from the 'savages'; they had the Tower" (of London) "mark on them. Where did they get to? I recall one year at some celebration they had them fixed up on a wagon, with the fire engine, and flags, all in the procession. The mill roof was of shingles; hand split, and I remember once when it got on fire, Frank Coty, whom I have already mentioned, went up on the roof in his caulk boots and put it out; he just walked all over the roof in his caulk shoes."

### **THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.**

"The fire burned our fence and our stable; you can see where those were by this map of the C.P.R. right of way." (Cambie's 22 February 1886, in Land Registry, Vancouver.)

### **JAIL AFTER FIRE.**

"There was a telegraph pole just near the old Maple Tree, and after the fire they put a log chain around it, around the telegraph pole, and then handcuffed the prisoners to the chain; just stuck the handcuffs through the links of the chain; it was fine bright weather for about two weeks after the fire, and the prisoners just sat on the ground in a circle around the pole." (See Walter E. Graveley, 17 April 1934, this book.)

### **REBUILDING VANCOUVER.**

"They got pretty busy rebuilding Vancouver after the fire. Pat Carey" (formerly of Port Moody, afterwards Brunswick Hotel on Hastings Street) "had to pour water on the ashes so that he could get started rebuilding on Hastings Street, north side, between Carrall and Abbott. Hammers and saws were going all night, and long into the moonlight." (Perhaps midsummer's long twilight.)

### **CARRALL STREET.**

Query: Mr. Alexander, what do you think of the proposal to put a "Pioneer's Monument" on the C.P.R. triangle of land in the middle of Hastings and Carrall streets?

Mr. Alexander: "Good. There was a huge cedar stump there at one time; when Hastings Street was cleared they let a special contract for one hundred dollars to remove it; it was an enormous thing."

### **HASTINGS SAWMILL. SHIPPING.**

"Long Shore Gang, Hastings Mill, Vancouver." "This photo 'Long Shore Gang' is recent; Indians from the 'Mission'" (North Vancouver) "and a Chinaman with his wash bundle."

"In the old days it was the custom to have two gangs longshoring, and one was an Indian gang, and one a white gang, and each loaded their own side of the vessel. You see, if you stow more on one side than the other you get a list on the ship. The Indians would break their necks to beat the whites, and get a list on the ship towards their side; some times they beat the whites; that's why we did it that way."

"Dick Isaacs, of North Vancouver? I don't remember him, but if he has but one arm and lost the other in our mill, then I recall the incident. He was on the 'cut off.' The 'cut off' saw is worked with the right hand, the lumber pushed along with the left. The rope broke, and the saw cut his arm off below the elbow; I recall it threw his amputated hand half way across the mill." (For Dick Isaacs, see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

### **SAWMILL AT EAGLE HARBOUR.**

"Caulfeild, who lived in this cottage" (Bailey photo) "and Mowatt, our account, started to build a mill in that little double cove just around Point Atkinson; they got it about half built, and then, I don't know exactly what happened, but it never ran."

### **THE MILL HOUSE.**

"At first we lived in the little cottage, then we went to live in the house shown here in this C.P.R. map" (Cambie, 22 February 1886) "and finally we built our third house on the southeast corner of Dunlevy and Gore Avenue; it is still standing."

### **INDIAN SLAVES.**

"There was a rumour once that the Cape Mudge Indians were down and were 'outside'" (English Bay.) "Our Indians were alarmed and stayed pretty close in; they were afraid. We had an Indian boy, Douglas, by name; both his parents were slaves, in slavery up north somewhere."

### **15 DECEMBER 1933 – CONVERSATION WITH FRED W. ALEXANDER, SON OF R.H. ALEXANDER, OF THE HASTINGS SAWMILL (MANAGER), AND AFTER WHOM ALEXANDER STREET IS NAMED.**

#### **MOODYVILLE RIFLE RANGE.**

"Dr. Bell-Irving used to go over to the old Rifle Range to shoot—and shot Mrs. Lynn's cow." (Lynn Creek.) "Don't just know how he did it, got impatient or something, and let go; anyway, he 'got' the cow, and I believe paid her" (Mrs. Lynn.)

(Note by J.S.M.: The old Moodyville Rifle Range was not fenced, but just a couple of targets set up, and the small bushes on the flats between Seymour and Lynn Creek, cleared away. I was often over there about 1900; if there were any firing points, then they were very primitive ones; my recollection is that riflemen fired from clear spots in the grass at the different distances.

The Moodyville Rifle Range was never used by the militia—they used Brownsville or Central Park until they got Richmond in 1904. Occasionally an officer of the militia or the visiting warships might have an afternoon's practice over there, but for years it was the private range of the Vancouver Rifle Association, a very early semi-military organisation.)

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY.**

(See Genealogy form.)

#### **STANLEY PARK, SECOND BEACH. VERY EARLY SQUATTERS.**

"I asked Mr. Ridley what he thought of the stories of the Cariboo Miners camping for a few days or weeks at Second Beach owing to the Fraser River being in flood and the mosquitoes 'awful' in the spring and summer of 1858 when the van of the gold rush started." (See Joe Sievwright.)

Mr. Ridley: "A long time ago there was an old log cabin, built entirely of logs, which stood, perhaps, about three hundred yards from Second Beach, and about fifty yards from the water, on the west side of Lost Lagoon, about where Haro Street would touch if produced. When the Parks Board put a road through there, they destroyed it—it was still standing then—I presume because it looked ugly; it was just a tottering wreck then; and was between the road the water. The Parks Board did a lot of cleaning out in there. It was just a small log cabin; it was very old even when I first remember it. I often wondered who built it, but never knew." (See R.W. Harrison.)

#### **WARSHIPS. CANNON SHOT.**

I asked Mr. Ridley what he thought of the muzzle-loading cannon shot, seven-inch diameter, eighteen inches long (about), weight 111 pounds, with six brass or bronze rifling studs, found on the beach near the Nine O'Clock Gun, Brockton Point, 27 January 1934, where it had seemingly rolled out of the bank on to the shore. (See Otway Wilkie and Shells – Cannon Shot.)

**H.M.S. SWIFTSURE. H.M.S. TRIUMPH. ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.**

Mr. Ridley: "The first warship I ever saw the H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, a great big square rigger, steam propelled, in English Bay. I was just a kid then, and don't remember much about her, except that we all went over to see the wonderful ship. I remember quite clearly Admiral Seymour and H.M.S. *Triumph*; they used to salute with 21 guns on May 24<sup>th</sup> and July 1<sup>st</sup>, on Burrard Inlet. But what they would be doing firing seven-inch shell I do not know; they were not firing at Indians; the Indians gave no bother; there was never a shot fired on Burrard Inlet at any time to impress the Indians."

**OPPENHEIMER WAREHOUSE. CEMENT. THE GREAT FIRE.**

"At the time of the fire the foundations of the Oppenheimer warehouse at the southeast corner of Powell and Columbia Avenue were just in, but it was all stone; there was no cement used in those days; just stone and mortar. There was a basement, oh yes, fairly deep, too, but the walls were of stone; I remember it so well because after the fire I saw the carcass of a cow still in it." (See Frank W. Hart, and the using of the basement for shelter during the fire.)

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, 1956 VENABLES STREET, 28 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

**GASTOWN. THE RIDLEY PHOTO OF GASTOWN.**

Mr. Ridley brought down, and loaned for copying, an early photo of Gastown. It is the one which was afterwards etched as "Gastown, 1882," original of etching being in the files of the *Province*. The different buildings are named. It was probably drawn at the instance of the late Cecil Carter-Cotton, an early reporter, son of the Hon. F.L. Carter-Cotton, of the *News-Advertiser*, and, at the time of his death, a reporter on the *Province*.

The same picture was published in the *Sun* at some unknown date, and is captioned "Water Street in 1875." Mr. Ridley was looking at the photograph.

Mr. Ridley: "I was born at the Hastings Sawmill in 1875. *My people told me that this photo was as Gastown looked when I was born.* I do not know when the photograph was taken, and the fact that it is marked 1875 or 1882 proves nothing."

**GASSY JACK.**

"On the left is the entrance to the Deighton House. Gassy Jack had a previous building to this one. It stood to the east and nearer the shore than the southwest corner of Carrall Street and Water Street. It was just a barn of a place, board and batten uprights. I recall it quite well. We were told it was moved from where it was because it was probably on the Hastings Mill property, but I guess you are right when you say it was probably moved because it was in the middle of Carrall Street" (see Trutch's Map of the "Town of Granville, 1870") "after Granville was surveyed. We did not know actually why it was moved."

**FROM THE MAINLAND GUARDIAN OF 1874.**

**DEIGHTON'S  
HOTEL  
Granville**

This newly constructed and commodious Hotel, is situated close to Hastings Sawmills, on Burrard Inlet.

The establishment is replete with all the comforts of a home. The furniture and everything connected the fittings are new. The large and comfortable parlors, single and double bedrooms, extensive dining-rooms are furnished in every respect with care, and are under the experienced management of Mrs. Thos. DEIGHTON.

Granville is in daily communication with New Westminster by Steamer and Stages.

For Invalids or Sportsmen, no better location can be found in the province, and the charges will be found to suit the times.

**HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

"The Hastings Sawmill were very jealous about people settling, or camping, on their property. I can recall no building on the shore from Granville to the site of the present sugar refinery except Hastings Sawmill Co.'s buildings, and the Church of England" (St. James), "which stood practically at the foot of the present Main Street." See Cambie, C.P.R. map, 1886. "The Hastings Sawmill people would not let you tie up a scow or a boat on their shore line more than one night; they were afraid of squatters."

**GASTOWN.**

"The Deighton House was on the corner, next came Cudlip's house, where he lived; there was a passage way between the Deighton House and Cudlip's home. After Cudlip's came another piece of vacant garden, then Jonathan Miller's house, and another passage way between Miller's house and the Government building." (The jail.) "The telegraph building was separate. Granville Hotel was next." (Joe Mannion's.)

**POST OFFICE.**

"The Granville Hotel was where the mail for the village was distributed." (See W.E. Graveley, Vol. 3.)

"I don't know a very great deal about this photo" (Ridley's Gastown). "On the left is the entrance to the Deighton House, and the verandah posts. This box around the tree here had no steps up to it. It was not to climb up on to mount a horse; it was just a protection to the tree; just above the box protection you can see what I think is the slope of the verandah on Cudlip's house. Next to that comes Miller's gate, and a rocking horse on the verandah, and a boy stooping down, playing with it; that must be one of Miller's boys, but which one I don't know. Then there is a little bit of a hemlock, and next comes the Government building with the gable and facing the water. The big building with the balcony is the Granville Hotel, and the next building with a peaked gable end is a shed belonging to the Granville Hotel; it might be one of the old buildings in Trutch's Map; I don't know. The low, square top shop front is Blair's saloon, and then comes Sullivan's store with a balcony. Hidden out of sight is, next, McKendrick's boot repair shop—a bit of a shack, and the next tall building is Robertson's 'Hole in the Wall' saloon, afterwards the Gold House, and I think there was one more building at the far end beyond that which does not show clearly in the photo, but I forget what it was."

**PORTUGUESE JOE.**

"Portuguese Joe was living at Brockton Point in 1884."

**GASSY JACK'S FIRST HOTEL.**

"Gassy Jack's first building was down in the direction of the lower right hand corner of Ridley's Gastown photograph."

**BURRARD INLET, SHORE.**

"The dark spot on the right, overhung with a small vine maple bush, is the curve of the beach, and the water of Burrard Inlet, which penetrated right up almost to the Granville Hotel, and the criss-cross slats sort of fence beside the lamp post is not a landing platform, but a fence to stop people falling over into the water; there was a bit of a bank there. The lamp posts, one opposite the Granville and the other at the far end of Robertson's saloon, were, of course, coal oil, and were to light the passage way along at night. If you look closely you will see a pile of wood between the left of the stump and the nearest lamp post. That is not cordwood; it is more likely hand-split shingles; there was always a pile of cedar shingles or shakes lying around that point.

"I cannot say why there are no wheel tracks there. The photo might have been taken before the road was put in to Granville." (1877.)

"You will also notice some children playing on the Sullivan store verandah, and there seems to be a man outside Robertson's. You will also notice that handrail fence runs along the outside of Robertson's place for some distance, and by the steps; see that the land lies low under the front of the Granville Hotel.

"In the distance is the trail to the west, probably to Morton's clearing or to the saltery out there, and on the extreme right is Portuguese Joe's store, afterwards Ben Wilson's, later Mrs. Ben Wilson's."

#### **THE OLD COURT HOUSE. JONATHAN MILLER.**

I don't know very much about the old Provincial Government building, but it seems to me that I was in Miller's house once, and saw them moving it back on rollers, back towards what is now the lane. The Court House was painted or whitewashed; it was a sort of grey; we called it the 'Jail.'"

#### **THE FIRST JAIL.**

(See Trutch map of March 1870.) "The first jail was just two cells; a bit of a place of big logs built at the back; just two cells big enough to throw a drunk into to sober up; two cells big enough to sleep in, behind Miller's house. The lock up" (Government Building) "was where Alexander—he was magistrate—sometimes held court, but the usual court, all I ever saw, was down at the Hastings Sawmill, in the room there which was used as Mechanic's Institute, reading room, and everything else." (See F.W. Alexander.)

#### **THE COURTS AND JAIL.**

"I don't remember much about the old Court House at Granville. After they started to build the railway, it was pretty rough down at Gastown, and I was a child and now allowed, and did not care, to go up there; I was going to school. Before the railway was building, I went up there, up the two-plank sidewalk, and used to run around the Deighton House, and play. Johnson had children of his own, but after the railway began to come, Gastown was no good for children, and we children were not used to civilisation anyway, and did not like it; we were accustomed to trees."

#### **GRANVILLE IN EARLY 1886.**

"The Deighton House was on the corner, and south of it, just behind, as it were" (on Carrall Street) "was the little cottage where Simon Fraser, brother to Angus, lived; Simon's daughter married Gillespie. Next, south of Simon Fraser's, was the barn, the Deighton Hotel barn, right on the corner of what is now Trounce Alley. Across the alley still going south on the west side of the road" (Carrall Street) "was Angus Fraser's. Angus Fraser's house was up Carrall Street a piece, where the Boulder Saloon was afterwards." (See photo No. ?)

"The next place was Paull's. Paull lived across what is now Cordova Street, on the southwest corner of Carrall and Cordova—where the Ranier Hotel is—and died there; his widow married Mole. He worked at Spratt's Oillery. They gave a 99 year lease of the Ranier Hotel site, Billy Quann's place; that was her 'nest egg.' The only other place on Carrall Street was Pete Plant's, about on the corner of where the B.C. Electric offices are now. Pete Plant had two sons, Frank and Jesse."

#### **THE FERGUSON BLOCK.**

(Southeast corner Carrall and Powell.) "Hartney's was on the corner; Geo. L. Schetky's was next up Carrall Street; he had a gents' furnishing place. Next was Geo. R. Cordon, clothing. Thos. Dunn was not here then." (Something out of order here.)

#### **JOE GRIFFITHS. SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

"Joe Griffiths had no children; don't think he was married. He ran the Sunnyside for years before McInnes took it on. Joe was afterwards an alderman."

#### **HASTINGS SAWMILL. "WE GIT DAR." THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE.**

Mr. Ridley laughed at photo No. ? of minstrels "Fire Brigade" with tremendously tall man in front—all faces blackened as Negroes—also companion photo showing part of fire engine. (Bailey Bros. photograph No. ?) "That was the first fire engine north of San Francisco; it belonged to the Hastings Sawmill; the hose was of pure leather, copper riveted."

#### **HASTINGS SAWMILL DURING THE GREAT FIRE.**

"Mr." (R.H.) "Alexander and Mrs. Alexander had been up at Presbyterian Church on Alexander the morning of the fire. There was only one ship at the Hastings Mill, the *Southern Cross* I think, her master Captain Cox, and R.H. Alexander and John McAlister" (Mrs. J. Hampton Bole is daughter) "were having Sunday dinner with him. We children were taken down to the ship and played around on the deck that

afternoon; the smoke did not envelope the ship, but there was an awful surf beating against her sides. Mrs. Alexander went off to China as a missionary afterwards. Oh, yes, before Mr. Alexander died."

#### **PRINCESS LOUISE TREE.**

"I don't know why it was named thus; it was the Princess Louise tree as long as I remember."

(Mr. Ridley looked at photo of Andy Linton's boat house, four yachts with sails set, and corner of wharf, and hulk *Robert Ker* in distance. Bailey Bros. photo No. ?)

#### **DEADMAN'S ISLAND.**

"I was over there at a funeral once myself." (Deadman's Island.)

"The photo 'City Hall' in tent, shows a wharf behind it; this is the same wharf, but after it was added to, and extended; the old City Wharf. The first wharf, behind the 'City Hall' tent ran out just a little way, and there was a slip which came down from the Sunnyside beside it, to Andy Linton's. Andy Linton's boat house shows to the west of the City Wharf in the 'City Hall' tent photo; to the east of it in this photo. He must have moved it a bit to the east after the fire. It was not burned in the fire."

(Looking at Bailey Bros. photo, "An Early Labor Day Parade on Cordova St." Columbia Carriage Works, No. ?)

#### **HUDSON'S BAY STORE. CORDOVA STREET.**

"This is a labour day procession down Cordova Street. Yes, Bailey Bros. did afterwards move from the store shown here down to the old Hudson's Bay store with the two peaked roofs." (Note: there is a photo of the interior of this Hudson's Bay old store—when used by Bailey Bros.—in the Archives. It is No. ?) "Bailey Bros. had one side; the other was a cigar store." (Consult directory.)

#### **JAPANESE. HASTINGS MILL.**

Bailey Bros. photo No. 414, "Employees, Hastings Sawmill." (The date of this photo is 1887 or early 1888.) "The first man from the left is a Chinaman, the second is the first Japanese who worked in the Hastings Sawmill; there were no Japs in the Hastings Sawmill prior to that man coming. I don't know if he was the first one on Burrard Inlet, but he was the first I saw on Burrard Inlet; the first I recall seeing anywhere. After a while 'hordes' of Japanese came; Bell-Irving was responsible for that. The next man, the third, with the whiskers, red whiskers, is 'Rusty' Poulice, a tall man. When the small pox came he was the man who volunteered to go over to Deadman's Island and nurse the small pox patients, and he died of small pox there."

Interjection by Major Matthews: Dr. Langis says there were other reasons for small pox deaths.

Mr. Ridley: "Yes, Rusty did drink heavily. The fifth man, a tall man, is Tom Hunter, millwright. The building on the right is the machine shop; the engine room was attached to it. The coloured man, next to last on right, is Fred Williams, who came on the same ship as Joe Fortes. The only man who is now living of the forty-five in the picture is Billy Horton, stevedore at Chemainus, standing on stairway with both hands in pockets" (touching two wires).

#### **CENTRAL SCHOOL.**

"The photo" (Bailey Bros.) "No. 651, 2<sup>nd</sup> Division Vancouver Public School, is the Central School on Pender Street; Miss Hartney, teacher. She afterwards married."

Photo No. ? (Bailey and Neelands). "The man in the straw hat is Al Larwell. I don't know who the eight baseball boys are; it is probably on the Cambie Street Grounds.

"Photo No. ?" (Bailey Bros.) "of this cottage with all the vines in front of the verandah and the stove pipe coming out of the board and batten side is Caulfield's old place; two brothers lived there. It stood next to ours, faced the water, and was just east of Dunlevy Avenue, opposite what is now the Shipping Federation Building on Dunlevy Avenue. There is a junk yard there now. Caulfield was master mechanic at the Hastings Sawmill. Our house was next to Caulfield's—no connection with Caulfeild" (Skunk Cove) "of West Vancouver—but was two-storeyed; it also faced the water. When the C.P.R. came the track circled around both houses. Our house is seen—the gable end—in the well-known photo of the Hastings

Mill School with the children in front. The other building in that photo, No. ?, below our house, was a barn.” (Note: the Caulfield cottage does not seem to appear in the panorama of Vancouver before the fire, probably because the photo is patched at that point. J.S.M.)

#### **HASTINGS MILL SCHOOL.**

Interjection by Major Matthews: I hear the old school house was used on Westminster Avenue afterwards.

Mr. Ridley: “Never was; it was torn down; it faced the water too.”

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, 2 MAY 1934.**

##### **LONDON INSTITUTE. HASTINGS INSTITUTE. MECHANIC’S INSTITUTE. PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

“I don’t know where the London Institute” (mentioned in the *British Columbian* of 18 March 1869) “as changing its name to Hastings Institute could have been—it certainly was not at Hastings, B.C.; it might have been at Moodyville, or Hastings Sawmill. I never heard the early history of the Institute at the Hastings Sawmill, but I do know that the books in there had ‘Mechanic’s Institute’ marked on the inside. They were afterwards moved to the present Vancouver Public Library.” (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

##### **MOODYVILLE INSTITUTE. MT. HERMAN LODGE.**

“I have heard that the Moodyville Institute was started with assistance from London, England. It stood about 100 feet east of the Moodyville Hotel, photo of which you have; the stairs faced west, the building lay east and west. The ground floor was used as a reading room, library, dance hall, and for concerts. The upper floor was where Mt. Herman Masonic Lodge was instituted. It was stated at the big celebration this lodge held in 1919 that the same organ was used then as was used the night the lodge was formed. There is an oil painting of the Moodyville Institute in the Masonic Temple, Georgia and Seymour streets.”

##### **EARLY FERRIES. HANS, THE BOATMAN. MOODYVILLE SAWMILL.**

“About the first ferry I remember on Burrard Inlet was a row boat from Moodyville, Hastings and Gastown to the mill and back. He was Dutch; all I ever knew of his name was ‘Hans, the Boatman,’ that was what we called him. He had one arm; the other had been blown off at the right elbow, a hook was the remainder—he rowed well with the hook hand. He crossed about every day—took the mail down—sometimes once a day, sometimes twice; depended upon if there was a storm or not. The next ferry I remember was the old *Senator*” (Captain Stalker.) “We always took it for granted that the *Senator* and the *Leonora* belonged to the Moodyville Sawmill; the *Etta White* was bigger and did the long distance towing. The *Skidegate* came later; I don’t know who owned her.”

##### **CAPTAIN CATES.**

“Captain Charlie Cates was stevedoring at first—there were brothers. The first boat I recall them having was a little thing, the *Swan*; screw; smaller than the *Senator*, mostly did towing around the harbour; towed scows of brick, sand, gravel. The *Swan* just wore out.”

##### **INDIAN’S FEET.**

Query by J.S.M.: What do you think of George Cary’s yarns about the Indian’s feet without boots?

Mr. Ridley: “I have seen Indians go into old Pete Cordiner’s blacksmith shop, the sparks flying around, and walk right over the hot [blank]; you could smell the leather burning. Salt water and travelling over hard rocks hardens them up, the soles of the feet.”

##### **SECOND STREAM BRIDGE. WATER SUPPLY. BEAVERS.**

“I read your story in the B.C. Electric Railway *Buzzer*” (6 April 1934) “but the Hastings Mill didn’t expect to get water out of the Tea Swamp, but out of the dam below about 9<sup>th</sup> Avenue. I have myself picked up freshly chewed beaver sticks under the Second Bridge.”

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY AT ARCHIVES OFFICE, 20 AUGUST 1934.**

### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

Query: Mr. Ridley, Frank W. Hart says the first burial at Mountain View Cemetery was a Mr. Hirschberg who killed himself, but I cannot find a record of it in the city records.

Mr. Ridley: "The first burial was Hirschberg—he cut his throat. He ran a hotel. He committed suicide in the hotel. He had a son, I think. I don't remember the funeral, but I recall the gossip about the new cemetery. There was much talk about it; a new cemetery was something great, because previously dead bodies had to be taken to New Westminster. The first funeral I remember at Mountain View Cemetery was Edith Cordiner's" (Mrs. Chas. Nelson's) "brother Frederick's, and the hearse he was taken out in was brought over especially from Fales of New Westminster." (Note: Fred Cordiner died 10 May 1888 and was buried 12 May 1888.) "At Frederick Cordiner's funeral we went out the North Arm Road—we also called it the Cemetery Road afterwards; the present Alderman Geo. Miller lived out there—through the trees; there was corduroy road along the edge of the Tea Swamp; we climbed the hill, and on top of it was the cemetery, just a hole in the forest, about an acre, still in the rough, some stumps, no grass, no grave stones, had not started to erect them then, just a wooden marker, and some mounds of earth, oh, say, 15 or 20 mounds, no fence, no cottage then; you just turned in off the road into a tiny clearing."

### **THE MOODYVILLE TICKLER. TOM TURNER, NORTH VANCOUVER. TOM BRIDGES, FIRST SETTLER IN NORTH VANCOUVER.**

"Old Tom Turner inherited that place at North Vancouver from his uncle, Tom Bridges. Tom Bridges was the first man to settle there; he had been an old English sailor and had run away from his ship. Old Tom Bridges died there, and was buried on his own land; I have seen his grave dozens of times. Tom Bridges had the place all fixed up nice, little garden, orchards, pasture, fine little place, and he peddled milk. The item in the *Moodyville Tickler* about 'Buy Burr's Butter' makes me think of him. I don't think the *Moodyville Tickler* was a regular newspaper—anyway, it was not printed at Moodyville; must have been printed in New Westminster.

"I don't know when old Tom Turner came here; he was here always so far back as I can think. Later old Tom Turner sold a big piece of land to Pete Larson, who built the first hotel; that was after fighting the Lonsdale people for a long time. Old Tom T. left here and went back to the Old Country." (See Fred W. Alexander about the finding of his will in Scotland.)

"Tom Turner sold his milk at the Hastings Mill and Gastown. Joe Burr of Seymour Creek sold his to Moodyville. I can see old Tom coming up the Hastings Mill yards with his milk pails, carrying his milk pails, one in each hand, yet."

### **GASTOWN.**

"This photo, No. ?, is of Gastown about the end of April, or early May, 1886. I recognise all the buildings save one or two; buildings were going up pretty fast about that time. The photographer must have stood on what is now Water Street between Lot 12, Block VI and Lot 5, Block V."

### **EARLY SCHOOLS.**

"I did not see the first train come in, 23 May 1887. Mayor McLean was mayor at the time, after they pulled down the old Hastings School for the C.P.R. to pass; we had a short school period or none at all in 1886. Then we had the wooden schools on Oppenheimer Street, just east of Jackson Avenue, gone now, residences there. We children were kept in that wooden school the day the first train arrived, 23 May 1887."

**UNCORRECTED MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. CALVERT SIMSON, LATE OF SIMSON, BALKWELL & CO., SHIP CHANDLERS, AND HIS SISTER, MRS. CROWE, 1890 BARCLAY STREET, VANCOUVER, FRIDAY EVENING, 6 OCTOBER 1933.**

**EARLY LOGGING.**

"When I first came to Burrard Inlet in the spring of 1884, I saw them hauling logs with oxen down to the present Water Street; the skid road ran up towards somewhere about the Hotel Vancouver as it is now."

**COAL HARBOUR. HERRING. WILD DUCK.**

"There were 'acres' of ducks in Coal Harbour, feeding on the herring. The herring were very thick in Coal Harbour waters. Spratt's Oillery caught them, squeezed the oil out, and dumped the refuse back in the inlet; whether that drove all the herring away or not no one can tell positively, but they say it did; anyway they went. They used the herring oil for logging skid roads and various other purposes; not in the sawmills. They used dogfish oil for lubrication purposes in the sawmills. The herring were so thick that they were caught with a fish rake, a sort of paddle with nails driven at intervals along one side, then stroked through the water and the herring shaken off in the back of the canoe." (See Duncan McDonald, Vol. 2, and W.R. Lord, Vol. 3.) "Of course, in catching herrings for the oillery they used nets. I saw the cannery burn afterwards, years afterwards, after Vancouver was burned in June 1886."

**PORTUGUESE JOE'S STORE. BEN WILSON'S, GRANVILLE.**

"When I first arrived I went to work for Ben Wilson in the store on the shore at the west end of the beach—Mrs. Ben Wilson, who ran it after Mr. Wilson's death, died in quite recent years—that was before I went to the Hastings Sawmill store. Portuguese Joe was living over at Brockton Point in 1884."

**POST OFFICES.**

"The way we got our mail in those days was that a man brought it over from Westminster to Mr. Fannin's at Hastings townsite; then there was another man who had a sail and row boat," (see Harold Ridley, "Hans, the Boatman," Vol. 3) "and he took it on to Moodyville, and then on to Hastings Mill, and continued until Jonathan Miller was appointed just about the time Vancouver was incorporated. The position of postmaster for Vancouver was offered to me, but I declined it."

"According to an old *British Columbia Directory*, 1877, published by T.N. Hibben & Co., Victoria, which I have, Henry Harvey—that is, the first storekeeper at Hastings Mill—was the postmaster in 1877 at Burrard Inlet Post Office. The Hastings Sawmill was started in 1865, and was in operation in the summer of 1867, and you can quite understand that there would be a post office there long before 1877, as the directory indicates. The 'Burrard Inlet Post Office' at the Hastings Mill got the mail for the whole of Burrard Inlet, other than certain specified points. There was no post office at Port Moody then, but at Moodyville on the same date the directory shows D.S. Milligan as postmaster, and at Granville, Ben H. Wilson."

**EARLY TELEGRAPH. TELEGRAPH LINE TO VICTORIA.**

"There was a Dominion Telegraph office at Burrard Inlet in 1877. Ben Springer, manager of the Moodyville Sawmill, was agent. When I came in 1887 the telegraph office was at Gastown, and I very distinctly recall Mr. Sinclair, the telegraph operator, riding his horse out Point Grey to make repairs to the line when there was trouble." (See Maurice O'Neill, Vol. 3.)

**MOODYVILLE SAWMILL.**

"Much of the machinery in the Moodyville Sawmill came out of the wrecked H.M.S. *Sparrowhawk*; she was wrecked in the Seymour Narrows."

**COAL. STANLEY PARK.**

"I know nothing of the drilling for coal near the Granville Hotel," (mentioned in Report of Department of Interior—Bowman—about 1888) "but there was a man named Ostrander who had a coal hole, or shallow shaft in Stanley Park near Third Beach." (See George Cary.)

### **HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOL.**

"This photograph of the first school, in what is now Vancouver, is of the Hastings Sawmill School, and was taken in 1886. It was sometimes used as a church, and for any other similar purpose. The man standing on the plank sidewalk is John S. Palmer, the principal. Peter Cordiner's house is on the right, and the gable end of Abington Ridley's is on the left; it stood at the foot of Dunlevy Avenue."

### **HASTINGS SAWMILL STORE.**

"We worked hard in those days; seven days a week in the store. It was on Sundays that the loggers came up from Jericho and other places, and we had to be in the store on Sundays; work was all you did; there was nowhere to go. When you had a holiday, all you did was take a sail in a boat out on the inlet."

### **BURRARD INLET TRAIL. JOHN MCDUGALL. KINGSWAY.**

"You say that John McDougall" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "claims to have located the route of Kingsway by climbing up on a hemlock, and getting two burnt stubs of trees in line. Well, there may be an *element* of truth in it, but here" (T.N. Hibben's *British Columbia Directory* of 1877) "is an extract from the report of the Public Works Department, 1877, which says that the survey for a good route for the Burrard Inlet Trail has been made." (Note: the False Creek Road was built years before John McDougall improved it in 1884.)

### **LOGGING BY TRACTION. JERICO, LITTLE MOUNTAIN.**

"Yes, they did have a traction engine for logging. Angus Fraser had it out at Jericho. It had broad, flat iron tires covered with a thick rubber protection. The wheels were afterwards used by Mr. Fraser when logging off the Little Mountain district, but there he used two wheels only—running on a wide runway of flattened logs—and under a carriage drawn by mules. I will give you a piece of the rubber. Most of it was used for bumpers in the Hastings Sawmill." (See F.W. Alexander, "Traction Engines.")

### **PROVINCIAL JAIL AND COURT HOUSE. JONATHAN MILLER, CONSTABLE.**

"I cannot identify, for some reason, all of the buildings in Mr. Ridley's Gastown photograph. I was never in the Court House or Jail" (Constable Jonathan Miller's home.) "When Mr. Alexander, who was magistrate, held court he held it up at Miller's house at Gastown, an unruly sailor would be sent to the jail, and kept there until his ship sailed. Miller's house was a bit of a place, and, with so many children" (eight or nine) "rather crowded. Miller had previously worked in Stanley Park, cutting trees. There were rough characters around the Hastings Sawmill sometimes, and course, they got drunk as men will. Once, one of them was tied up and fastened to this box protection around the Maple Tree, but he unravelled himself and made off. Then again, Mrs. McKelvie has told me of, as a girl, looking over Miller's fence, and seeing them strapping up a Hastings Sawmill employee; they had no such thing as a straitjacket, and something had to be done to keep order when things got too boisterous."

### **THE MILLER FAMILY. JOE HUNTLY.**

"I do not know much of the genealogy of the Miller family. Mrs. Miller was sister of Ben Springer, manager of the Moodyville Sawmill. Ada was the eldest daughter; Carrie, the second daughter, is Mrs. D. Todd Lees, and still survives, a resident of Vancouver. The third daughter was afterwards Mrs. Berry, and still later the wife of His Worship Mayor L.D. Taylor. Gretta, the fourth, married Mr. Hirschfield, who died, and she remarried; then there was Mrs. Fyfe. Ada, the eldest, married Mr. Trimble, who died, and she married Joe Huntly, who was Miller's assistant constable. Ada died as Mrs. Huntly. Of the boys, there was Fred" (killed in the war), "Walter, Bert and Ernie." (Mrs. Crowe, sister to Mr. Calvert Simson, is also a pioneer of Vancouver.)

[Marginal note:] Daughter of Chief of Police Stewart.

### **PORTUGUESE JOE. JOSEPH GONSALVES OF STANLEY PARK.**

Query: Do you know anything about Joseph Gonsalves, who went to Pender Harbour?

Mr. Simson: "Joe Gonsalves was living in the park when I came here, living on the shore between Brockton Point and Deadman's Island; had a little place there and one son and a lot of daughters. One of the daughters married Dames. Gonsalves bought out Irvine, of Irvine's Landing, now Pender Harbour,

and the firm up there is now Gonsalves and Dames. Joe did a lot of fishing and some longshoring at the Hastings Mill; I don't think he ever laboured himself, though." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"Afterwards, of course, he was evicted from Stanley Park. You recall the long lawsuit about it in the courts. I think they had to prove sixty years residence in the park to establish claim to stay there, and Gonsalves could not prove quite sixty years and had to go."

#### **COAL HARBOUR SQUATTERS.**

Query: Harold Ridley talks about a little old shack of logs which used to stand half fallen down on the west side of Coal Harbour, two or three hundred yards from Second Beach, towards the present entrance, on the west side. What do you think of that shack?

Mr. Simson: "Oh, I suppose someone digging for coal. Ostrander had a little coal prospect near Third Beach, a little hole. He had a cabin, too, on Lost Lagoon, but just where I don't know; he cut hand-split shingles there; the little shack you have here in this photo might be his; it looks like it, but I can not say that it is."

#### **COAL.**

"There used to be a lot of seams of coal about; some out in English Bay. There were some very prominent ones just be the C.P.R. docks, in the cliff where the C.P.R. station at the foot of Granville Street is now. It was just lignite; no good; little bits here and there." (Note: see H.M.S. *Plumper* report of 14 June 1859, and Progress Report, 1876 and 1877, Geological Survey of Canada.) "It was sticking out right where the C.P.R. first dock was; before they built the dock, of course, it was quite plainly visible in the cliff."

#### **CONVERSATION WITH W. FRAME, FORMER STOREKEEPER OF THE HASTINGS SAWMILL, AT CITY HALL, 13 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

##### **DOUGLAS PARK. HASTINGS SAWMILL, W. FRAME. JERRY ROGERS, PIONEER LOGGER.**

"Frank Hart writes there were no farms out Mount Pleasant way? Why, that's wrong! The Chinamen were farming on J.Z. Hall's place when Jerry Rogers was logging up there, up Heather Street between 20<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> Avenue West; there is a park there now. Jerry Rogers was taking the timber out, and Calvert Simson" (storekeeper previous to Mr. Frame at Hastings Sawmill) "and I used to go up there on Sundays and have lunch at Jerry Rogers' camp."

"Jerry was taking the timber out on carriages, with rubber tired wheels, pulled by mules, four or six mules. The wheels had a tread about twelve inches wide, the track has just squared timbers laid on the ground; just big heavy square timbers shaped with an axe flat on top were laid on the ground for the rubber tired wheels to run on; the logs were put on a carriage; Jerry had no skid road on that job; just log carriages with great big rubber tired wheels that the mules pulled down the square timber track, and the logs were dumped into False Creek somewhere about Cambie Street. I afterwards used some of the rubber for bumpers in the Hastings Sawmill." (See F.W. Alexander, *Traction Engines re origin in Cariboo of these rubber tired wheels.*)

"Years afterwards, when they were building the Little Mountain Reservoir, Calvert Simson and I went out to see if we could find Rogers' old railway, and we found some of the timbers still lying in the ground."

##### **HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

"Old Man Harvey," said Mr. Frame, "was the first storekeeper, the first we have record of, anyway. He was not married, and afterwards moved to New Westminster and had a store on Front Street opposite where the Brownsville Ferry landed. Captain Raymur was manager, and R.H. Alexander, bookkeeper."

"James Harvey was his nephew; he came here first as teller in the Bank of British Columbia, afterwards was of the firm of Loewen and Harvey, financial brokers; he was killed in an automobile accident up country. Edward" (Ned) "his brother, was assistant collector of Excise in Vancouver under J.M. Miller."

**CONVERSATION WITH HAROLD E. RIDLEY, BORN HASTINGS SAWMILL 1875, NOW RESIDENT  
1956 VENABLES STREET, 11 AUGUST 1933.**

**HASTINGS SAWMILL. GEORGE HARVEY. HENRY HARVEY.**

"Henry Harvey was the first storekeeper at Hastings Sawmill, or almost the first, but I think he was the first. Calvert Simson followed him, but Captain Raymur, manager, was gone before Calvert Simson came. Frame followed Simson, and was the last storekeeper at Hastings Sawmill. George Harvey, formerly of Turner, Beeton, Victoria, was nephew to Henry Harvey, the first storekeeper."

**SPRATT'S ARK.**

"Spratt's Ark, the floating cannery at the foot of Burrard Street, was afterwards turned into a bath house, a floating bath house. Jones and Burdis ran it; you paid 'two bits' for a swim; it was all 'two bits' for everything in those days."

**EXCERPT FROM THE PORT MOODY GAZETTE, 30 OCTOBER 1886.**

**SPRATT'S ARK.**

AN IMMENSE SCOW.—"Spratt's Ark" has been converted into a steam scow and will in future be used to transport heavy freight and also employed in the coal trade. The scow has a carrying capacity of 600 tons and is propelled by two engines of 20 horse power (nominal) which give an average speed to the vessel of 6 miles per hour. The machinery, cabins, &c, are placed in the stern of the vessel by which arrangement three fourths deck room and hold is left clear for cargo. She is fitted with a powerful derrick and steam winch, and is in every way admirably adapted for freighting heavy material. Her dimensions are as follows: viz: length, 145 feet; beam, 34 feet; depth of hold, 8 feet. The scow is now lying at the C.P.R. wharf and is receiving on board the balance of the materials used on the Onderdonk contract which Mr. Thos. Spratt has purchased. Captain Pamphlett is in charge.

**FROM *THE VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE* OF 12 SEPTEMBER 1918.**

**JOE MANNION: REAL PIONEER  
LEFT COLLEGE IN IRELAND BACK IN 1862  
TO PROSPECT FOR GOLD  
WAS ONE OF GASTOWN'S FAVORITE BONIFACES  
IN THE EARLY DAYS**

By Dr. W. Wymond Walkem

Joseph Mannion, one of the most interesting figures of the early days of "Gastown," who passed peacefully away at Lillooet this week, was born in the County Mayo, Ireland in 1839. Leaving school he entered Maynooth College with the intention of qualifying for the Catholic priesthood. After spending several years in the institution, his studies were interrupted by recurring reports of the rich gold diggings on the Fraser River, which fired his young brain with dreams of wealth awaiting the use of the pick and shovel on the banks of the far-distant river of the west. This was in 1862.

He left his native soil and took passage on the regular mail steamer which in those days plied between Southampton and the Isthmus of Panama. After crossing the isthmus he took passage on a steamer for San Francisco, and there embarked on the ill-fated steamer *Pacific* for Victoria, where he arrived on April 10, 1862.

**ON TO CARIBOO.**

There he heard the principal mining ground had changed from the Fraser River to Cariboo, where fortunes were being taken out every day from some of the principal creeks. Cariboo was now his destination. Instead of proceeding thither by New Westminster and the old Cariboo trail, he was

persuaded by Victorians to try the newly advocated route by Bella Coola which was emphasised by the islanders as a better and shorter route.

Starting for Bella Coola with a few companions, he took Lieut. Palmer's trail from that Indian settlement with the intention of reaching Fort Alexandria. But in some manner they missed the trail and wandered about in the woods for three months but finally reached their objective.

But when they arrived on Williams Creek the mining season had almost closed, so they invested their remaining money in provisions and started on their return to Victoria, where they put in the winter working on the wharves, loading and unloading vessels. Mannion continued working in Victoria until 1864, when he obtained employment with the Overland Telegraph Company who were at that time erecting the trans-Siberian telegraph.

In 1866, on the cessation of that work through the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, Mannion started for the Big Bend, then enjoying a great reputation as a mining camp, but there he had no luck.

### **RAN THE GRANVILLE.**

Returning to New Westminster, he obtained work in logging camps until 1874 when he bought a half interest in the Granville Hotel, in Granville or Gastown as the village was commonly known by. He continued in this hotel of which he gradually became the sole proprietor, until 1884, when he sold out and bought a ranch on Bowen Island—now known as the Terminal Farm. During his life as a boniface he was an especial favorite of the loggers of the Northwest Coast.

Of late years he has been failing rapidly in health. Three years ago he sought a change of climate in Lillooet, but although it prolonged his life it could not prevent the continuation of his trouble. On Tuesday last he passed peacefully away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Christie in Lillooet.

### **EXTRACT FROM THE *VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE*, FRIDAY, 24 DECEMBER 1909.**

Old Timer was, most likely, Joseph Mannion, as this newspaper clipping, pasted with others of articles by Mr. Mannion in a scrap book, was loaned by his daughter, Mrs. H.A. Christie.

#### **OLD-TIMER TELLS OF CHRISTMAS IN EARLY DAYS**

#### **WHAT VANCOUVER LOOKED LIKE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AS OLD GASTOWN**

#### **CELEBRITIES OF YEAR 1874**

#### **ETTA WHITE BROUGHT CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM VICTORIA**

#### **MAIL CAME TWICE A WEEK VIA STAGE FROM WESTMINSTER**

What sort of day did they have for Christmas in Vancouver thirty-five years ago?

Plenty of people know what Christmas was like in Vancouver twenty-five years ago; quite a few are able to hark back even a quarter of a century; but the thirty-five-years-ago folk are so scarce that they belong to another generation. Add another five years to the back of that and you have the day when Vancouver was but a lumbering, trading village with the deep woods covering all the city peninsula down to the present corner of Carrall and Hastings and all west of Cambie, with a little settlement between comprising the centre blocks of Water Street as it is today.

Picture for yourself this village, long before the days of railways and street cars, long before the days when it was known as Vancouver; and listen to the tale of the patriarch of the Old Timers' club.

"What did it look like?" echoed the old gentleman, as he pulled his chair before the fire. "Better let me tell you a story of a bear hunt over where the corner of Westminster Avenue and Dufferin Street is now located. Don't like bear stories? Well there were plenty of them—bears and stories in the early days. Perhaps you would like to be introduced to 'Gassy' Jack—for Vancouver was Gasstown in one stage of its existence. His real name was Jack Deighton and he was one of the philanthropists of the early days. Granville townsite was at that time reserved from sale or settlement, by an order-in-council of the provincial government. The waterfront was cleared of timber for a short distance from high water mark, sufficient to allow of the erection of buildings, and the providing of a good roadway between the buildings and the beach.

"The hotels then in existence, and usually doing a good business, were, taking them on the south side of the roadway and beginning at the eastern end of the street, three, with dwellings for residents at intervals between. The first building at the eastern end was the Deighton hotel, managed by Clarke and Cudlip. Adjoining to the westward were the lock-up and the residence of Jonathan Miller, who at that time was a provincial constable and a collector of votes and taxes. Mr. Miller had some very risky duties to perform and in connection with his duties as constable. Especially may this be said when he had any criminal warrants to execute, for at that time there were some very dangerous and lawless characters in the country who were not inclined when the authorities wanted them, to submit quietly to arrest.

"To the west of Mr. Miller's was the Granville hotel, where Mr. Joseph Mannion held forth in the interests of the benighted logger and the wayfarer. On each side of this building were a number of small buildings or shacks in which those lived who found an occupation in connection with the lumber trade. Mannion's was a very popular resort. He was a man who, in business, had a good address, was well educated, and exceedingly well informed more especially on matters in connection with Ireland. Another man who lived in close proximity to Mannion's was McKendry, a boot and shoe doctor. He has a very extensive patronage. His work was always first-class and some of his patrons lived in far-off Cariboo. A little further to the westward was the dwelling of Arthur Sullivan and his brother, and next to that was another hostelry called 'The Hole in the Wall,' with Mr. Robinson, prop'r, whose name a few years previous was Peter Donnelly. Between Sullivan's and the 'Hole in the Wall' Mr. Ike Johns, customs' officer and harbormaster, had his domicile, together with his family."

### **PARSONAGE STILL STANDS**

"On the north side of the roadway, west of Robinson's was the Methodist parsonage, corresponding to the present position of Allen's flour and feed store, 113 Water street. In fact, the building is still in existence. To return to the eastern end of this house was the Sunnyside hotel, which was built on piles and extended the length of the building out over the water. On the western side of the Sunnyside was the residence of that fine old-timer, whom many Vancouverites will have a kindly remembrance of, George Black. No Scotch gathering of the early days could be complete without the presence of George, who in his younger days must have been a great athlete. When dressed out in kilt and bonnet he made a splendid appearance. He was an expert dancer of all Scotch reels and dances. Black was the inlet butcher, and his slaughter house, erected first at Hastings, was in 1879 situated on False Creek at the end of the trail. His meats were dispensed from a building on the waterfront, just west of his residence. His patrons were the milling companies, the shipping, which was considerable even in those days, and the many residents of the inlet. His factotum was a man named Robinson, who attended to the shop while George was away purchasing cattle or 'chasing' Scotch picnics or gatherings. A short distance from the Deighton hotel on the False Creek trail, almost where the Bodega now stands on Carrall street, was the residence of Angus Fraser, a neatly-built cottage. Fraser was at that time running two logging camps on the Fraser River. The building and hotels described composed the burg of Gasstown."

### **FERRY WAS A FEATURE**

"The waterfrontage extended from the Sunnyside hotel to the Methodist parsonage, and consisted of a beach which, when the tide was high, was very shallow, for a considerable distance from the shore. To allow passengers landing from the ferry a long floating wharf about

four feet wide, and consisting of two-inch planks nailed to logs which crossed them at intervals of ten or twelve feet, extended out to sufficiently deep water to allow of the little steamer mooring alongside. The ferry was owned by James Van Bramer, who carried on a regular service on the inlet as follows: leaving Moodyville at 7.30 a.m., the steamer came across to Gasstown, and leaving there called at the Hastings Mill, picked up the medical officer of the milling companies and returned to Moodyville. Then it ran over to Hastings and met Lewis' stage from New Westminster which brought in a daily mail from New Westminster. The mails from Victoria for the mainland were carried each way twice a week, and likewise from the upper country. So that twice a week the stage mail consisted of Victoria and upper country mail. Receiving the mail from Lewis the ferry would return immediately to Moodyville, deliver the mail for that place and then proceed to the Hastings Mill with the mail bag for Granville and the Hastings mill people."

### **EARLY HASTINGS MILL**

"From 'Gasstown' a two-plank trottoir led up to the Hastings mill, through heavy timber and underbrush which afforded, on hot, sunny days, a delightful little walk. About three-fourths of the way up a little church, called St. James, met the gaze of the wayfarer. At the end of the plank walk were the Hastings mill and the dwellings of the employees. The mill at that time was under the management of Capt. Raymur, whose earlier days were spent at sea, and who had acted as ships-husband to the firm of Messrs. Anderson and Anderson before the scene of milling operations had been transferred from Alberni to Burrard Inlet. Here one might as well tell of a fact which is not generally known. Any visitor to Kew gardens, London, must have noticed a very tall single flagpole which rears its tall head not far from the glass structure for exotic plants. That flagpole was a gift from the Messrs. Anderson, and was cut in Alberni, and carried to London, where, in removing it from the vessel, ten feet of it were broken off. Next in authority to Capt. Raymur was Mr. R.H. Alexander, who presided over the office, and with him was Ainslie Mowat, a son of an old Hudson's Bay official, whose relatives lived in Victoria. Mr. Alexander and his family resided in a comfortable cottage close to the office. The Hastings mill store, which is still in the same place, was in charge of Mr. Henry Harvey, who was also postmaster. Mr. Charles Caldwell, later an alderman of this city, was mill boss, and a Mr. Gaffney, whom Capt. Raymur had selected from a score of applicants for his eminent abilities as an engineer, was the engineer who superintended the mechanical department of the concern.

"In connection with the loading of the vessels, Mr. William Soule was the stevedore who was generally entrusted with the stowing of cargoes. The medical officer at that time was Dr. Walkem, who also was under contract with the employees of the Moodyville Lumber company on the opposite side of the inlet. Last, but not least, mention must be made of the little schoolhouse, where in early days the children of the settlement about Gasstown and the Hastings Mill received their education. The teacher was Mrs. Cordiner, and an admirable school teacher the lady was. Her husband was at that time in charge of the blacksmith shop. He died in Vancouver a short time ago."

### **OUT TOWARDS POINT GREY**

"On English Bay Mr. Jeremiah Rogers carried on a logging camp, having as a conveyor of supplies and tower of logs the steamer *Maggie*, with William Rogers, lately deceased, as master. Jericho was at that time laid off with roads for hauling logs by means of road engines with wheels something like the macadam crushers employed by the corporation on the streets of Vancouver. These wheels were very broad and so fashioned as to give a little on going over the unequalities of the ground, such as going over skids on which the logs slipped along behind the engine. These road engines had been purchased from Mr. Barnard, the father of the Cariboo express business, who had bought them to carry the mails on the Cariboo road, but they turned out a complete failure for such work, and Mr. Jeremiah Rogers purchased them for his logging camp. Jerry, as Rogers was generally called, had a great many schemes in his head, and once in 1874, applied to the late Judge Walkem at that time premier of the province, to be allowed to preempt or purchase Deadman's island for a shipbuilding yard, but Mr. Walkem replied that the property was part of the naval reserve, and could not be disposed of.

"Moodyville was the site of the Moodyville Milling company and the mill there was originally a small water mill, and was purchased by Moody, Dietz and Nelson, who before that time carried on an express business at Yale. In the place of the water mill the present structure was erected. For power for the mill a double set of marine engines, which had been in H.M.S. *Sparrowhawk*, was installed. They were a beautiful set of engines and worked very smoothly and noiselessly. Sue Moody, the head of the firm, was drowned in September, 1875, when the steamer *Pacific* went down off Cape Flattery, after being run into by a German bark on the way to the sound and which left Barclay sound the day previous. Only two lives were saved from the wreck of that vessel."

#### **FIRST MASONIC LODGE**

"Mr. Nelson lived in Moodyville and was a senator, having taken the place of Senator Carrall, deceased. He resided in a beautiful cottage on the hill above the mill, and which is still in existence. George Dietz, the other partner, lived in one of the houses close to the mill. Mr. Andrew Welch of San Francisco, became largely interested in the company, in fact he was in 1879, the principal owner. The late Mr. Ben Springer, a most popular gentleman, was at that time head bookkeeper. He dwelt in a cottage on the ground above the mill, and had the late Mr. Murray Thain, who was then stevedoring at Moodyville, as a neighbor. The store was presided over by David Shibley Milligan. Mr. Philander Swett was the mill boss. At Moodyville was situated the mother lodge room of Mt. Hermon, A.F. & A.M. It was situated over the institute or reading-room and was accessible by a long flight of steps at the rear end of the building. Here for some years the brethren were called from refreshment to labor and labor to refreshment once every month.

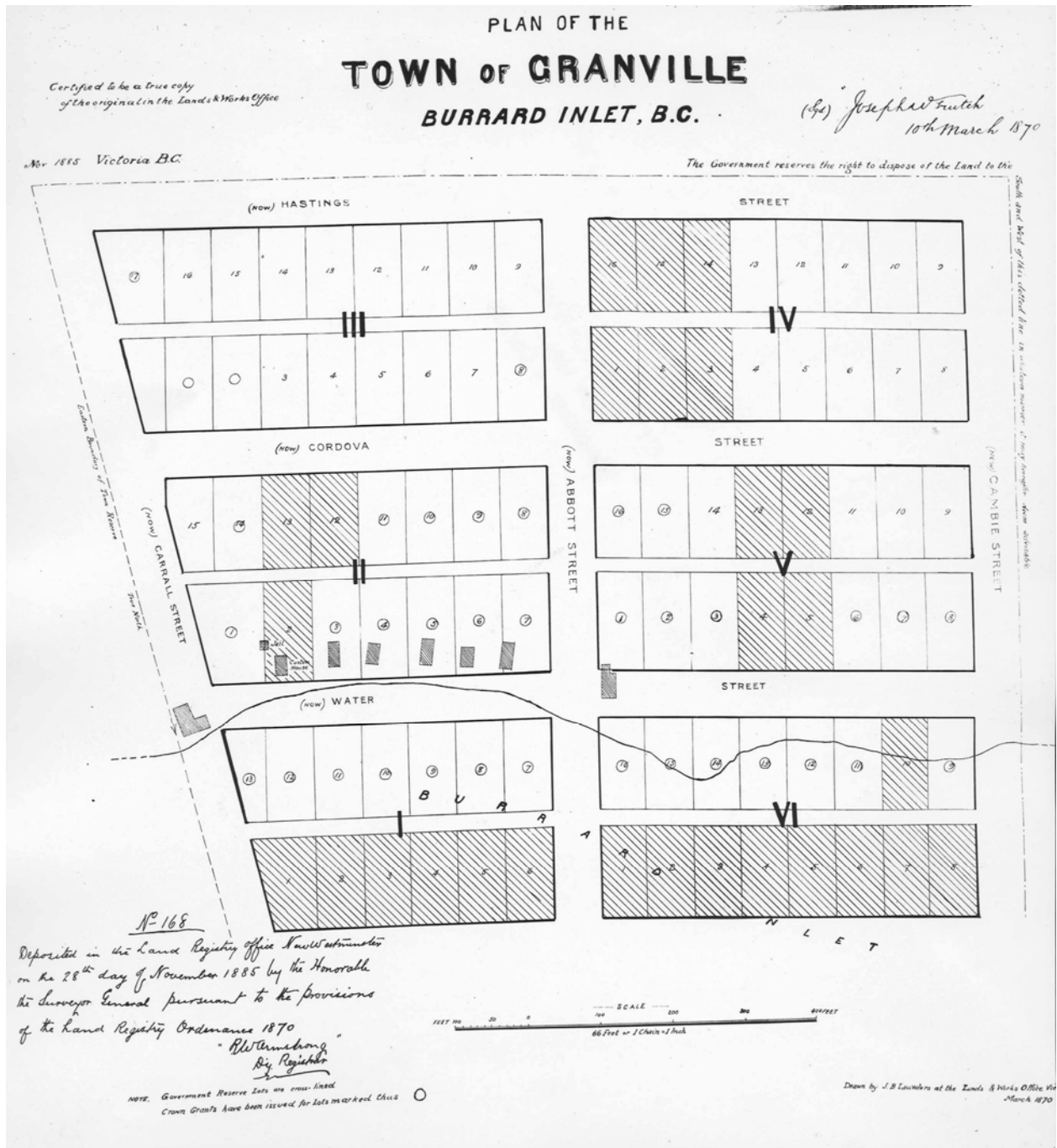
"Though insignificant as a member of the genus homo, a little Chilian about five feet high was one of those who made Moodyville his headquarters. He is only mentioned here from the fact of his being a mighty hunter after bear, which were in those days very plentiful in every direction about Burrard Inlet. This Chilian had a record of having killed seven bears in six days, and all in the vicinity of Moodyville. A great attraction for bruin was the grease with which the skids were served on Harmon's logging road. This road was at the end of Moodyville in the direction of Lynn creek. One day the little Chilian had a dispute with a bear who not liking the Chilian's manners had chewed up his right thumb. He met Dr. Walkem on his arrival from the Hastings mill. The doctor removed the thumb at the junction of the hand proper. Next day H.M.S. *Rocket* came in from Victoria, and Dr. Walkem, accompanied by the surgeon from the *Rocket*, took a stroll in the direction of the Chilian's shack. They saw the Chilian, and on asking him what he had done with the piece of thumb which had been amputated, he took both men to a little garden at the house. Removing a large cross which surmounted the burial place, the Chilian disinterred a cigar box from whence he extracted the missing member rolled round and embalmed with cotton and pitch as securely as any Egyptian mummy."

#### **THE REAL CHRISTMAS**

"Christmas in those days was as keenly looked forward to by adults and children as it is today in Vancouver. Any gifts that were made were generally purchased in Victoria, and to accommodate folk of the Burrard inlet the steamer *Etta White* belonged to the Moodyville company, and usually made a trip to that city a few days before Christmas for freight and supplies. Her return would witness all of her spare space taken up with all sorts of packages, which Santa Claus had sent on before so as to lessen his burden when crossing the gulf, and in order that he might be conveniently at hand on Christmas Eve. Just previous Christmas week the inlet had an annual visit from a Billy Patterson, who hailed from Semiamoo. He came in a sloop which was well filled with farm produce of all kinds. Housewives of Vancouver will not growl at 75 cents a dozen for eggs when they learn that according to the supply and demand, Mr. Patterson charged all the way from 75 cents to \$3.00 a dozen for fresh eggs. But turkeys and geese were sold at moderate figures in comparison with these latter day charges for those much sought after table birds.

"Christmas Day was in those days spent in very much the same way as it is spent now. The only difference was that Santa Claus had much greater difficulty in entering a house with his gifts for good little boys and girls. In those days he had to get down the stove pipe which usually projected through the roof and which was more often five inches than six inches in diameter. The usual

"Some of the inlet people paid their friends in New Westminster a visit and vice versa. Very often many spent their Christmas in Victoria. The hotels of "gass town" were at this time always well filled with loggers and workers in the bush who made a point of coming to town to spend their Christmas."



Ridley's photo of Gastown, date unknown. "My parents told me it was thus when I was born i.e., 1875." H. E. Ridley, 1933.



Portugese Joe's.

Curve of beach.  
Vine maple bush

Trail to west

Lamppost <sup>left</sup>  
<sup>May be Tom Fisher's</sup> pile of  
Hand rail. Cedar shakes  
Fence on edge, bank, water.  
"Hole in the Wall" Saloon.  
Lamppost  
Children.

Sullivan's store  
Blair's Saloon.  
Shed to hotel.

Granville Hotel

Young hemlock

Telegraph office

Boys rocking horse  
Prov. Gov<sup>t</sup> Bldg.

Believed to be  
Miller house.

Identification incomplete  
J. S. Matthews, 1933

Steps to hotel.

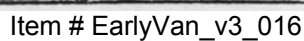
Maple tree

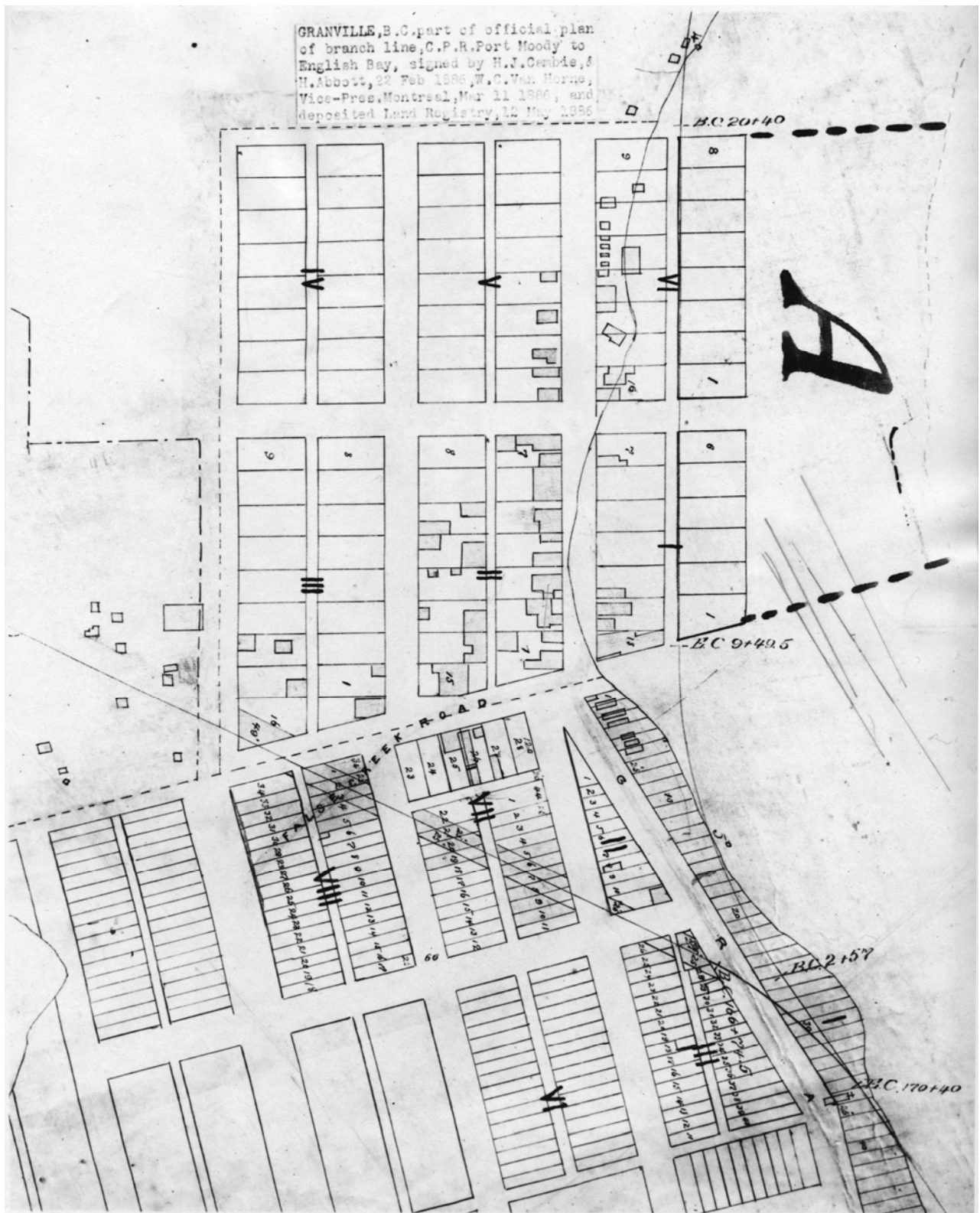
Cudlip's verandah.

Box protection.  
Verandah posts

Entrance, Deighton.

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_015





Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_017



Parsonage.

"Gastown", January 1886

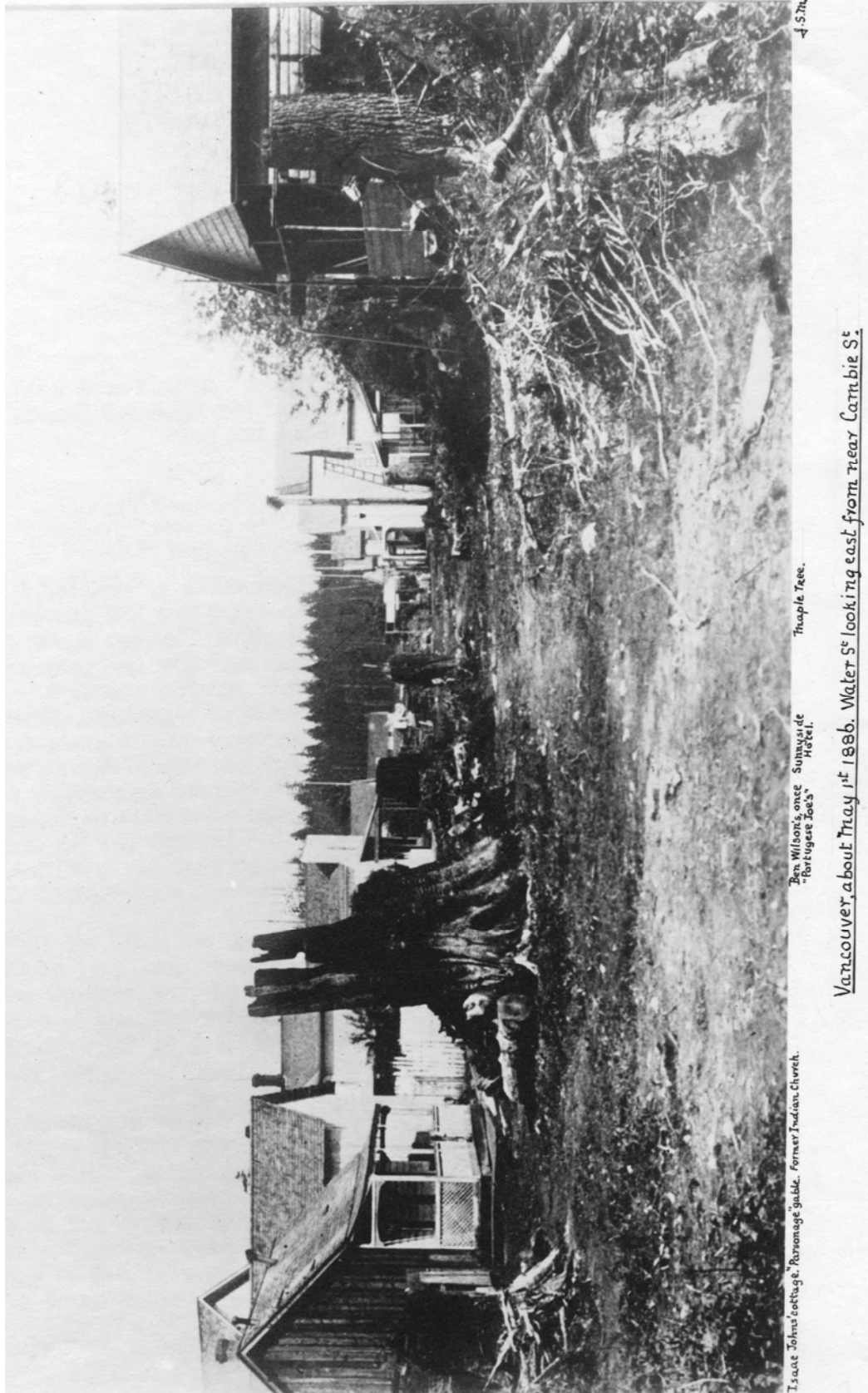
Sunnyside Hotel

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_018



Cordova St. Cleared spot in foreground is site of Presbyterian Church at junction of Jones between Hartness St. Westminster Ave. and Oppenheimer St. January 1886 J.S.M.

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_019



Isaac John's cottage. Parsonage gable. Former Indian Church.

Ben Wilson's once "Portuguese Joe's" Supper House.

Maple Tree.

45th

Vancouver, about May 1st 1886. Water St looking east from near Cambie St.

**6 JANUARY 1912**

*NOTE ADDED LATER:*

Typed from a clipping, probably *World* or *Province*, in the possession of his daughter Mrs. H.A. Christie, and upon which is written in ink, "Jos. Mannion," "Jan. 6 1912." J.S.M. 1934

**VANCOUVER IN THE DAYS OF YORE**

A shack of shakes,  
A cross-cut saw,  
A jug of whisky  
And a squaw;  
Salmon in the river,  
Running deep and fast —  
Ah, me! The simple life at last!

— from W.A.H.'s Rubaiyat.

**LESS THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO AN INHARMONIOUS ROW OF SHACKS HOUSED SEA-DOGS AND ADVENTURERS—AND GASSY JACK WAVED THE FLAG AND SOLD THE BOYS HARD LIQUOR**

BY "OLD TIMER" (Jos. Mannion)

I believe my first sight of the inlet was in 1865. Approaching it from the sea our first view revealed an inharmonious row of shacks. About three cables length from shore, where the foot of Abbott Street now stands, was a large square-rigged ship, the *Astarte*, loading spars, a vessel hailing from London and bound thereto. Her cargo was being delivered by Jeremiah Rogers, who had cut and made it at Port Neville to the order of Stamp & Son, who had them towed to English Bay, where they were delivered to the ship by rowboat. This was the first commercial prow to divide Father Inlet's unruffled flood. How delighted he must have been to bear on his bosom such a substantial earnest of the future! Of course, there had been survey ships in '59 and '60, but they never approached nearer than English Bay, from which place they dispatched their exploring parties.

On the beach at the foot of Abbott street there was a building that had just been abandoned by a coal prospecting company, formed in New Westminster, headed by W.J. Armstrong, a merchant and M.P. for the city. The venture was not a success; after going down 1000 feet they gave it up. John Dick, an expert from Nanaimo, had charge of the work.

There was a shack at the foot of where Thurlow street looks on the inlet and the remains of a brick kiln. Why an industry of that nature should be started was beyond human ken. In an Indian country without transportation of any kind, not even a trail, and forgetting that on the Fraser there were banks of the finest clay in the world going a-begging; but probably they had some occult inspiration of a subway in the future, connecting north and south shores, when bricks would be in demand.

In '62, a man named Dave Ramage, a native of Ontario and a millwright, built a water power at what is now known as Moodyville. With scant capital and no market its business life was short. It was later acquired by S.P. Moody & Co., and for nearly twenty years was carried on under the name of the Moodyville Sawmill Company, Ltd. The active manage, S.P. Moody, lost his life in the wreck of the S.S. *Pacific* in November, 1875, outside Cape Flattery.

The mill, now the Hastings, was being started. The company's first grant from the government was a piece of land on Brockton Point, comprising about forty acres, reaching from water to water, and having Deadman's Island and surrounding water west of it for boom ground, which was ideal for the purpose, but on the north side after spending a deal of time and money they discovered that the force of the current made it impossible to construct wharves or hold shipping, and asked the government to exchange for the present site, which was so ordered. The mill was constructed by an Ontario man named Ludgate, an engineer and expert in this line, from whom

the gentleman of Deadman's Island fame claims descent. The mill advanced to completion rapidly and was in a condition to cut all that was required for home use; till one morning word came to close down, the big engine ceased to throb; litigation struck her on the windward gage, putting out her lights, and in the cause of forty-eight hours the mill's population had dwindled to about three people. After a period of nearly two-years idleness, law troubles ended, when Captain Stamp, who had been the moving spirit and promoter, severed his connection with the concern. The company was re-organized and placed its business under a new management, of which Captain J.A. Raymur, who was an old-time sailor like his predecessor, took charge of the affairs of the company as general agent, with head office in Victoria. The captain was a man of many sides, knew much and yet so little, but a splendid subject for a pen picture. He was a sailor, but the brine had left no mark, rather the opposite. With the pallor of an ascetic, which could be mistaken for intellect, nobody would believe that he sailed the seven seas, and I think his access to the quarter-deck was by way of the cabin windows. He was in strong middle life, well educated, well dressed, with that ready business manner, and in a beauty class he would have his place. On his visit to look over the ground, he asked: "What is the meaning of this aggregation of filth?" He was answered it was a by-product of the mill and would be within the sphere of his influence. "Aye, aye, and I'll make the beggars mind me. I will not permit a running sore to fasten itself on an industry entrusted to my care." The gallant captain kept his word; he declared war on Gastown and death to "Marican" freedom, which meant lawlessness, and what Judge Begbie was to the early years of the province, so Captain Raymur was to Gastown. The captain dearly loved a bit of display, and on court days his coming was "Gilbertian," lacking but costume to give it a Mikado setting. He was accompanied by his clerk, who labored under a great tome, large enough to contain all the statutes from William and Mary down, most of which the gallant captain was innocent of; but the court had a saving grace in the brains of the clerk who wisely directed proceedings and gave it a measure of legality. During the suspension of the mill the settlement languished, and one by one departed seeking repatriation in the open shop of Uncle Sam's domain. With the restarting came new blood and of a better class.

The place had no name until the advent of John Deighton, better known as "Gassy Jack," a Yorkshireman and an ex-mariner, who had mapped out the great oceans, including the green seas that waste their fury on the poles. He was a man of broad, ready humor, spicy, crisp and ever-flowing, of grotesque Falstaffian dimensions, with a green, muddy, deep purple complexion, that told its own story. He had the gift of grouping words, which he flung from him with the volubility of a fake doctor. By the way, these words, shot at random, always hit a mark; unlucky would be the man whom Jack would nickname, for he would carry it on his reluctant feet to Mountainview. Jack's story of his trip from New Westminster was an epic. He was marooned on an island for twelve hours, without fire or shelter; his faithless Tillicums abandoned him under the pretence of hunting game to renew his larder, which, they alleged, was scanty. His invective on the Indian population was scathing, adjectives and similes heaped together, but all unprintable. Jack was a sailor of the early part of the nineteenth century, and A.B. He could hand reef and steer, but the wooden ship had departed, and gone was the trim mail packet that walked the water like a spirit, the palatial East Indiaman and lofty line of battleship to whose beauty and lordliness old ocean made submission, and the iron tank that displaced them will never inspire a Dibdin or bring to the top a Nelson or a Collingwood.

Jack landed at his destination early in the afternoon in a light drizzle, with his family, consisting of his Leman, her mother, her cousin, a big Indian who was the motive power and on whom Jack often cast green-eyed looks, a yellow dog, two chickens, two weak-backed chairs and a barrel of whisky completed the outfit, and lookers-on remarked it was a doubtful acquisition to the population. Gassy, with craft of a Machiavelli, began to pass the loving cup with unstinted hand, telling that he had come to start a little business, that his means were limited and he would be glad to accept any assistance in the way of building the house. "Ten thousand swords leapt from their scabbards," saws and hammers fell from heaven and the populace joined, led by an errant carpenter named Mike McNamara, and in twenty-four hours the Deighton house flung its doors open to the public. This was the beginning of today. Jack pulled himself to the roof of the building, loosened out a Union Jack, and in a homely speech, pointing to the flag, told his hearers it represented all that was good, the blood and guts of England; it bobbed up on every sea, had

been his chum forty years, that he had pinned his faith to it and would stay with it; thanked everybody for their generous help, and regretted to inform them that he would have to postpone the christening for a few days. He anticipated a shortage and dispatched the Indian cousin with an order to New Westminster, the answer to which read thus: "Cannot deliver your order to Indian, particularly the fireworks part; risk too great." Just before this announcement, a big red-headed woodsman came along very dry, and unable to extract anything from the much-drawn-upon barrel, buried his axe in the head and kicked it over the bank. A North Briton, who had been looking on, with the born utility in his blood, took up the barrel and placed it outside the kitchen door of the hotel. "To what base uses may we return." Oh, Mrs. McNaughton, please don't laugh. A most unbecoming assignment for a vessel which carried the sacred uskabaugh (water of the soul), that Ossian sang of, and brethren of the Sacred Lyre followed in sweet strain, though perhaps less lofty.

At this time there were two roads out of New Westminster; one called the Hastings, looking out on the Second Narrows, the other to the south arm or Port Moody, both built by the Sappers, or Royal Engineers.

A man named Oliver Hocking, a Cornishman and a musician, opened a wayside house at the end of Hastings road, looking out on Second Narrows, which was afterwards acquired by Maximilian Michard, a French-Canadian, who for years kept a first-class hostelry. The place was known as Maxie's; it was the seaside resort for the elite of the Royal City. In those days New Westminster was a small place; every resident there could have a block of his own; the town was laid out on broad, liberal lines; the 25-foot lot was unknown, the last being an offspring of the C.P.R., or the rustler and land scalpers, who came after. The way out was per stage by Hastings road; the stage line was owned by W.R. Lewis, an American citizen, a man of enterprise, somewhat brusque, but of a standard uprightness, whose word could always be relied on. There were no reserved seats; peasants and peers were treated alike. He never deviated from his schedule time for anybody; money or notes entrusted to his care were as safe as registered mail.

He was ably assisted by his chief whip and stable manager, James O'Halloran. Jimmy was a typical Celt, with the fire and broad humor of his race. It was frequently my good luck to be his guest on the box, and when his time was not wholly taken up with Gilbert, a tricky horse, he lightened the way with snatches of seditious lore, always derogatory to the Saxon. Apart from this, there was a romance in Jimmy's life; it seems that the wicked Cupid perched and flitted, leaving a puncture, a legacy of sweet pain, which I hope to this day remains under Jimmy's inner vest.

Jim Wise, Frenchy and Jim Ellard had the monopoly of Front street. Philips Hicks and Joe Arnand divided the hotel business between them on the north side of Columbia street west. Dean Withrow (furniture), Ebenezer Brown (the great wine and spirit merchant), Mrs. Lewis' boarding house. (Peace to her ashes; her 50¢ meal was ample and varied.) On the south side Holbrook's stone warehouse, wherein it seemed always evening. It must not be forgotten that the Hon. Holbrook was the first man to can and preserve salmon. Next was Johnston's shoe shop, whose famous made-to-order shoe reached the outermost limits of the province; next was an ancient apothecary's shop; then came Cunningham's general store, which would be a credit today, but if I remember right I think Charlie Major had a dry goods business between Cunningham's and the drug store. The Sisters of St. Ann had a crescent to themselves. Sergeant Moray was the police force, commissioner, inspector and cop.

In the little burg were some bright, progressive men, Edmunds and Webster, Homer, the Cunninghams and the Armstrongs. I am glad to write that the head of the latter family is still on the crust. Long may the winds blow softly on his declining years. As for Joe, I saw him not long ago on Hastings street, dividing the crowd like Alexander seeking new worlds to conquer.

There were times when Father Fraser, like a cowl'd monk, sought retreat, and in his icy seclusion denied himself to the world, thereby causing great inconvenience to the whole of the mainland. The regular Victoria steamer was forced to make a detour and land her freight and passengers as

best she could at Port Moody, which was without wharf or other landing accommodation, but this did not happen more than thrice in a decade.

In those days the moral scales were badly unbalanced; the habit of concubinage was common and growing. It was handed down by the Hudson's Bay Company. The men who fell victims to this practice can be divided into three classes: it was common to the small rancher, the shingle-maker, millhand and lone sailor, that is the man who owned a small craft and in himself composed the crew. This class cannot be much blamed, the isolation of their respective callings seeming to compel the practice, but the cold utility man who pleaded necessity, convenience, the open door, etc., etc., alleging it was only a tie that could be cast off at any time, found this a woeful mistake. He was more human than he thought. The next was the fool class of the Pelleus order, composed mostly of errant Englishmen, youths, without restraint, educated, who had drunk in the romance of the middle ages, husk and all. Each imagined himself a Lancelot. There was a pathos in the life; your sympathy went out to them. In looking over their goods you would be sure to find some token, a book, photo, a reliquary with crest pointing to higher life; and though it may seem paradoxical, quite a few of this class led a blameless life, lending themselves loyally to the duties of husband and parent, virtues which cannot be written for the party of the second part. "The old order changeth," thanks to the railroad and the ocean liner, and the decadence of the aborigines, which has swept the practice away for all time. I am glad to record that Eastern Canadians, thanks to their puritan training and moderate habits, although they hovered round the margin of the yellow pool, seldom entered it.

After John Deighton came Ebenezer Brown, wholesale and retail liquor trader. Early in the '70s Jones and Thomas acquired the business. Mannion bought out Thomas' interest and they built quite a commodious hotel. There was one general store, kept by Joe Fernandez, a Portuguese, which later B.H. Wilson of Moodyville purchased and continued the business up to his death.

There was an additional store opened by Arthur Sullivan. A Hebrew named Gold, from the republic, put his shingle up, dry goods and general groceries. About this time Joe Spratt, from Victoria, built a herring fishery about one block west of where the Canadian Pacific station now stands quite a large plant. He tried to convert the fish to guano or fertilizer, which was not a success. They found it was impossible to dry it sufficiently for shipping. Later the C.P.R. acquired the property and added it to their domain.

There was always a sprinkling of trade from the North Arm and Sea Island farmers, which, together with the fishing business, helped to keep the rickety burg from stewing in her fat.

After heaven claimed our much regretted judge, we had quite a number of shallows. R.H. Alexander, Ben Springer and Jeremiah Rogers, the last named a man of sterling worth but unfitted by training for the trade of law-giver, generous and easy-going, always happiest when giving. On election days, when the law commanded the town dry, Jerry during polling hours could be seen walking up and pacing down, with a bottle of whisky in each outside pocket. Everybody could drink, but Jerry heeded it not. All day long till the close of the poll, he never left his beat, except for the purpose of getting rid of his empties and renewing his stock.

We were never neglected by the spiritual drummers, who kept driving home the gospels in spite of difficulties. During the pastorate of the Rev. James Turner, there was a Methodist church and a parsonage built, all or most of the money being subscribed by iniquitous Gastown. Both were swept away in the fire of '86. The honor of the first teacher falls to a Miss Sweeny, whose father at that time was mechanical foreman of the mill. For a small place on the elbow of an unknown land, we contributed our share to the population. The Alexanders, Millers, Springers, Soules and Cordiners of today are all native sons and daughters, who received their first hospitality on the shores of Burrard Inlet. Captain W. Soule was for years the mill company's stevedore. I am glad to write that he still hits the cement with no uncertain tread. In the early '80s the awakening or coming of the flood was heralded by frequent batches of Winnipeg refugees, who worked their way per tie and friendly construction train, carrying no excess baggage and innocent of the potent metal. Bereft of everything except wits, which were polished to such a dangerous edge that a tilt in the business field would be quite a risky experiment.

**FROM *THE DAILY PROVINCE*, VANCOUVER, 9 DECEMBER 1912.**

**AN EARLY-DAY TREK THROUGH  
BRITISH COLUMBIA**

**PIONEER EXPERIENCES OF LIFE IN PACIFIC PROVINCE,  
RELATED BY MR. JOSEPH MANNION OF VANCOUVER**

The story here told is by an old timer and one of the very earliest visitors to Burrard Inlet. It describes an experience, not uncommon in those days, but now rare in British Columbia. There were many wandering parties in search of elusive gold whose fate, in not a few instances was less fortunate even than that of Mr. Mannion and his party. The route taken by the latter was from Bella Coola, following what was known as the Palmer Trail to Fort Alexander. It was not in itself a difficult route, several bands of cattle and horses have been taken into Quesnel over it; but it was very dangerous, owing to the hostile disposition of the Indians, some of whom are still very much untamed. Mr. Alfred Waddington, who may in a sense be regarded as the progenitor of the C.P.R., had projected a wagon road, and later advocated a railway line, through that region to go overland and the members of an exploring party were, with one exception, killed by the natives in 1864, a tragedy known in British Columbia history as the Chilcotin massacre, after which, from want of funds and for other reasons, the enterprise was given up. This was one of the proposed routes for a transcontinental railway through British Columbia, the consideration of which, along with several other routes having termini on the Northern Coast, was abandoned in favor of present existing routes.

In the early months of '62 there was a general agitation for a nearer and more direct route to the Cariboo Mines. There were various opinions as to what part one was to enter, but it was generally conceded that there was an open country by way of some point on the Northern coast, Knights, Bella Coola or Bentinck Arm.

Mr. Alfred Waddington, who had an exploring party from Bella Coola as far as Fort Alexander, gave a very flattering account of the country, as being open, well watered and with an abundance of game.

On the strength of this report, Henry Nathan, a Wharf street merchant, Victoria, put a sloop on the berth for that port, a fast sailor, etc., etc., with accommodation for ten or twelve passengers, into which we bundled ourselves and our goods. One afternoon in early June, we dropped into the Straits and with a light fair wind and after a delightful passage from island to island, we anchored on the ninth day at the mouth of the Bella Coola river. Here we experienced our first trouble, the whole village was down with small-pox. If a person happened into the woods, he came across corpses festering, where they were carried by their tillicums to die. The river was booming, it was just at the top of high water, but the braves left could not be induced to transport our supplies to the head of navigation; but at length, after a long "wa wa" with the Tyhee and making numerous presents of red blankets and tobacco, we finally procured eight men and four canoes of the shovel-nosed type. For ourselves we tramped the bank of the river, most of which was tortuous travelling.

I forget what amount we paid those poor Indians, but whatever it was, they earned it. For five days they worked unceasingly, poled and often waded to their arm-pits and in some places all hands had to assist in making portage over the shallow bars.

When we arrived at the head of the navigation, we found a man located in a bark shed, who said he was forwarding agent, that his train was on the way from Fort Alexander, and was expected any day. This certainly was an unlooked-for blessing. This man helped us to unload and store our goods in his warehouse, wherein there was a godly amount of merchandise already collected from parties who had gone before us. This pioneer agent was a Yankee Oregonian and had the gift of words common to his countrymen. He told of his countless flocks and herds, of his brother who was at this time operating a train from Quesnel to Williams Creek, and that they intended extending their operations to Yale, making it their summer headquarters, and wintering their stock in the Chilcotin country. He advised us to rest a short time, or if we liked, we could start out light-

packed and we would meet the train in two or three days; but the gold fever was in our blood and we could not brook delay. So we accepted the latter part of his advice and, taking about twelve pounds of flour, each, a piece of bacon, some tea and sugar, yeast powder and tobacco, some cooking utensils and two pairs of blankets, each, and a change of rags, with light hearts and pockets full of gold, we started—where?

I have said light packs, none of them exceeded fifty pounds, but, when a man packs fifty pounds for ten hours in a hot sun, he invariably welcomes camp. As I am on this subject of human packing, I may relate an incident that I was eye witness to in '66, during what was called the Big Bend excitement, which created a new town called Seymour at the head of Shuswap Lake. John Thomas, better known as Navvy Jack, took a contract to deliver a quarter of beef weight 175 pounds at Kirby's Landing, a distance of over thirty-five miles, over a steep mountain. I am safe in saying that one-sixth of the journey was done on hands and knees. The following day I started on the same trail with an 85 pound pack, telling the boys I would catch Jack on the summit and share his beefsteak. When I reached the summit, which was seventeen miles, there was no Jack to be seen. He was delivering his goods at the landing and I was all-in, could hardly crawl, although in splendid condition as I had been whip-sawing all winter and spring. Poor Jack has gone beyond the great divide just lately. With all his imperfections, I know that the Recording Angel in his mercy quashed all the indictments and did not hesitate to throw the gates ajar.

The first five days it was go as you please, for every hour we were expecting to meet the pack train. All city-reared men, who had lived all our lives within brick walls, imagine our delight. Each day revealed new beauties, wild flowers enough in sight to deck a half dozen coronations. These were the halcyon days, hard times had not set in, nor were we even thought of, and we pursued our way in a burning spirit of conquest. It was the month of June and the moon cast its mysterious splendor over wood and lake. You who have slept in the deep woods and felt its midnight stillness, its almost painful hush, have realized how sound becomes magnified, a snail dragging himself over the dry leaves sounds like a dog-team's patter over the snow crust, the innocent brooklet that gave out its untuned babble during the day has changed to a turgid brawler. This, with the owl's hoot like a ghostly call of menace or warning, and the weird monody of the loon, both emphasising the solitude. Then the soul goes out to its surroundings in awed reverence and I think for all time gives you a love for the primeval, pathless forest, with its cool tricklets, tortuous windings, its language and hush, its roar and mystery, and above all, its undisturbed divine handiwork.

On the sixth day we found our supplies were becoming depleted and some of the boys were showing signs of fatigue, Dundreary declaring such labor was unfit for a coster's donkey. The blacksmith was more pressed, his legs and feet began to swell and a relief party had to start back and help him into camp each evening. By an unlucky incident, the party got a few days rest. Dundreary cut his foot with the "blawsted axe" and that held us up some four days and I may add forever after, Dundreary and the axe were kept very wide apart. After this things began to look serious. We could linger no longer. We began to see the necessity of husbanding our supplies.

We pegged away till we were ten days' travel from the head of the river, without sound or tidings of our pack train. Taking stock, we found that three more days would be extent of our efforts without help in the shape of grub from some direction. Well, what shall it be? Shall we continue or return? The answer was "No" to the latter. We could never attempt to travel over that country again without Indian packers or animals, so the word was "forward" and we went and the real hard times began. We found we could last about a week serving to each man about four ounces of bread per day; after that, pack train or Providence.

I must try and describe the personnel of our motley company. The United Kingdom was fully represented, three Cockneys, one Welshman, one tall Scot and two Irishmen. No. 1 Cockney, a lawyer or solicitor's clerk who proved himself a bright companion, but very helpless. He called himself "a man on town" and "a first nighter." He was an educated boy of the Dundreary type, with a refined face, leg o' mutton whiskers, stood six feet high, had difficulty with his "R's" and "H's" but generous and whole-souled, and what is not always common to an Englishman, had a fine streak of humor. He was christened "Dundreary."

No. 2 Cockney was a blacksmith, a full, heavy man, well under middle age. His prime was spent on the Australian gold fields, where he had been very successful, so much so, that he had decided to spend the remainder of his days in his beloved London, where he retired; but in two short years he dissipated his modest fortune, with nothing left but gout and rheumatism, which often proved very poignant reminders of his joys.

No. 3 Cockney was an actor from London boards and our leading musician. He was complete in London slum life, the cabby, the rat-catcher, the dustman. Outside of that, when he attempted Shakespeare, or some of the finer passages of the "Lady of Lyons," which was popular in those days, you felt murder creeping into your heart, and the desire to throw him into the deep sea and hold him there until dead, dead, dead.

The tall Scot was a stone-cutter from Aberdeen who never forgot his duty to his Maker. He carried two precious books, a well thumbed, greasy Bible and a work on geology. The Welshman, of course, was a practical miner. The two Irishmen had no trade or calling.

These days our progress was slow. The country was rough and the trail so faintly marked that the weaker stragglers often strayed and had to be looked after; in fact, we were a sorry bunch. One day, emerging from a wooded part of the trail, we saw before us quite a large valley with a lake, and streams from either end, with grass and a large area of meadow land and presently one of the boys said he saw something like smoke. Traveling towards it we could distinctly make out a white speck of a tent. Here our spirits soared sky high. One foolish member of the party proposed to eat our supper, which meant all we had, but it was wisely negatived. There could be no doubt that this was the pack-train; probably they had been for some days recruiting their animals and cutting hay to take with them to the coast where there was no food. We bounded forward like wild animals and shouted our joy to the wilderness.

Singular to relate on this occasion, our two lame ducks took the van regardless of pain. The blacksmith's gout vanished by miracle. Dundreary flew like an ostrich; both gamboled in the lead like a pair of colts. As we approached nearer the place, we saw nothing, no sign of life, but presently a man appeared to come out of the ground. He waved his arms and gesticulated wildly—phantom or spirit of the wilderness? But we soon discovered the half-crazed man was human and thus his tale of woe. He had camped here for three weeks. In the tent his partner lay sick with small pox, his mind unhinged and talking incoherently, but he had passed the crisis and showed some signs of strength. As for himself, he had never had his clothes off and hardly slept through worry and fear of the Indians, whom he had heard were hostile and blood thirsty. His grub was reduced to a cipher, about three pounds of flour and a pinch of tea stood between him and starvation. We had thought our own lot hard but his was certainly deplorable. We could not help them to a spoonful of anything. We camped with this poor man that night, taking care to sleep well to the windward of the tent. We left our new friends in early morning and the parting was full of pathos, I should say pain. Poor Fred, our bandmaster, unfortunately voiced his feeling in "Why did I leave ma hame." The first note of which had hardly left his flute when we all blubbered, not alone with great big juicy tears, but sobbed and cried aloud like children. Small blame as our own fate was in the balance. All day we plugged along "Indian" file, silent and sad, no sound of cheerfulness or pleasant anticipation was heard. We were like a little band of Carthusians, but unlike them in this way: those holy men travel with a well supplied larder, whereas we had none, and I'm afraid our beads were told in different wording. Even Fred, our actor boy, the Punchinello of the party, whose sparkle of drollery never ceased before, hung his head and was solemn as an evangelist.

To come back to Dundreary, who was always getting into trouble, he was our water boss. It was his duty on making camp to bring water enough for cooking supper and what might be needed for drinking during the night. It never took over five minutes for we always slept close to water. The rest of the party got busy collecting fuel and making shelter in case of rain. This evening we noticed he was longer than usual. Presently we heard the most frightful screams. We all ran for cover and quietly awaited events. In a few seconds our faithful water boy bobbed up with blood in his eye and, in fighting attitude, called us all a pack of cowards and murderers who would allow a man to be devoured by wild beasts without putting out a hand to help. "My life is ebbing fast, my

shoes are full of blood, call Fred, I want to make a will" (Fred was the actor, his chum). We removed his shoes but found no sign of bloody. He said his leg had been torn by the tusk of a bear but there was no wound, only a scratch. Asking how the thing happened and what he saw, he told us in accents faint that it was a black bear with three cubs. As he was leaving with his billies full, madame bear appeared. He slashed her on the head and drenched her so that she faltered in her charge and he ran. We agreed he had had a most miraculous escape, and, leaving him with his leg wrapped in a wet flour sack, we went to examine the ground where the encounter took place. We found no track, no sign of any animal, but a little distance down the creek a continued low whining bark came to our ears. Looking round, we discovered a helpless little baby beaver which seemingly had strayed from the band. This harmless creature doubtless had been converted into a black bear and three cubs. A knock on the head with a club put the creature out of its trouble and we packed him to camp where in a wonderfully short time a delicious savoury odor bound us as with chains, in sight of the billie. The only seasoning was a pinch of salt, the last we had, and with doughboys made from the remains of the flour, we dined right royally, leaving enough of the feast for a liberal breakfast. The little part of woesbegones became hilarious. The little Welshman, David Williams, whom I have omitted to mention, sang one of his favorite hymns, and with so much sweetness that the nightingale might pause to listen. Dundreary dragged himself and his injured leg into the circle and recited from Tennyson. By the way, we told him it was one of his bear cubs that had furnished our ample supper. He declared he never tasted anything so fine outside of a Fleet or Bond street restaurant.

The next day we made a moderately good march although only living on berries that we could pick. We were now at the end of our resources; nothing left. We were dolefully trying to face a supperless evening when one of the party piped up about the empty flour sacks. Sure enough, the flour had been damaged and exposed to rain which left a cake in places for three-fourths of an inch thick. We scraped every sack carefully and it was surprising the quantity we reclaimed. This we boiled, which made a thick paste or mush, part of which we had for supper and the balance we dried on the pan and baked hard enough to carry—pretty sour “dope” without either salt or sugar. For the next three days we made but slow progress. We proceeded in open order but remained in call of each other, feeding on berries and growing more feeble every day, though thankful that the flour scraps, which reeked of bilge water and rotten, were done with. We did not average over four miles a day. Our condition was desperate. About three o'clock one afternoon, we met an Indian, wife and boy ten years old. We disposed ourselves so that he was in our midst before he could retreat. The few Indians we had met had proved distant, sullen and uncommunicative and unwilling to trade. If they saw us first, they would quietly disappear in the woods. They appeared to be in a fighting mood and seemed to resent our presence in their country. Later in the year they ambushed a road party of twenty or more and killed all except one who had a miraculous escape. The Indian had a great blue grouse and a string of trout hanging to its neck. We saw that he intended passing us without even a greeting so we came to business at once. He wanted only two articles, powder or sugar, the very mention of which filled us with despair. Sugar was a lost art, and we had no use for powder without guns, for the wily thief at the head of the navigation had said our guns would only be a burden and they would follow in a few days with the train. We were helpless. Fred offered his band-cap which was promptly refused. To Dundreary we turned—dear Dundreary—who never failed to find something to barter from an inexhaustible stock of nothings. To please us he went through his poor empty sack. The rest of us stood round with sinking hearts. Presently he threw out a round ball, not over five or six inches in diameter, saying in a tearful voice, “the last time I wore this was in Cremorne (Kwemohn) Gardens, in those days a fashionable resort in London.” The savage took it up and look through it at the sun, turned it inside out. It was lined with yellow silk and had two rows of solid brass buttons that looked like burnished gold. At this tense moment, a look from his wife closed the deal, and the Indian slipped his blanket, his sole article of dress, and walked off in the beautiful evening coat wrong side out. He was a stocky man and the tails nearly touched the ground, yet left him very scantily covered. When we had walked a very short distance, he turned and holding high one of the tails, and with a look of mingled disgust, inquiry and derision for the white man's taste, “Hektha okuk killipied” (“What for? Wrong side”). His wife seeing his dilemma with quick

woman's wit, unfastened his coat and button it at the back. We had seemed stripped of everything, but now laughter bubbled up spontaneously and was a tonic to our spent strength.

This was the second time Dundreary saved us, he was our mascot, though hopelessly helpless. He could not walk a log four feet from the ground unless it was as broad as an elephant's back. Dundreary had sterling qualities, many saving graces and to us was like water in a desert. He had literary tastes, could repeat all of Tennyson's minor poems from memory and some of the finer parts from "Idylls of the King." This, with his stock of coster lore made him a delightful companion.

We now camped for the night, cooking our fish Indian fashion before the fire, splitting them down the back and setting them on a wooden frame before the heat. Some of the trout were rainbow, weighing five or six pounds each. They tasted better than whitebait to the gourmand.

The following day after a short march we reached the fringe of the green timber, for which each of us had a secret dread, for at the beginning of the journey we met a party of engineers sent by Waddington to look out a route for an overland wagon road, who warned us against the timber belt. The trail, they said, was strewn with fallen trees and we were not to enter it in the afternoon, but enter it in the morning, about three hours average travelling would see us through and there was not any water to be had. At 9 o'clock in the morning, under a leaden sky, after doing justice to our big blue grouse, of which there was nothing left but feathers, we started. Before we proceed far we discovered that the belt had been fire swept. Nothing daunted, we kept bravely on and on, under and over logs, till we were exhausted and soaked in perspiration. We spent five hours in this awful endeavor. Looking around we saw no sign of a blaze or trail, nothing but devastation and smoke. Still we kept on, more leisurely for we were fairly used up and, as evening closed, we were down and out, completely lost. The drizzling had turned to a downpour. There was no shelter, nothing for it but to stand and take it, which we did like grim sentinels with our packs on our backs, all through that endless night of horror. Before morning, a heavy wind storm commenced to play havoc with the trees, most of them with blazing tops and branches, broke around us like minute guns. About this time we saw an opening in the woods with a rising ground beyond, not more than two or three miles distant, which took us in our weak state over three hours to cover. So, after twenty-four hours we dragged ourselves out of this inferno and providentially we struck the continued trail and an open pleasing country. Of all sights, a fire swept forest is the most desolate. It resembles a battlefield with dead and dying unremoved. Our passage through the burnt land had its compensation. The heat and moisture had started an army of snails in motion, of which we gathered enough to make a good meal; on this occasion we certainly had ample; when boiled, the snail has the firmness of an oyster, with a sort of earthy rotten wood flavor; anyway it was better than our flour sack scrapings. The grim spectre was again driven off for a time.

On getting out of the burnt timber there was a trouble waiting us graver than starvation. Poor Sandy Murray, the Scot, for the last two weeks had begun to show signs of queerness. As we already know, he was a strictly religious man and under the stress of our journey, his religion became almost a mania. The night in the burnt timber proved too much for him. Physically, he was the most fit man of our party. He made a chum of the blacksmith, not that he loved him, but from the fullness of his charity. Each day they would come in to camp together, Sandy always carrying both sacks, and now here he was in this terrible state of mental collapse. The high priest had left the Temple, reason was dethroned and our dear Sandy was a derelict, and painful to look at.

About noon the glorious old sun peeped out, looking angry and burnt, but with time he warmed and gladdened us, poor starved, dripping wretches. We were now in open country, so we made camp and spread our miserable belongings to dry and scampered around in the garb of our first parents to try and restore circulation. Two of the boys, however, lay prone, they seemed to be at the end of their endurance. After giving them a good rubbing, we boiled the remains of our gastropodic collection. After our meal, two of the boys proposed to do a little scouting to try and find out all they could of the nature of the country we must pass over. They started in their Edenic costumes, namely, an old hat, old shoes whose uppers knew the ground, and a girdle of cedar for

a fig leaf, hollow-eyed, gaunt and unkempt, it would be a stout heart who would not flee from them.

Poor Scotty's malady rendered him oblivious of this bit of comedy, else he would have fled into the wilderness for shame and despair. Towards evening our boys, in spite of their days' travel brought new life to the camp. They reported the country sparsely timbered and rolling, with strawberries in abundance, and signs as if stock had been turned over it at some not distant period, but best of all, they brought spoils. Some five miles out they came face to face with an Indian and wife. The former did not want to be interviewed, but with a grunt was off at a tangent. They hallooed to him to stop, but the more they shouted, the faster poor Lo sprinted. Not so his wife, with the curiosity of her sex, she coolly surveyed them for ten seconds, then one of the boys attempted a smile of ingratiation, she wildly put on a burst of speed in the direction of her lord. She was handicapped by a good-sized basket strapped over her head, and a blanket that did duty in rain or shine, so she had not got far till she fell, but in a twinkling she had freed herself of all impediments and making a new start, the while giving out a crooning wail, till she found her mate, when there was quite a "corrobory." The boys examined her tracks and to their joy, found the basket half full of dried pressed berries and a large smoked salmon, all of which they carried to camp, feeling prouder than a returning Caesar will all the spoils of battle.

The next morning we resumed our pilgrimage with a confidence and jauntiness which for many weary days we were strangers to. The new breezy upland country, reinforced by our newly acquired illegitimate graft, made us feel there might be a niche somewhere in the world we might fill, and that we were not altogether cast out.

We continued for five or six days without incident.

Twenty-one ounces a day, to which our commissariat department strictly reduced us, began to make our salmon and dried berries look very minute and ragged. Another day would see us down to bed rock. This afternoon we came upon what looked like a horse track, but so faint and undefined that we would not let it impress us. At the same time everybody went to sleep trying to solve the riddle which afforded us a thread of hope. Next morning we divided the last of our loot. The following day we resumed our march, but instead of the despondency which on previous occasions had dogged our tracks, today it was a quiet confident procession, everybody ready to smile but nobody being able to account for it. Our condition was just as deplorable as any other part of the journey. We had eaten our last crumb, and not even a scale of the salmon was left. We had to depend entirely on wild strawberries and, by good luck, they were plentiful. About noon, to our joy, we came to a spot where without doubt, a horse had rolled. We were certainly approaching some place. In about another hour somebody ahead shouted river. I think it was the little Welshman, who was a light man, and whose scanty impediments enabled him to be lately always in the lead. In five minutes, we were looking down a swift flowing river, and about four hundred yards down, we saw the shining roofs of Fort Alexander and its own buildings.

Dear Reader, I am all in. I can not attempt to describe the little scene. My muse has deserted me. The little Welshman was completely rattled. He gave out scraps of song with hysterical cadence, jumped on an anthill, and commenced an oration in his own language, it was something about Glenwer on Llewellyn. It did not last long. These industrious inhabitants of the anthill forgot their busy habits and resented Mr. Williams' rudeness. All of a sudden we saw the little Welshman cleave the air, taking with him in his frayed wide pants, half the colony. After regaining his mental balance, he broke into song, nothing less than martial music, not "Lilly Dale" or "Beulah," but the march of the "Men of Harlech," which was a surprise to all of us for he never would sing anything but sacred music. After some time seated on the bank exhilarated and intoxicated with this touch of regained civilization, we reached the fort and found it very human, and were it possible, we would have grasped it and folded it in our arms. There was money in the party, altogether it would average seven or eight pounds each; there had been no chance of spending it on the trip and for good reasons—the Indians would not look at money of any kind. Two fur traders from south of the line has passed through the country during the winter, bought all their furs at fancy prices, even hired them to pack, paying big wages, but when the latter presented the coin at the fort, it was found to be spurious.

The first thing we bought was tobacco, we had been smoking a weed called kinakanic mixed with tea, which is a poor substitute. We were in perfect health, the blacksmith's gout and rheumatism had disappeared and he looked as fit and clean as a four-year-old; in fact the trip had completely cured him. All through we had had no sickness, and after two weeks out the mosquitoes ceased to worry us. They were with us, but their sting was harmless. We ate everything, leaves and roots, bark rind and sorrel, waded streams that were so swift that often we were drenched to the waist, slept in the open and suffered no discomforts. We had no tents and to keep the rain from the face we cut saplings, pointed them at both ends, stuck them in the ground and covered them with a piece of flour sack, which formed a hood.

Our next move was a Thanksgiving feast, the cocktail consisting of a bottle of good old Hudson's Bay rum, which two out of our seven refused; even then it didn't go round. Dundreary's speech was a classic; using the choicest English with Chesterfieldian grace, he threw delicately scented bouquets extolling our manhood and great fortitude in our trying experience, not omitting his own perilous encounter with Madame Bear and the cubs. I have but a hazy recollection of the feast, for I went down in the tenth round and did not come back, but not before I saw the blacksmith, who presided, carried away by two stalwart Indians who attended the celebration for what they could pick up.

I will not tell the quantity of the ardent offered at the shrine of the Merry God. Here we feasted on beans and bacon for seven days. Each day brought knots of gaunt hungry men returning from the mines and warning everybody not to start with less than five hundred dollars each. There was not work to be got and supplies were at famine prices. This was dispiriting news after our weary trip through the wilderness and after our experience, we were easy to discourage and ill-fit to face starvation. We ceased to have dreams. With sad hearts we turned to retrace our steps to the Coast by way of the river trail, Lillooet, and the lakes, via Harrison to Westminster. Our journey across country had no bad effects on our health, but the spirit of adventure was bruised and the romance plucked from us. We felt subdued and sad like a retreating army. Yet it had chastened our lives, inspired our philosophy.

Perhaps it is worth while to say a few words of our friend of the head of navigation. A few days after we left, he chartered a sloop, loaded her with his spoil and sailed for the land of liberty, a place then called Bellingham Bay, selling his merchandise and indulging in a prolonged spree. After this, his occupations were devious and despicable. He was runner and crimp for a sailors' boarding house. His next walk in life was proprietor and manager of a squaw dance hall where he met his Nemesis. An item in a Puget Sound paper, read in this fashion: "Body of unknown man found dead on sawdust heap, badly cut. The murder supposed to be committed by Indians. At the inquiry it was elicited that he was last seen alive in a squaw dance house very quarrelsome." Here lay the foul remains of our pseudo packer and forwarder, rancher, etc., etc., who was never anything but a beachcomber and pirate.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. H.A. CHRISTIE, 1853 BROADWAY WEST, 26 JULY 1934.**

(Mrs. Christie, née Margaret Mannion, an accomplished lady of much natural grace is the eldest child of the late Alderman Joseph Mannion, an early and prominent pioneer of Granville and Vancouver, and is the wife of Dr. Harvey Anson Christie, M.D., practicing in the Peace River, formerly of Lillooet, Cranbrook, and Ocean Falls. She was born in Granville in 18-?)

### **JOSEPH MANNION OF GRANVILLE.**

"Father was born at Ballindine, County Mayo, Ireland, March 17, 1839; his mother's maiden name was Cradock. He was educated at the Brothers' School" (Roman Catholic) "at Ballindine, and when, in 1909, whilst we were on a tour of the British Isles, he took us to see his old school and church. We endeavoured to ascertain something of his ancestors, but were informed that it had not been the custom in the early years to keep these records in Ireland. However, he had two brothers, Edward, who married, and whose widow still lives in London, England, and James, now deceased, and a sister Marion, who married a Mr. Dewing. The family moved from Ireland to Liverpool when my father was a youth.

"When he came to B.C., I do not know, but it was when he was about twenty-two, that is, about 1862, via the Panama Isthmus, and on the same boat or boats which brought Mrs. Fortune of the Fortune Ranch" (see Fortune Diary in Provincial Archives) "and at first, he worked in Victoria at anything offering; then he tried his luck as a placer miner in the Cariboo Gold Fields—at Lillooet, I think, although they called it Parsonville, I believe, at that time—and elsewhere; carried his blankets on his back in company with the rest of the adventurers of that excitement, had poor luck or none at all, and returned. What followed, I am uncertain. Finally, he acquired the Granville Hotel—Lot 3, Block 2, Granville Townsite—operated it during the C.P.R. construction days—it was a sort of semi-official post office, prior to the establishment of an official post office in Granville, and was destroyed in the Great Fire, and he finally disposed of it.

"Father had extensive interests in and about the lower mainland. For instance, in addition to the Granville Hotel, he possessed about 300 acres at Deep Cove, Bowen island, used as a summer residence, the grounds overlooking Deep Cove. After the Great Fire of 1886 he went to live there and took the children with him; they had a governess. It is part of the present estate, owned by the Union Steamship Company and used as a tourist resort. The old ranch house is part of the present Mount Strahan Hotel; nearby the old site of Mannion's brick kiln, where many of the bricks used in the first buildings of Vancouver were made. He also had a small steamer, the *Saturna*, which operated to and fro between Vancouver and Bowen Island." (See W.A. Grafton.) "He possessed extensive acreage at Magee, still more acreage in the neighbourhood of the Gladstone Inn on Westminster Road, now Kingsway, and also the Gladstone Inn itself. At one time he lived in a fine residence on Oppenheimer Street, just west of Main Street, but, of late years, he resided at 1156 Burnaby Street."

#### **THE MOODYVILLE TICKLER.**

"Father took some interest in political and civic matters—he was an Alderman of the City Council in 1887-8—but his tastes ran more to literature, reading, etc., as an instance of which his preservation of one of the copies of *The Moodyville Tickler* indicates his literary astuteness. This tiny sheet, the first newspaper on Burrard Inlet" (20 July 1878) "would, in the distant future, become a historical curiosity. So far as is known, this small four-page publication, published at the 'Old Mill,' Moodyville, is the only copy now extant, and, while not of much historical value, is the precursor of all the great newspapers of Vancouver." (Note: in Mr. Mannion's writings are found words now infrequently used, such as "trottoir," "leman," and "monody.")

#### **CAULFEILDS. MRS. BALFOUR KER.**

"Mrs. Balfour Ker, whose husband was an early proprietor of Skunk Cove, now Cypress Park, was a skilled artist in oils; these are her small paintings of scenes on Burrard Inlet and English Bay. The Balfour Kers were rather impecunious in those days, and Mrs. Ker sold her paintings to 'help out.' Father bought much of her work—another indication of his interest in art rather than political matters.

"The children of our family are Margaret (myself), the eldest." (De Vere, a son by second wife distinguished himself in Christchurch, New Zealand. See file.) "At an early age, about three years, I was sent to the convent in New Westminster; scholastic institutions on Burrard Inlet in those days were restricted to the Hastings Mill School, and remained there until I was in my teens. Then came Clarence, deceased; next, Nora, now Mrs. Allan G. Wilmot, of 312 Light Street, Woodstock, Ontario" (who has two sons, Gerald and Allan) "and lastly, Gerald, deceased." (See photo No. ?)

#### **AN EARLY BOATING ACCIDENT.**

"Clarence and Gerald, when respectively about 16 and 14, together with a younger brother of the late Norman Sawyers, left Vancouver in a row boat for our Bowen Island estate; they were never heard of again. It was known that they reached and passed Point Atkinson."

#### **DEATH OF MANNION.**

"Father died at Lillooet on September 12, 1918, aged 79, and is buried there. He died in our home; we were living there at the time.

"He was a tall, handsome man of robust frame; Charles Weigand once told me that, in early days, he was the handsomest man on Burrard Inlet; well educated and well informed, and accustomed to be consulted by others on affairs."

(Note: Mrs. W.E. Draney, daughter of Angus Fraser, says, "He was a genial gentleman who carried himself with propriety; not exactly a leader among men on account of his somewhat retiring disposition.")

### **THE "MAYOR OF GRANVILLE."**

"He was colloquially known as the 'Mayor of Granville,' although, of course, no such office existed.

"This photo, No. ?, taken by Hacking, before 1909, shows the profusion of hair—mouse-coloured, he himself jokingly referred to it. Grey-blue eyes, imperial beard, and of a healthy, not ruddy, complexion. He appears in the oil painting by John Innes, of the first meeting of the First City Council of Vancouver.

"My children are Hubert Mannion, born 24 May 1911, and Nora Patricia, born 13<sup>th</sup> March 1914; both born in Vancouver."

Note: Mr. Mannion's first wife was an Indian, and their daughter, Mrs. H.A. Christie, was at the age of three years, sent to the Catholic convent in New Westminster, and educated there. They also had a son, De Vere, now supposed to be in Australia—an engineer. His Indian wife having died, Mr. Mannion married again, and of the other three children, two of them, both sons, were drowned. The third, Nora, now Mrs. Wilmot of Woodstock, Ontario, has issue.

After the Great Fire of 1886, Mr. Mannion went to live at his farm at Deep Cove, Bowen Island, where the children had a governess (no school available.) This farm later known as Terminal Farm—Terminal Steam Ship Company, Capt. J.A. Cates—is now a tourist resort of Union Steamship Company.

## **17 SEPTEMBER 1934.**

### **NATIVE DAUGHTER DIES.**

A native daughter of British Columbia who had resided in this province all her life, Mrs. Lucy Silvey Watson, aged 75, of Reid Island, died suddenly early this morning, according to advice received in Vancouver.

Mrs. Watson is survived by her husband, Joseph Watson, of Reid Island; four sons, Domingo and Antony Silvey of Reid Island, and Joseph and Henry of Jervis Inlet; and three daughters, Mrs. J. Walker of Vancouver, Mrs. H. Buss of Egmont, B.C., and Mrs. F. Beale of Vancouver.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

(From a newspaper of 13 August 1934.)

### **GENEALOGY OF MRS. LUCY SILVEY WATSON.**

Residence: Reid Island.

Place of birth: Sechelt, B.C.

Avocation: Fisherman, Sechelt B.C. Joseph Silvey of Granville, 1870.

Married at Sechelt, B.C. (Catholic.)

Bride: Lucy Anthony; Bridegroom: Joseph Silvey of Granville, 1870.

### **CHILDREN.**

Domingo Silvey, Gastown, Vancouver, B.C., 1874.

Mary A. Silvey, Gastown, Vancouver, B.C., 24 May 1877.

Joe Silvey, Reid Island.

Henry Silvey, Reid Island.

Lena Rose Silvey, Reid Island.

Antony Silvey, Reid Island.

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2 and Vol. 3—in preparation.)

#### **HISTORICAL.**

"The marriage and dates can be found at St. Mary's Mission, Mission, B.C., in Rev. Father Fokkia's Books. My father, Joseph Silvey, came here from the Californian gold excitement to take in the Cariboo. When he came back, he settled down at Brockton Point, Burrard Inlet. That is where I and my brother Domingo were born; that was 1874 and 1877. Mrs. J. Walker and Mrs. S. Anderson were half-sisters to us. They have over sixty grandchildren. Vancouver was called Gastown at that time." – Mrs. M.A. Buss, a daughter of Mrs. Watson, who died in late July or early August, 1934.

#### **PORTUGUESE JOE.**

Excerpt from a letter of Theo. Bryant, Ladysmith, son of Rev. Cornelius Bryant of Granville, 28 September 1934.

"Mrs. Jos. Silvey passed away only a few weeks ago in the person of Mrs. Jos. Watson, leaving Jos. Silvey at Sechelt, Domingo and Antonio at Reid Island, near Portier Pass, Henry, don't know residence, and Mrs. Jas. Walker living in Vancouver with a big family. The Silveys of Sechelt are of Reid Island stock."

#### **15 OCTOBER 1934 – GENEALOGY OF MRS. MARY ADLAID BASS.**

Residence: Egmont, B.C.

Place and date of birth: Gastown, Vancouver, B.C., 24 May 1877.

"I am the daughter of Portuguese Joe Silvey and Lucy Silvey." (Watson.) "These are four of my children; the oldest is dead:

"Dexter Sidney Brown, born at Frake, B.C., 7 October 1902.

"Ida Brown, born at Lund, B.C., 1905.

"Kenny Brown, Mission City, B.C., 7 October 1907.

"Arthur G. Buss, born at Chemainus, B.C., 25 December 1914."

#### **PERSONAL SERVICES.**

"My father, Portuguese Joe Silvey, used to have gill nets and rent them out to the Indians and every Indian on the coast knew him. That's how they all came to call him 'Portuguese Joe.' He had a little trading store and traded with Indians. That Gregorio Fernandez was my godfather.

"My oldest daughter, Mrs. Laura Harris, was killed on Hastings Street in 1914, and my oldest son was drowned with my brother, Manuel Silvey, in the Narrows at Brockton Point; they were run down by the tug *Magoon* on 16<sup>th</sup> December 1916. Two of my other daughters died in Alberta.

"One of Mrs. S. Anderson's sons is here with us. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Walker are our half-sisters, but Portuguese Joe Silvey's oldest daughters."

#### **HISTORICAL.**

"I am the Mary A. Silvey that you refer to and the daughter of Lucy Silvey Watson and Portuguese Joe Silvey, my father. My mother was a native or Indian, if you wish to call her that. My father was married when he first came to this country, to Mrs. Walker's and Mrs. S. Anderson's mother, who died in Gastown in 1865. Then Father married my mother so as to raise the two girls, Elizabeth and Josephine, now Mrs. J. Walker and Mrs. Steven Anderson. Mrs. Walker is now Mrs. Harry Armstrong; she lives on Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C.—I don't know the number—and Mrs. Anderson is dead. Father had a store in Gastown and when the C.P.R. was surveying the road he had some dispute about moving his house back; the water used to be up close to where W.H. Malkin's Building now stands. Father went in with Ladner, canning salmon, and he was the Portuguese Joe that the Indians speak of. So please get this

straight: I am Portuguese Joe's daughter and Mrs. Lucy Silvey Watson was my mother, and she was Portuguese Joe's wife."

### **PORTUGUESE JOE.**

Excerpt from Letter of Theo. Bryant, Ladysmith, son of Rev. Cornelius Bryant of Granville, 28 September 1934.

"I remember about 35 years ago the collector of customs telling me of a Silvey being known as 'Portuguese Joe.' Of course, all those kind of fishermen were at any port around the gulf, and commonly known."

### **CHILDREN OF JONATHAN MILLER OF GRANVILLE.**

Authority D. Todd Lees, 5 June 1934.

1. Ada. Born Middlesex Co., Ontario, 1860, died 1900; buried Mountain View Cemetery; married (1) Capt. Trimble, master of merchant ship coming to B.C. in logging days—he was lost at sea; (2) Joe Huntley, dropped out of sight—never heard of again. (See *Early Vancouver*, Matthews.) Ada had one child, Katherine, who married 1 June 1915, Dr. W.W. Kennedy, M.D., Vancouver.
2. Carrie. Born Middlesex Co., Ontario, 1861; married D. Todd Lees, 24 September 1895 at St. James Church, Vancouver—both living in June 1934. No issue.
3. Frederick Jonathan. Born New Westminster, 22 February 1865; was sometimes secretary Vancouver *Daily World*—killed in action 1916; no issue. (See Howay's *History of B.C.*)
4. Ernest. Born New Westminster, 1868; barrister; died about 1926; buried Mountain View Cemetery; married Jean Ross, daughter of minister of Gospel, at Grand Forks, B.C. Two children, Helen and Ross, now in San Francisco.
5. Alice. Born New Westminster in the 1870s; died in Vancouver about 1916; buried Mountain View; married (1) Harry Berry, manager Guerneby Cab Co., and has issue, Frank, Archie and Jonathan (two sons now—1934—in Vancouver, one in San Francisco) and about 1906 married (2) Louis D. Taylor, now Mayor of Vancouver; no issue.
6. Edward. Born in Granville in 18—; accidentally killed in San Francisco about 1912. Unmarried.
7. Frank. Born Granville about 1880; was in Post Office Department; living in Vancouver in 1934; unmarried.
8. Walter. Born Granville about ?; living in Vancouver in 1934; unmarried.
9. Greta. Born in Granville, 1881; married (1) A.C. Hirschfield in Vancouver about 1902, and had a child who died in infancy; married (2) Hilton W. Philpot, son of a physician; residence—San Francisco in 1934.

Note: Mr. Lees says, "All personal records, if any, of Jonathan Miller, were destroyed when the Great Fire of June 13, 1886, destroyed his residence and office" (Provincial Government Building) "on Water Street.

"The only grandson bearing the name Miller is Ross Miller."

As narrated by D. Todd Lees, 5 June 1934.

(Signed) J.S. Matthews, City Archivist.

### **JERICO. 7 AUGUST 1872.**

The first appearance of the name Jericho which has been found so far, appears in a letter written by Tompkins Brew, Revenue officer and Constable at Burrard Inlet, and appears over his signature in a letter published in the *Mainland Guardian*, 7 August 1872, and says in part:

“One of the boats captured with Brown and Shipley’s plunder,” “Constable Miller jumped out of the boat to come to my assistance and returned the rifle fire with his revolver,” “it is to be hoped the battle of *Jericho* would be forgotten.”

(Signed) Tompkins Brew.

### **THE METHODIST PARSONAGE, GRANVILLE. REV. C.L. THOMPSON.**

Remarks of Miss Marion Thompson (daughter of Rev. C.L. Thompson) of Vancouver Public Library, born in the Methodist Parsonage at Granville, Burrard Inlet.

“Mother lived at the parsonage on Water Street, and I was born there, in the parsonage. I think Rev. Mr. Turner was the first Methodist minister, then followed Rev. Cornelius Bryant, Father, Rev. C.L. Thompson came next, for three years; then Rev. Ernest Hall—at the time of the fire in 1886—and finally Rev. Ebenezer Robson.

“Mother has told me that there was a beautiful view of Burrard Inlet from every window of the parsonage; she used to like to look out over the beautiful primeval scene; this was because the house was built on the angle before anyone bothered about such things as lot boundaries. It faced northeast.” (See C.P.R. right of way map deposited Land Registry, 12 May 1886.)

“Mother has told me about the pigs digging clams with their snouts on the beach in front of the house, and the crows following them up” (see Mrs. Ruth Morton in “First Settlers of Burrard Inlet” – Matthews) “and feeding from the bits of clams. The crows did a bit of hunting themselves. Mother told me that for a long time she could not make out what caused a noise on the roof of the parsonage which sounded like small pebbles rolling down the shingles. She found out finally it was the crows dropping clams—as they still do—from the air on to the roof—to break the shells so that the inside could be got at and eaten on the ground by the crows.”

Miss Thompson permitted copying of early pictures of Granville, 1882, showing Robertson’s saloon and Blair’s house, and also a very early photo of the Hastings Sawmill with a long row of employees spread out in the foreground. (Photo in City Archives.)

### **THE JAIL, GRANVILLE, 1870. ARCHIBALD JOHNS.**

“The old jail had just two cells,” said Archibald Johns, son of an early collector of Customs (said to be the first in Vancouver). Mr. Johns was born in Nanaimo; he died two days after this remark in Grandview Hospital (winter of 1933-1934).

His remark refers to old log jail shown in Trutch’s map of Townsite of Granville, March 1870. (See Harold Ridley, 30 September 1933.)

### **WATERCOLOUR OF BURRARD INLET, PRESENTED BY MRS. J.H. SENKLER IN 1933.**

#### **HASTINGS SAWMILL. DOMINION DAY.**

Mrs. Senkler: “Mother” (Mrs. A.N. Richards, wife of Lieutenant Governor Richards) “painted it while staying with Captain J.A. Raymur at his house at Hastings Sawmill; it was while she was the Lieutenant Governor’s wife. She came up on a tug. Father did not come with her. Mother told me she walked through dense forest to Granville. It was the occasion of the first Dominion Day Celebration on Burrard Inlet. I think 1880—anyway before 1881.”

## **CONVERSATION WITH GEO. R. GORDON, 30 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

### **THE FIRST ELECTION. COURT HOUSE, GRANVILLE.**

"I don't remember much about the old jail (or Court House); I was only in it once or twice. I know this; that, as Mr. W.H. Gallagher says, we did, at the first election, go in to vote at one door and go out another, but I think we went in at the door on Water Street, and went out at the back, and walked out to the road at the back, now Trounce Alley, and circled around, via the road—afterwards Trounce Alley—and some of the voters walked back to the Deighton House for a drink, others to the Sunnyside. I think the door faced Water Street; it was just a bit of a place."

### **CONVERSATION WITH HARRY DEVINE.**

"I don't remember much about the old Court House; it was a small building not more than 12 or 14 feet wide and 20 feet long." (See Cambie map, C.P.R. survey of Granville, February 1886, Land Registry, Vancouver.)

## **CONVERSATION WITH GEO. R. GORDON, 29 SEPTEMBER 1933, LOOKING AT PHOTO NO. ? BY BAILEY BROS., OF BOARD SHACK WITH FIVE MEN IN FRONT AND SIGN "TREMONT."**

### **TREMONT HOTEL, NEAR POWELL STREET ON CARRALL STREET. GREAT FIRE.**

"This first man on the left is Chris. Behnsen, the third is an old sea captain, Captain Clements, the owner of the Tremont—he married Mrs. Farron; Miss Farron is his step-daughter. When I got back from New Westminster the morning after the fire—on June 14<sup>th</sup>—they were selling booze—with a capital B—across two planks resting on two kegs right in front of this place."

(Fragment of conversation not completely recorded.) "McDougall and I took train from Hammond to Cisco, and crossed the Fraser on a basket, and went on up the Thompson" (river) "by stage." Hammond was, at that time, the terminus of the railway.

### **POST OFFICE. GRANVILLE STREET AND PENDER STREET.**

*Weekly News-Advertiser*, Wednesday, 14 May 1890, says plans have been received for the new Post Office at the corner of Granville and Pender streets. It will be three storeys high, 64½ feet on Granville and 115 on Pender Street, etc., etc.

Note: one of Bailey Bros. photos shows the stone blocks being assembled on the ground; the photo is No. 352-355. Also, Nos. 721-3 ought to be examined.

### **FIRST ASSIZE COURT IN VANCOUVER.**

The first Assize Court in Vancouver was held on 17 November 1892. (See Photostat of newspaper account of proceedings. Judge Bole and Judge ?)

### **THOMAS DUNN.**

Thos. Dunn, afterwards well-known hardware man of Vancouver and Dawson (Thos. Dunn Hardware Co.), was a commercial traveller for the large wholesale hardware firm of Samuel Benjamin of Toronto.

### **FIRST METHODIST PARSONAGE.**

Was built on Lot 14, Block 6, O.G.T. which, together with the adjoining lot, No. 15, was kindly donated by the Provincial Government. (See *Weekly News-Advertiser*, 3 October 1888. Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

### **HOMER STREET METHODIST CHURCH.**

The corner stone of the Homer Street Methodist Church at the corner of Dunsmuir and Homer Street was laid on 26 September 1888. (See *Weekly News-Advertiser*, 3 October 1888.)

### **BURRARD INLET SCHOOL DISTRICT.**

Formed 27 July 1870. Comprises: "All that piece of land included within the Shore line of Burrard inlet and a line drawn round said Inlet at a distance of one mile therefrom." Teacher, Miss Laura A. Haynes, appointed July 9<sup>th</sup> under a temporary arrangement to end of year. Salary, \$40 per month. Visited school June 13<sup>th</sup>. Sixteen children in attendance—nine girls and seven boys. School orderly and quiet. All merely beginners. Reading and spelling not very good. Arithmetic and geography just commenced. No grammar. But little progress made in writing. School room small; erected and furnished by the mill proprietors, Messrs. Moody, Dietz and Nelson. No maps or blackboard. Twenty-five children of school age in district.

### **GRANVILLE OR HASTINGS SCHOOL DISTRICT.**

Is not yet established under the School Act. Steps were taken early in the current year to form the District, but the matter was deferred until after the passage of the school Act. A teacher, Miss Georgina Sweney, has been appointed, however, temporarily till close of year. Salary, \$40 per month. School room large and comfortable, put up by the mill proprietors, and used as a church. Desks, blackboards, etc. required. About 20 children in district.

Sgd. JOHN JESSOP.

Education Office,  
Victoria, 30<sup>th</sup> August 1872.

From *First Annual Report of the Public Schools in the Province of British Columbia* for the year ending 31 July 1872.

### **FIRST CITY HALL.**

The original aldermen's desks of the council Chamber, small, primitive "affairs" with one top hinged "drawer," numbering at first ten, afterwards twelve, and made locally of cedar, served for many years both in the old City Hall on Powell Street and afterwards in the City Hall (Old Market Hall) on Westminster Avenue (Main Street). The aldermen continued to use them until the city offices were moved to the "Temporary City Hall" (Holden Building) on Hastings Street, when they were replaced with small oak desks.

One of the originals was saved in 1934 from the basement of the old City Hall, now a Public Library reading room, and a descriptive brass label placed upon it.

### **17 NOVEMBER 1934 – MRS. MARGARET MCINNIS.**

Residence: Middle River, Victoria Co., Nova Scotia.

Place and date of birth: Middle River, 1850.

Date of arrival in Granville or Vancouver, B.C.: 1878, from Le Mars, Iowa.

Avocation: John R. McInnis was a school teacher before going to Iowa. Live in Le Mars, Iowa before going to B.C. Farmed in Iowa.

Marriage: Le Mars, Iowa, 1875.

Bridegroom: John R. McInnis, son of Donald McInnis of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Margaret McInnis was the daughter of John Finlayson of Middle River, N.S.

**CHILDREN.**

Alexander John McInnis, born 8 October 1876, Plymouth Co., Iowa. Died 16 October 1882 in Granville, B.C.

Duncan Donald McInnis, born 20 April 1880, Surrey Township, B.C. Living at Middle River, N.S.

Alexander John McInnis, born 4 November 1885, Middle River, N.S. Died 4 December 1931 at Middle River, N.S.

Donald Finlayson McInnis, born 8 December 1888, Middle River, N.S. Living at Shubenacadie, N.S.

**OTHER SURVIVING MEMBERS OF FAMILY.**

"Grandchildren:

"Ruth Morrison McInnis of Shubenacadie, N.S. Aged 14 years.

"Donald Ross McInnis of Shubenacadie, N.S. Aged 10 years."

- D.F. McInnis, M.D., C.M.

**FAMILY ORIGINS.**

Grandparents were born in the Highlands of Scotland in Inverness-shire and migrated to Nova Scotia (Cape Breton Island) about 1819. Mrs. Margaret McInnis' grandfather served his time in the British Army, mostly in India. His son, John Finlayson, was also born in Scotland and came to Nova Scotia at about the age of twelve years. Her mother's surname was McRae. John R. McInnis' mother was also a McRae.

**HISTORICAL.**

"John R. McInnis and his wife, Margaret Finlayson, both went to Iowa in 1869 and were married there in 1875. My father, John R., had taken up a homestead near Le Mars, Iowa, about 1871. In 1877 he sold this homestead and went to B.C. My mother and my oldest brother, then almost two years old, went to B.C. in 1878. They went by the Union Pacific Railway to San Francisco and by steamer from there to Victoria, B.C. Father followed the lumber woods until 1882 when he took over the Sunnyside and was proprietor from June 1882 to June 1885. He left B.C. in June 1885 and arrived in Nova Scotia 1 July 1885. He died in 1929 at the age of 85 years. When my parents returned from B.C., 1885, they came east by the Northern Pacific as the C.P.R. was not completed.

"A trip from N.S. to Iowa in 1869 was made by a sailing ship to Boston and by rail from Boston to Chicago."

- D.F. McInnis, M.D., C.M.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. W.R. LORD, 1076 WEST 10<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE AND 3885 WEST 38<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE, VANCOUVER, ON 26 AUGUST 1933, AT THE CITY HALL.**

Read and approved by Mr. Lord, 20 July 1934. Mr. Lord is a well known cannery proprietor of Vancouver.

**SPRATT'S SALTERY AND OILERY. SPRATT'S ARK. JOHN MORTON'S CLEARING.**

"Spratt's herring saltery, just below the cliff and slightly to the west of the foot of Burrard Street—below John Morton's clearing—was built in the fall of 1881; I worked on some of its reconstruction and addition in the fall of 1883 and spring of 1884; put in all the pipe work in the saltery." (See photo No. ?)

(From the *West Shore* magazine of June 1881, page 151, published in Portland, Oregon: "A company has just been organised at Burrard Inlet to manufacture herring oil, and convert the refuse into fish guano.")

**ANDREW RUSTA.**

"The original building had been erected in 1881 or 1882 by a Scandinavian named Andrew Rusta. Jimmy" (Captain J.A.) "was in it too. Rusta was in the logging business, and wanted oil for oiling his skids on the skid roads; I think that was what gave him the idea of getting oil from the herring; actually I don't know, but I think so. Rusta went 'broke' and got Spratt of Victoria to take over the plant. Spratt enlarged it, and I worked on the reconstruction; went there in August 1883 from the Fraser River, where I had been working for Spratt on a floating salmon cannery—we canned salmon only—known as 'Spratt's Ark.' It had been anchored in Woodward's Slough, and when we had finished canning sockeye that year, the Ark was brought round to Burrard Inlet. It was afterwards used, I think, as freighter for carrying the stone to erect the Parliament Buildings, Victoria. I had been working on the boat, the old *Emma*" (screw) "and so Spratt kept me and I put in all the pipe work in the saltery. Andrew Rusta stayed on as manager after Spratt took it over. It was a fine up-to-date plant."

**HERRING SHOALS IN BURRARD INLET.**

J.S.M.: What was the reason for building a herring saltery on Burrard Inlet, Mr. Lord? There are no herring there now.

Mr. Lord: "Burrard Inlet was full of herring then. Quantities of them were caught; caught in Coal Harbour—the Indians were the fishermen; purse seines the method; they were between Deadman's Island and what is now the park entrance, all along down where the Yacht Club in Stanley Park is now; that was where we used to catch the herring. At the time we did not consider the catch anything very remarkable, but today it would be considered an enormous catch. The year 1884 was the last year of the herring; no herring came after that year, and the plant was closed down."

**HERRING OIL.**

J.S.M.: Did you make any oil?

Mr. Lord: "Certainly. That was what it was for principally; the logging camps took most of the oil for their skids."

J.S.M.: Did you have any refuse?

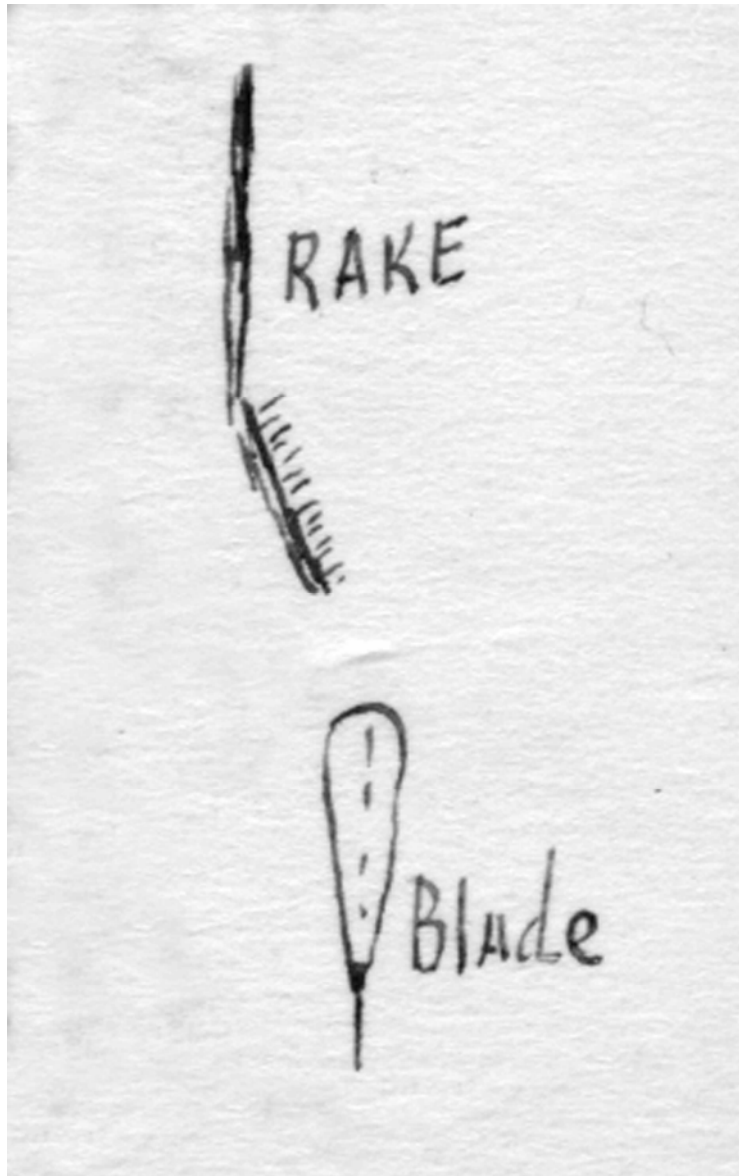
Mr. Lord: "No, there was no refuse; we boiled the oil out of the herring in the retorts, drew off the water, dried the meal, and put the oil in iron drums. We were without a drier; that is, the drier was not completed, and we stored a lot of the meal on the end of the dock; it was piled high, and the smell from it was awful; then when the drier was completed, it did not work, and the meal was dumped in the inlet."

**HERRING VERY PLENTIFUL.**

J.S.M.: Old Dunc McDonald (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) says that caused the herring to migrate.

Mr. Lord: "That's what some people claim. Yes, herring were very plentiful, and could be got in numbers on a fish rake; the Indians did it regularly. A fish rake was a piece of shaped wood about seven or eight feet long; the top part rounded for a handle and the lower half about three or four feet long, shaped like a knife blade, perhaps three inches wide and with the back of the blade three-quarters of an inch or five-

eighths of an inch thick, then tapering to nothing. A single row of sharp nails, or wire, afterwards sharpened, about one and one-half inches apart, were driven from the thick back of the blade through the three inches to the sharper tapered edge; the blade was not quite straight with the handle; but was on a very slight angle." (Note: Dunc McDonald, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, says they used a pole *twenty feet* long with spikes in it.)



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#### **FISH RAKE (HOW USED.)**

"The method of use was for the fisherman to sit in the bow of the canoe, and stroke from front to back much as in paddling; the curve of the rake brought the nails into the water at a suitable angle for effectiveness; its forced passage through the water also propelled the canoe slowly forward, the herring—or oolichan, I have caught oolichan on the Fraser River in the same way—were impaled on the sharp nails, and as the long rake reached the finished stroke, it was lifted out of the water, the herring shaken off into the back of the canoe; it was a rhythmic procedure; stroke, shake fish off, another stroke, shake fish off, always shake the fish off after each stroke." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"The saltery was located where it was because of the water supply from the creek just to the west, the one John Morton drew his water from, and the Red Cross Brewery also did in later years; where the

C.P.R. tunnel enters now. The old building in which Frank Holt now lives" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "was built for a mess house; there were four great big water tanks up in the attic to catch rainwater, and also it was pumped up—I forget how—from the creek, which was our only water supply, excepting that which we caught off the roofs; that was the reason the saltery was built at that point of the shore—to get the water. Stairs led up from the saltery to the mess house, etc., above."

#### **CHINESE RIOTS. VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.**

"I was not here at the time of the fire, and do not know what use they put the saltery to then" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2), "but I was here at the time of the Chinese Riots. I was a member of the volunteer fire brigade, and we were all sworn in as special constables, on duty day and night, that is, some on day, some on night; liable to be called at any time. At the time I was working at the Royal City Mill, Carrall Street—my father built that mill—Chas. Ferguson was manager, and was 'baching' with John McAlister, who was blacksmith at the Hastings Mill; he afterwards had a little blacksmith shop down on Hastings Road; I think his daughter is J. Hampton Bole's wife. We were supposed to be in readiness to quell disturbances, but the affair was very short lived. The passenger boats would not take the Chinamen; it was against the law for passenger boats to take an unwilling passenger, or something like that."

#### **HASTINGS STREET SIDEWALK. THE NEW ROAD, OR FALSE CREEK TRAIL (KINGSWAY).**

"When I first came here you went to New Westminster by ferry to Moodyville, then continued across to Hastings, and on by stage by the Douglas or Hastings corduroy road; there was no other way; then they built the 'New Road'" (Kingsway); "the old North Arm Road had been built years before I came." (Fraser Avenue.) "The 'New Road' ran slightly east of south from the Maple Tree at the foot of Carrall Street to Hastings Street, about the middle of the block, then turned almost east and crossed under the southwest corner of Hastings and Columbia streets, then turned south again, and passed along the low land almost direct to the False Creek Bridge—passing at one place about where the gas works tank is now. The old False Creek Bridge was here when I came here."

#### **THE NEW ROAD. HASTINGS STREET.**

"The New Road" (Kingsway) "served more in the North Arm direction; it was never used until after the fire, never used to any great extent; the Hastings Road was the road commonly used to go to New Westminster.

"Hastings street—between Carrall and Columbia streets, where the temporary City Hall is now—was much lower than the present street surface level; the first wooden sidewalk was on stilts; it was high in the air, perhaps seven or eight feet above the wet land; at high tide it was possible to get wet feet on that low land."

(Note: explanation of low land between False Creek and the Inlet. In Mayor MacLean's annual report for 1886 he says two bridges have been built; one of these was on Dupont Street; perhaps the other was Seventh Avenue. J.A. Matter, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, says, "I helped bridge Dupont" (Pender) "Street between Columbia and Carrall streets. Water Street between Abbott and Carrall was planked at one time, but the edge of the water was the north side of Water Street.")

#### **PORT MOODY.**

"In the fall of 1884, I went up to the Port Moody to be the engineer in Burr's sawmill, and in April 1885 went up to Port Moody, and in the fall went down to Astoria, Oregon, and came back to Burrard Inlet in August 1886; I was not here at the time of the fire. But I did come to Vancouver on July 1<sup>st</sup>, to the celebration, Dominion Day, 1888. I came over from the Fraser River with my future wife, her brother and sister."

#### **THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

"There was no Sunnyside Hotel before the winter of 1884-1885, for it was that winter that I worked on the building of it." (Obviously wrong. Probably still another addition.) "It was built by Joe Griffiths, afterwards alderman on the first Council. It was leased by Harry Hemlow, later an alderman of the first City Council; he was running it at the time of the fire. Previous to taking over the Sunnyside, he had been associated in business with Ed Gold—not Ed Gold's father, but Ed Gold himself, afterwards Reeve of South Vancouver

or Point Grey. There was no Sunnyside Hotel before the winter of 1884-1885." (See Griffiths, MacInnes, and Hemlow. Also *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

#### **DEIGHTON HOUSE.**

"On the opposite cover to the Sunnyside was the Deighton Hotel, Gassy Jack's former place, but Alec Johnson was running it then. Then came the road, what we now call Trounce Alley" (see F.W. Hart for origin of name); "anyway, the lane between Cordova and Water streets. Across the road" (Trounce Alley) "was Gassy Jack's shack or cottage, and directly behind it, south, was Mrs. Angus Fraser's house."

#### **WATER STREET. JONATHAN MILLER'S COW.**

"In the other direction, along Water Street, next to the Deighton Hotel, was, first, the house where Alec Johnson lived, then Miller's House, with a wide verandah upon which I used to sit. The verandah here, showing a child playing on a rocking horse, is the old verandah of Jonathan Miller's house. Miller's house and the Court House were on the same lot, two separate buildings; behind Miller's house was where Miller kept his cow, in a stable on the lane, or road, as it was then. Next came Mannion's Granville Hotel, then Blair's Saloon, then Sullivan's store, and then a lane running north and south. Across this little lane was Sullivan's restaurant, then Gold's store; Blair's little house ended the row near the corner of Abbott and Water streets, and that was the end of the town. On the northeast corner of Abbott and Water streets was Ben Wilson's store; Calvert Simson, who had been manager of the Hastings Mill store, was with him; beyond Wilson's store to the west, some women lived.

#### **GRANVILLE STREET IN MARCH 1890. SS *ISLANDER*. LULU ISLAND. NO. 2 ROAD.**

"I was married on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of March 1890 at the little church on Sea Island recently burned down. We came up No. 2 Road, which was the only road across the island at that time, crossed the river by row boat, the span of the bridge between Sea Island and Lulu Island was out; the bridge from Sea Island to the mainland was intact, and came on up what is now Granville Street with the wheels of the Steeves' stage up the hubs in mud. The progress was so slow we were afraid we would miss the *Islander* on which boat we were taking our honeymoon to Victoria.

"No. 2 Road on Lulu Island was the first road opened up, then No. 3, then came No. 1 Road."

Mr. Evans, late Evans and Hastings, Pioneer Printers: (interjecting) "I recall one summer's day two of us took bicycles, and were going out to Steveston. Granville Street was just two ruts, about six inches deep and full of dust, and by the time we got to Eburne we were white with dust; we went to some farm house and got a drink of milk; we were just like sheets of white dust." (See Mayor L.D. Taylor, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

#### **HASTINGS MILL.**

Mr. Lord, continuing: "Hastings Mill ran eleven hours a day, Sundays included and all. Granville was just a logging town. A man who worked that long wanted to go to bed; he had no chance to see anything other than the sawmill." (See Calvert Simson.)

#### **EARLY TELEGRAPHS.**

"Edwards, the telegraph man, was related to the head of the Provincial Police Force in Westminster, Moresby; Moresby has a son now a lawyer in Victoria."

#### **HARRISON RIVER. FIRST HOTEL.**

"Joe Armstrong built the first hotel at Harrison River; I believe Brown was manager of the Hotel. Joe was no relation to William Armstrong, the Sheriff of Westminster. William Armstrong was father to Thos. J. Armstrong, who succeeded him as Sheriff and who was the man Sam Greer shot through the doorway of his house at Greer's Beach. Thomas, or Tom Armstrong, is about 70 now, and still living in Vancouver. Sam's second wife is still living on Trafalgar Street."

#### **PORTUGUESE JOE.**

"Portuguese Joe was in Granville when I came here, but I don't recall him. He was doing something here, but what it was I don't know.

"Calvert Simson, afterwards of the Hastings Sawmill store, worked for Ben Wilson in the store formerly owned by 'Portuguese Joe,' the man who shot another Portuguese, escaped, sought refuge on Siwash Rock, and hid there until his hiding place was discovered.

"After they started Spratt's Oilery at the foot of what is now Burrard Street, Joe was fishing for the market; he sold his fish to the settlers and anyone else who would buy." (See Jim [Chilaminst] Franks, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

(Mr. Lord pointed at figure "8" in photo of etching of Granville, 1882.) "This is the start of the old trail down to the Saltery" (Spratt's) "at the foot of Burrard Street.

"This etching is taken from a photograph of Granville after 1884; it shows that store; that store was built after I came here; this other one is the one that Calvert Simson was manager of after he left the Hastings Mill store."

## **28 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

*[Conversation with Mr. W.R. Lord, continued.]*

### **RIDLEY'S GASTOWN PHOTO. ANDY LINTON. GEO. BLACK'S. JONATHAN MILLER. BEN SPRINGER.**

"I cannot tell you which was the jail; it might have been in this place with the rocking horse on the verandah, but this sort of fence across here is, I think, a platform and runway from the water, to walk up, and bring goods up; Andy Linton tied his floating boat house to it at first, before he moved it farther west after the" (Great) "Fire. You see there was a sort of curve in the beach there in front of the Granville Hotel, and when you came from the Hastings Mill, or on the old *Senator* from Moodyville, you tied up at the Granville Hotel float which went down right in front of the Granville Hotel" (probably before the Sunnyside Hotel was built) "and walked ashore almost into the Granville Hotel door." (Ridley says this is the wrong explanation; that the "platform" is a fence to stop people falling into the water at night—says there was a low bank there.) Mr. Lord: "Ridley is right, we're both right." (See John Murray.) "There was a plank way down the beach to a bit of a float of logs for the boats to tie up to when they came from the Hastings Sawmill store. I remember Gassy Jack used to get his hay from Victoria, and the boat put it off at Hastings Mill wharf, and it was brought over on a bit of a scow propelled with oars to his own float at the foot of Carrall Street. The Granville Hotel float was right alongside—to the west—of Geo. Black's. George Black's cottage was next to the Sunnyside; then his butcher shop next. There was a space between the Sunnyside and George Black's cottage, and, too, there was a sort of lean-to on the west side of the Sunnyside. Jonathan Miller and Ben Springer's" (manager of the Moodyville Sawmill) "wife were sisters" (which probably explains how Miller came to be constable at Granville.) "One of his daughters, now Mrs. Todd Lees, was about eighteen when I came in 1884, because she used to be very fond of dances. Jonathan Miller had worked in the woods, in Stanley Park, getting out timber."

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH W.R. LORD, 21 AUGUST 1934.**

### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY. FIRST BURIAL.**

"Hirschberg committed suicide in the attic of the Leland Hotel; he was the first burial in Mountain View. His grave is on the top of the knoll, it is right close to the fence on what is now 34<sup>th</sup> Avenue, old Bodwell Road." (See F.W. Hart and H.E. Ridley.)

### **COAL. TRAIL TO SPRATT'S SALTERY.**

"The old trail from Gastown to Spratt's Oilery ran along the edge of the top of the bluff overlooking the water, that would be a few yards north of the present Hastings Street West. The coal seams, or rather one of them, was west of the Saltery; just exactly where is hard to say, but about the foot of Bute Street down near the edge of the tide; the tide did not flow over it. I was never there; when I saw it, it was when I was passing in a row boat. I don't remember any coal prospects down near the Granville Hotel on Water Street." (See J.H. Scales, etc., also Admiralty chart No. 1922.)

**SQUATTERS.**

"McGregor—I have told you about him previously—squatted on Lot 7, Block IV, O.G.T., and got it. I squatted on Lot 9, Block III, but they scared me out, and I did not get it. I helped McGregor cut a trail from about the corner of Abbott and Water streets" (see J.B. Henderson) "to his squatter's lot at about the corner of Cambie and Cordova; just a narrow trail you could squeeze through, straight from point to point—as straight as you could cut it."

**GRANVILLE.**

"There was the greatest lot of big trees down there along Water and Cordova streets you ever saw; great big spruce trees, seven or eight feet thick; I remember when the C.P.R. came through they cut some down ten or eleven feet through." (See Pat Myers, Jas. McWhinnie, and George Cary.)

**MRS. SULLIVAN.**

(See Rev. C.M. Tate, etc., and photo No. ?) "Mrs. Sullivan was a grand old lady. She was not a negress, she was a mulatto; so was Mr. Sullivan."

**PENDER STREET CAR LINE.**

"Did it not ever strike you as peculiar that the first street car line west of Granville should run down Pender Street, along the edge of a district instead of down the middle? Well, the reason that was done was because the old Post Office was erected on the" (southwest) "corner of Pender and Granville, and the car line led to the Post Office, and saved them walking."

**GRANVILLE, 1884. WATER STREET, 1884.**

(See photo No. ?) Remark by George Cary: "This" (remarkable) "photo must be earlier than April or May 1886; it must be April or May 1885, because when I came here in April 1886, Water Street was more built up. The leaves on the old Maple Tree in the distance show that it was taken in the summer; the Maple Tree was burned in June 1886, so it must have been April or May 1886, or a previous year; the picture was not taken in 1886; I am satisfied of that; it must be 1885, perhaps fall of 1885, after the trees east of Carrall Street were cut down."

**EXPLANATION OF THIS PHOTO NO. ? BY HAROLD E. RIDLEY.****PORTUGUESE JOE. WATER STREET. INDIAN CHURCH.**

North side.

"Birdie" Stewart's small shack with verandah. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, Gallagher.)

Methodist Parsonage, with chimney, and cable end only.

Appears to be Parsonage stable.

Shop front, Mrs. Ben Wilson's store, formerly Portuguese Joe's.

New building, think Chinese laundry.

Geo. Black's butcher shop.

Sunnyside Hotel.

Gassy Jack's first saloon, i.e., small white speck, low, in front of Sunnyside Hotel. It stood almost on the beach.

Forest beyond on Westminster Avenue, now Main Street.

South side.

Maple Tree, form just visible as dark shadow.

Deighton Hotel, front.

Granville Hotel roof and front.

Blair's (not shown) too far back.

Sullivan's store.

Dr. McMaster's place, not shown.

Robertson's saloon, "Hole in the Wall."

McCartney drug store, southwest corner Abbott Street (upstairs, Dr. Langis' office.)

Building being erected (unknown).

The photographer, in taking this photo, must have stood in the middle of Water Street between Lot 12, Block VI, and Lot 5, Block V, O.G.T.

This negative was left with Phillip Timms about 1900 by an unknown person, retained by him until 1934, when he brought it to the City Archivist to know what it was. The City Archivist identified it.

### **THE FAMOUS MAPLE TREE. GEORGE CARY. "STAG AND PHEASANT."**

George Cary, and his dog, the dog which used to climb up the famous Maple Tree to retrieve balls of paper, are shown in photo No. ? of the "Stag and Pheasant" Saloon (on the left of the photograph).

### **WATER STREET BEFORE THE FIRE.**

Order of buildings, south side (according to Geo. Cary's memory, 1934.)

Regina Hotel (not fully completed day of fire, 13 June 1886.)

Cambie Street.

"Scotts Grey" Saloon.

"Stag and Pheasant" Saloon.

Carter House (hotel).

Scoullar's tin shop.

Hayden's.

Edinburgh Hotel.

Strathey's Restaurant. (See Mrs. Eldon, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, and photo No. ?)

Perhaps McCartney's drug store next on corner.

Abbott Street.

### **EXCERPT FROM LETTER, 7 JUNE 1933, PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, TO J.S.M.**

"As to William H. Rowling, he was, of course, a Royal Engineer. We have in the Archives a letter from Lieut.-Col. J.S. Hawkins to Governor Douglas at Hope, October 18, 1861, which relates to the work of His Majesty's Boundary Commission, and it would appear that certain of the Royal Engineers were instructed to work for the International Boundary Commission. The Hawkins letter states 'Corporal William H. Rowling has completed a term of twelve years with the Royal Engineers, and is having a further two years with the Boundary Commission ... is due for discharge ... and is asking permission to remain in the colony after the withdrawal of the Boundary Commission, and to receive grant of land given to colonists.' There is a marginal note stating 'assent given.' So much for William H. Rowling, R.E."

**EXCERPT FROM LETTER, 9 JUNE 1933, DEPARTMENTAL MINISTER OF LANDS, TO J.S.M.**

File 4531/04

In reply to your letter of the 5<sup>th</sup> instant, Lot 258, Group 1, New Westminster District Crown Granted to W.H. Rowling in 1871, this was a Military Grant of 150 acres for divers good causes and other considerations.

In 1888 he also purchased Lots 329 and 330—110 and 154 acres each respectively for \$2.50 per acre.

Possibly the Crown Grant for Lot 258 may be found in the Land Registry Office, it is dated 29<sup>th</sup> March, 1871, No. 1153 Vol. 1.

**13 NOVEMBER 1933 – ROWLING OF ROWLING.**

Extract from large family Bible of Rowling of Rowling, Vancouver, B.C.

Front Page. Date of Signature "Mary Rowling, 13<sup>th</sup> June 1876."

**Births:**

William Henry Rowling, 9<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1826, Truro, Cornwall.

Mary Rowling, 19<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1832, Stickland, Dorset.

Rosetta Mary, 8<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1858, Plumstead, Woolwich, Kent.

James Wm. Russell, 14<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1862, New Westminster, B.C.

Henry Soar, 3<sup>rd</sup> Feb. 1864, New Westminster, B.C.

Priscilla Amelia, 24<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1866, New Westminster, B.C.

Wm. Henry Kearly Kemp, 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept. 1867, Truro Farm, New Westminster.

Thos. George, 14<sup>th</sup> April 1869, Truro Farm, New Westminster.

Elizabeth Jane Russell, 24<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1874, Truro Farm, New Westminster.

**Deaths:**

at South Vancouver, Dec. 7, 1905 (William Henry R.)

at South Vancouver, Feb. 15, 1906 (Mary R.)

at Victoria, B.C., July 12, 1891 (Rosetta Mary)

at Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 20, 1930 (James William)

at New Westminster, Sept. 23, 1893 (Elizabeth Jane)

Copied by J.S. Matthews, 13 November 1933.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. HENRY S. ROWLING, 1356 EAST 11<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 13 APRIL AND SUBSEQUENT DAYS.**

"As I told you last year," said Mr. Rowling, (recorded *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1932) "I was born in New Westminster, February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1864, consequently it was that when my father, W.H. Rowling, settled on D.L. 258" (South Vancouver) "in September 1868, I was only four years old. My brothers and sisters were all young children, and we all lived there during our childhood. Of the family there were Thomas George, who died a young, unmarried man of about 25, Rose Mary, born 8<sup>th</sup> August 1858, James, 14<sup>th</sup> October 1862, both dead, and Henry S., 3<sup>rd</sup> February 1864, Mrs. P.A. Byrne, 24<sup>th</sup> February, 1866, William Henry, 2<sup>nd</sup> September 1867, all born in New Westminster, and Miss E.J. Rowling, born in D.L. 258, August 24<sup>th</sup> 1874, all four of the latter still living, 1933.

"Father had come out with the Royal Sappers and Miners, afterwards known as the Royal Engineers, and, for a time, worked on the completion of the survey of the boundary between British Columbia and the United States. My mother and sister came from England towards the end of the year 1861, and arrived in New Westminster after a voyage of about six months by sailing ship, coming around Cape Horn.

"After work on the boundary was completed, the soldiers made roads; I believe amongst others, the Yale Road; they were paid \$2.00 per day, and found in food and clothing and tobacco, like rations, they were allowed a lot more clothing than they could use—were given an allowance of a certain quantity, could do anything they liked with it, sell it, if they wished to, plus a small regimental pay which did not amount to much. The civilian population of B.C. petitioned the government to recall the soldiers and give the work of road making to them, so the working soldiers were ordered to England, but given the privilege of taking their discharge and receiving with it a military grant of 160 acres of land any place they chose to locate. These grants were transferable, and quite a number of the soldiers sold their grants, some as low as \$20; my father bought several; one of them for \$20, and put some of them, I think, but am not sure, on the quarter sections on Lulu Island.

"Our family lived in New Westminster until September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1868, when we moved to Father's military grant, D.L. 258, situated on the north shore of the North Arm of the Fraser River, about two miles east of Fraser Street. Later, by purchasing military land grant scrip as already mentioned, he acquired, at one time, no less than five quarter sections of land stretching, side by side, along the river front, from what is now Boundary Road dividing Burnaby and Vancouver, westwards, and he also held three fractional quarter sections on the north shore of Lulu Island, nearly opposite our home." (See further conversation.)

"Before marriage, Mother was Miss Mary Russell of Dorsetshire, England; her brother, Isaac Russell, is now a feeble old man living at Langley Prairie with his daughter Beatrice, my cousin, now Mrs. W.A. Hoskin, in charge of Spencer's greenhouses at Langley Prairie. Father came from Truro, Cornwall. Both Mother and Father died on the old homestead on the original land on which he settled; Father on December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1905, and Mother on February 15<sup>th</sup>, 1906, and are buried in the family plot, Mountain View Cemetery. Both died of old age, Mother died as she was walking across a room; Father just passed away, worn out.:

### **SCHOOLS.**

Query: How about schooling, Mr. Rowling?

Mr. Rowling: "When we settled on the North Arm, and long after that, there were no schools. Any education the children received was by private teaching unless the parents were financial able to send them to some town school."

### **MARINE DRIVE. THE RIVER TRAIL.**

Query: Trutch's map of 1872 shows a road from New Westminster to Gastown, and another down the north bank of the North Arm almost to Point Grey. What sort of a road was it?

Mr. Rowling: "Road; no road! It was a narrow trail or footpath; you couldn't drive along it; you could scarcely have pushed a wheelbarrow. It was just a narrow trail through the bushes and trees, and ran from New Westminster to about Betts and Mole's farm close to the Musqueam Indian Reserve, and

suitable for pedestrians only, but sometimes a saddle horse was ridden over the trail. When this was done, the rider had to dismount in several places; some of the ravines were forty or fifty feet deep, and their banks were so steep it was necessary to 'make' trail by angling back and forth at sharp angles down the steep bank, cross the wet bottom, muskeg on a narrow planed crossing of split cedar slabs, and a narrow bridge of the same sort across the creek, and then horse and man, one after the other, scrambled up the steep opposite bank. The trail was used very little, as most of the travelling was done by boat or canoe; that is, down river—there was no Eburne or Marpole then—or up to Westminster."

#### **NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER STREET). JERRY ROGERS' SPAR CAMP.**

"I think there was a narrow road from New Westminster to Jerry Rogers' spar camp, which was three miles below Westminster, and which was about one mile west of the Rosehill Farm, which belonged to Sam Brighthouse. That was about 1876, when I was about twelve years old. After the North Arm Road was opened up, from Fraser River to False Creek, a narrow wagon trail was built eastwards from Fraser Street to and across the creek which flows into the river at the west end of Rowling Island. I worked cutting brush for a short time on the survey of this road with George Turner, ex-corporal of the Royal Engineers, afterwards government surveyor. Just why they built that wagon road from Fraser Street to the west end of Rowling's Island I do not know exactly, for there still remained a section from its eastern end to Jerry Rogers' spar camp, which was impossible to anything on wheels. The original trail from New Westminster to Magee was almost in the exact location Marine Drive runs now, just clear of the flats. Jerry Rogers' spar camp was up on the side hill back of the muskeg; he floated the spars from the hillside down a long ditch—it was probably there yet—to the river; Peter Byrne dug that ditch for the Burnaby Municipality.

"Jerry Rogers cut the tall straight fir trees only; they were for spars, and they got a lot of spars at that camp; some of them were eighty feet long. They shaped them octagonal, then made them up into rafts, and the little old sidewheel boat, *Maggie Rogers*, towed the rafts of spars down river and over to Burrard Inlet. There were a lot of spars shipped by the Hastings Sawmill; shipload after shipload; the days of sailing ships were by no means over, and the spars were for sailing ship construction." (See Ridley or Alexander.) "I logged off the same ground afterwards, but I took the heavy crooked trees which Jerry had left."

#### **ROWLING ISLAND.**

Query: How did you come to buy Rowling Island when you already had so much land?

Mr. Rowling: "Father was getting old, and wanted the island; it was not much value, but Father wanted it. I remember young Cotton saying to me, 'Well, the old man got his island.' The existence of Rowling Island, named after Father, and first owned by him, was first made known to the Land Registry Office at New Westminster by myself. Father sent me up to New Westminster to make application at the Land Registry office to purchase it. The officials there told me there was no such island; they said they thought perhaps there might be a mud bank or a sandbar, but no island, they had no record of it. I assured them that there was an island, that there was timber growing on it, that there was spruce on it five feet diameter, and that I had been through the channel, and around it in a tug boat. Then, strangely, having discovered that there was an island, the government refused to sell. Father finally got it with the assistance of Mr. F.L. Carter-Cotton, member of the Provincial Parliament (and I think, Speaker at the time, or President of the Council), and L.G. McPhillips, his solicitor. I don't know what Father paid for it, but when he died 28 years ago we sold it for five hundred dollars; years later it was sold for thirty-five thousand dollars. I think the old channel has been filled in of recent years."

#### **THE NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH.**

Query: Will you tell me about the little church at Eburne, please?

Mr. Rowling: "The Methodists built the little church, I think, about 1876; Garopee gave the land; I think pretty nearly all the farmers contributed something towards its erection; we, the Rowlings, made the cedar shakes for the roof. It was located a short distance, perhaps fifty feet east of a little raised trail, branching off to the church from the main trail. I think the little trail to the church was almost exactly where the present roadway leading through Marpole to the bridge now is. The trail from New Westminster to Magee's afterwards River Road, now Marine Drive, ran east and west, and this little branch trail led off southwards to the church about fifty feet west of it; there was no bridge there, nor was this a river

crossing point; the little raised trail just led to the church on the river bank. The tiny edifice of God stood on large cedar posts near the river's edge, and the water of extra high tides flowed over the land on which it stood. On both sides and at the back, grew grass, a few berry bushes, and small trees; it was a primeval setting. And, the congregation came mostly in boats and canoes, *Kanim* is the Indian name for canoe" (I think Chinook jargon, see Tate – J.S.M.) "which they tied to the steps down to the river at the end of a cross board walk, perhaps three feet wide, and fifty feet long from the church, on posts or stilts."

#### **THE PIONEER CHURCH OF EBURNE.**

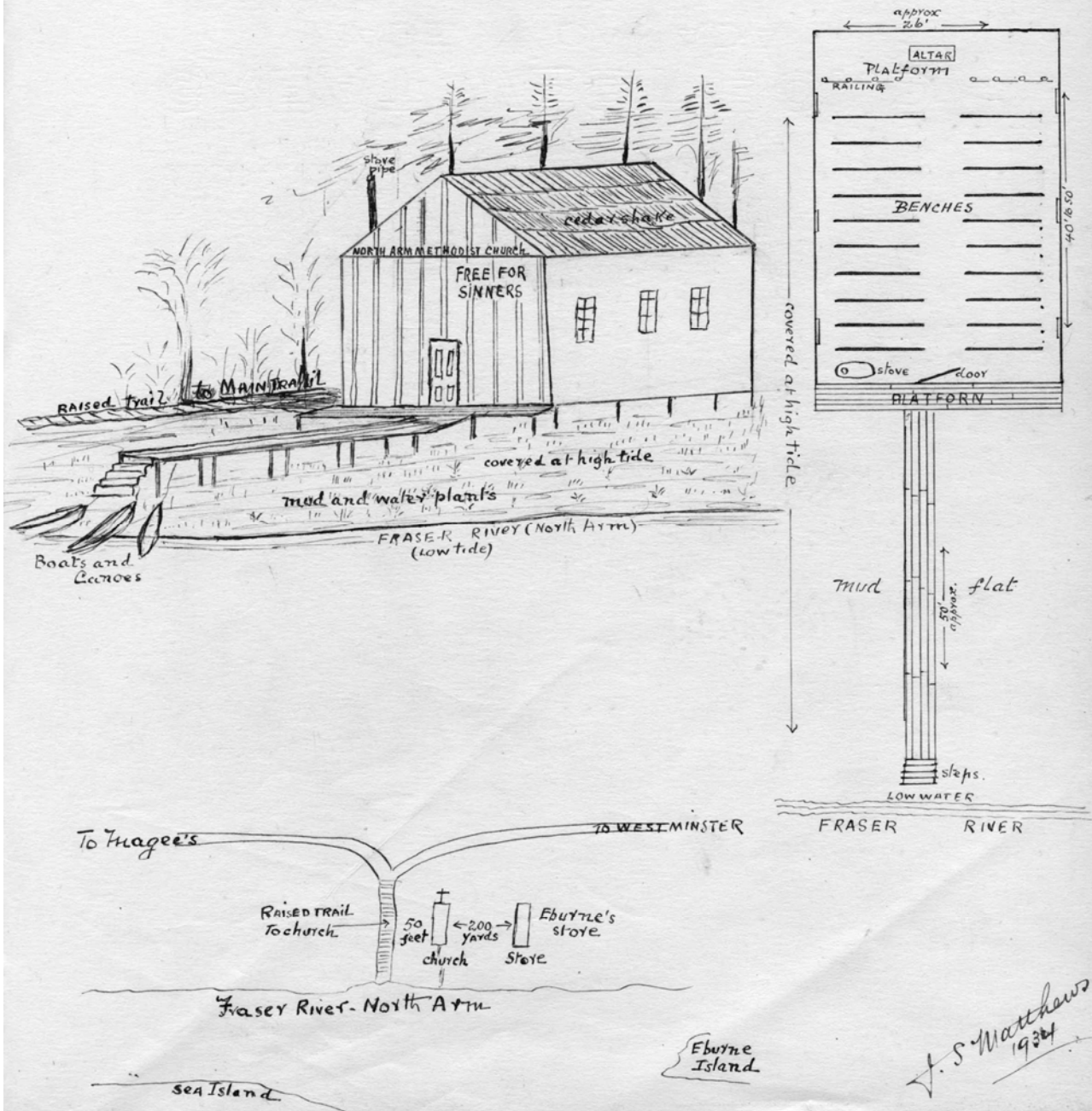
"The structure itself was of upright, unpainted, twelve-inch boards with three-inch battens over the seams, no studs, and roofed with cedar shakes, hand split, three feet long; it was about twenty-six feet wide and forty or fifty feet long, gable end facing the river; at high tides the floor was not more than three or four feet above the water flowing beneath. The only door opened from a narrow wooden platform which spread across the entire front, towards the river; the cross board walk on posts led to the steps where the settlers' boats and canoes were tied. The peaked roof of cedar shakes was without cupola or bell, and my recollection of the windows is that they were plain, square, inexpensive windows; I do not recall them as being of the arched design common to churches. The name 'NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH,' in one line, was painted across the end facing the river."

# NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH

(old) Eburne, B.C.

Very rough and probably not correct conception

of this church. Rowling says "About what it  
looked like"



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_022

## **THE INTERIOR.**

"The interior was likewise plain wood. Two rows of benches served as pews, and at the furthest one, a raised platform with a modest railing served to raise the officiating clergyman above his small congregation which rarely numbered more than twenty, or, on secular occasions, as a stage before the audience. A plain modest altar stood centrally at the rear of the platform. Hanging coal oil lamps, and a great stove for cordwood completed the furnishings. Viewed as a whole, it was a very modest structure.

"The Methodists held services every alternate Sunday; on the other Sundays it was open to any other denomination desiring to use it. When the Church of England clergymen conducted divine service, it was observed that they refrained from using the platform as a pulpit, but stood on the level floor; I presume the platform was too unorthodox for them."

## **INCIDENTS IN EARLY CHURCH ASSOCIATION.**

"You will understand that, living as we did in more or less isolation on our solitary farms, incidents which would be of very minor importance in our great city of today with its daily newspapers, its foreign news, its radio, telephone, telegraph, loomed large in the minds of men whose ears heard few sounds, whose eyes saw little other than trees and greenery, and whose concern was cattle and crops rather than economics and industry. We grew everything that could be grown; we kept a lot of cows, made butter and sold it to neighbours, and so on, and incidents which happened on those occasions were impressed more deeply upon our minds than they would be in the hustle and bustle of today. I must tell you some of them.

"One Sunday morning, the congregation was dispersing, loitering on the platform and stilted walk as they slowly moved off after service to their boats and canoes. The tide was in, and the ground between the platform and trail was flooded. Two young fellows wished to cross to the raised trail, and in attempting to cross this narrow stretch of water, and also display their skill as canoe men to the onlookers, stepped into their canoe tied to the platform. The canoe tilted, shipped water, and they stepped out, and with little dignity, waded across, dragging their canoe after them. Someone in the crowd called out jeeringly, 'Where are you going, Charlie?' He replied in ill humour, 'Going to hell.' I did not approve of the remark, being then religiously inclined, much interested in churches, never believed in a literal hell, but I did ask in an undertone, 'Did you ever hear of a man going to hell in a canoe,' and got a reply that 'It would be good to make a laugh—to see Charlie splashing through hell in a canoe.' The incident may seem trivial, but it gives you a picture on a Sabbath morning of the surroundings of the pioneer church.

"Although all denominations used the church, Methodists, Presbyterians and Anglicans, they did not agree then as they do now. The Methodists and Presbyterians of that day would never have dreamed that they would someday unite to form a United Church. I was in my teens then, and although deeply interested in church matters, did not belong to any particular denominations but I did belong to the Good Templars, a temperance organization, and took much interest in them.

"The Methodists, as you know, were very much opposed to dancing; the Anglicans were not. The Methodists were very strict about temperance, but the Anglican clergyman had no objection to the moderate use of tobacco and liquor. Well, the Rev. George Ditcham, Church of England minister at New Westminster, came along one night when we young Good Templars were having a meeting, so we invited him in as a visitor, and he returned the compliment with a very pressing invitation to attend his services the following day, Sunday. We were amazed when he began to preach his sermon; he gave us an awful 'roast.' He said we were a lot of 'narrow-minded ignorant bigots'; that we quoted the bible to serve our own narrow ends. He told us we were quoting the bible as saying, 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips,' and that we deliberately stopped there, whereas we should quote what followed, which was, 'and maketh him drunken also.' He said we had no right to condemn the good things which God had created, that it was not forbidden in the bible to take a drink; that it was getting drunk which was harmful.

"The Rev. Mr. Thos. Derrick, the Methodist minister, also used to lecture—he was comical in his utterance—in the evenings. The logger's sobriquet for him was 'The Old Hoisting Gear.' One time he told us about a settler who in response to his repeated urgings to attend church, always answered that he 'would come next Sunday,' but never came, so he spoke to one of the family—a big boy—saying, 'Perhaps you are not Methodists?' 'Oh, yes, we are,' said the boy; 'we're Methodists all right, but we're not doing much at it.'"

### **“FREE FOR SINNERS” – A SIGNBOARD.**

“On one occasion—I was about 16 then, so it must have been about 1880—a big painted signboard bearing the words ‘FREE FOR SINNERS’ in letters large enough to be plainly visible to all travelling up and down the river, was placed beneath, and to one side of, the name board, ‘NORTH ARM METHODIST CHURCH’ on the end of the church; a most conspicuous notice. The invitation may have attracted some sinners; how many will never be known, but it caused considerable confusion, and some merriment, in the minds of the farmers who jocularly claimed they had doubts as to whether it meant they could get in free or denied them entrance without payment. So, ultimately, the board was taken down.” (Read and approved by Mr. Rowling. J.S.M.)

### **EBURNE ISLAND. D.L. 258, NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER.**

Query: How did Eburne get its name, Mr. Rowling?

Mr. Rowling: “About a mile east of the present Marpole, near the west end of Twigg Island, is a small island formerly known as Eburne’s Island. It was there that I first met Henry Eburne, the owner of the island. Before he opened the store at Eburne, now Marpole, he owned the whole island and had a farm there. Eburne was an Englishman, his wife and children are, I think, still living; he died a very few years ago, perhaps four or five. He was a well educated man, a sincere Christian, a staunch Good Templar, absolutely honest and truthful, frank, and ‘above board,’ kind and friendly, perhaps a little inclined to be dogmatic. As a youth, I lived with him and worked for him on the island for two or three weeks; I liked and respected him. I do not know if he was a member of any church; I believe he came out from England with the Kridlans; I believe he was a distant relative of Mrs. Kridlan, whose place on the river front adjoined Fraser Avenue—the west.” (Cridlan.)

“It was a Frenchman by the name of Garopee—I am not sure if that is the way the name is spelt—who first acquired the site of what is now Marpole. I have heard that Eburne wanted to build a store, and Garopee sold him an acre for one dollar on the north bank of the river near the trail to New Westminster, right on the river bank, and perhaps two hundred yards east of the present bridge to Sea Island. Until quite recent years, what was called the village of Eburne was on the north bank, not on Sea Island as it is now. Old Eburne was on the east end of Garopee’s property; Garopee lived on the most fertile part, the flat land on the west side.

“One of Henry Eburne’s sayings was that no man could swap horses and remain a Christian. His argument was that in order to make the other fellow accept your horse, you had to lie so hard that you couldn’t remain a Christian.”

### **REV. DITCHAM.**

“I recall Rev. Ditcham once saying to Henry Eburne that there was nothing he enjoyed better than swapping horses, and Henry replied, ‘You are a minister of the Gospel. That’s not a very nice thing for a clergyman to do. I thought you were a man of God.’ ‘So I am,’ retorted Mr. Ditcham; he paused, and then added, ‘when I’m not swapping horses.’

“There was a very wet swamp between the hillside and the river, all the way from our farm to Westminster. There was but one settler—whom I can recall. His name was French John, between us and Garopee’s. He” (French John) “married an Indian woman, and Mrs. Garopee was one of his daughters. Garopee’s land, now the site of Marpole, was mostly covered with forest, and beyond, towards the west and the Musqueam Reserve, was fertile flat land covered with wild grass and small bushes. Sam McCleery’s place came first, next to Garopee’s; it is now known as ---; then came Fitzgerald McCleery’s, now ---; then Magee’s, now ---; and finally Betts and Mole—Obadiah Betts and Henry Mole, his partner—the last settlers westwards. The McCleery, Magee, and Betts and Mole farms were mostly bottom grass land, and their houses built on the hill side; the trail, or footpath went, I think, as far as Betts and Mole’s place. I recall the building of Eburne’s store quite well; I would think that would be about 187-.”

### **THE NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER RIVER TO FALSE CREEK). FALSE CREEK BRIDGE.**

“The North Arm Road, now Fraser Street, was, as I first recall it, say about 1888, a long, straight dirt trail about twelve feet wide, beneath the trees; the branches in places closed over it so densely that in places it was like passing through a tunnel. It led to a bridge, a bit of a bridge, at False Creek and on to Gastown.

As I understand it, the first bridge across that narrow passage of water, now filled in, at Main Street, was a footbridge" (see Fred W. Alexander and water flume; also J.H. Scales), "afterwards replaced by a wagon bridge which Gilley and Mooney of New Westminster built long before the Great Fire of 1886. What a remarkable period it has been. I have seen all the bridges, save the first one, across False Creek, erected, and as you know, was a guest of the city at the opening of the last one, the great Burrard Bridge, opened by Mayor Taylor last Dominion Day" (1932.)

"In those days, of course, there were no bridges at the western end of False Creek; loggers and others going to and from the logging camps at Jericho, etc., crossed in boats or canoes. I have heard a story that somewhere there was a fellow living on the beach who ferried them across for fifty cents" (probably Beach Avenue to Indian Reserve) "and the story goes that a half 'stewed' logger returning to camp after imbibing a few 'snorts' at the pioneer saloons of Gastown, was rowed across the creek by the ferryman like a king's progress in his barge, but on the other side the logger got out and walked off without paying; the boatman got hot; the logger hadn't any money. The logger's excuse was, 'Well, I had to get across, didn't I?' 'What did you get in the boat for, when you knew you hadn't any money?' bawled the angry boatman. 'Well, who do you think I am?' retorted the 'pickled' logger. 'Do you think I'm Jesus Christ and can walk on the water?'"

### **LOGGING OPERATIONS.**

"My first logging operations were about our old homestead and all around. Jim and John Gillies had previously taken much of the choice timber on part of our homestead; I took the rest" (which Jerry Rogers had left when he cut the tall, straight ones for spars), "and took the big heavy trees; then I had another further down the Fraser River about at Ontario Street; later, about 1869, another at Greer's Beach," (Kitsilano) "when our camp was a little west of the bathhouse at the foot of Yew Street; we did not get much there, it had been partially logged off earlier, less than 750,000 feet, mostly fir, there was very little demand for cedar. And," (whimsically) "we got 'permission' from Sam Greer, whose quarrel with the C.P.R. had not ended in his eviction. Sam was witty; an Irishman. Sam sold his logs to some sawmiller whose log rule was an inch short, that is, showed 23 inches when the actual measurement was 24 inches, and the same all the way through. The sawmill man told Sam it was a 'mistake.' 'Yes,' replied Sam, 'that is, I understand, the polite name for it you have in this country.' We had an arrangement with the Fader Mill, which stood where Robertson and Hackett's Mill is now on Granville Street, to cut the logs we got at Greer's Beach into lumber, and we sold a portion of it to H.P. McCraney who built the Granville Street car tracks from Pacific Street through the city."

### **GRANVILLE STREET LOGGING CAMP. SKID ROADS. OXEN.**

"Then I had another logging camp at the south end of the Granville Street bridge, on the high ground just east of the junction of Fourth Avenue West. We got our logs off the C.P.R. Grant, now Shaughnessy, etc. Our skid road was a good long one, and ran back a mile and a half to the southwest; it swung off to the west on a fairly even grade; we had very little uphill work. I cannot say just exactly where that old log road went; that would be impossible now, but it must have led west of the Shaughnessy Hill. I used oxen in both Greer's Beach and Granville Street camps; the dump in the first was where the swimming pool is now, and in the latter just east of Granville Street." (See Chilaminst, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "You see, mills did not have to go far for their logs in those days. Rorison, brother of R.D. Rorison of Lulu Island took the cedar off the C.P.R. Grant after we took the fir off, and sold the cedar bolts, sixteen foot bolts, to the Royal City Mills, False Creek. The bull puncher's cabin in which you say Alderman L.A. Hamilton, C.P.R. Surveyor, and his sister" (afterwards Mrs. John Leask) "took refuge after the Great Fire—to which you say George Cary used to row them backwards and forwards—must have been John Beatty's cabin beside our camp. John had married an Indian woman. They say John wanted to marry a white woman and persuaded the Indian woman to go and hang herself; she hung herself all right, but what John's persuasion had to do with it I don't know." (See photo No. ?)

### **LOGGING OPERATIONS (SHAUGHNESSY, GORE AVENUE). ROYAL CITY MILLS LOGGING CAMPS.**

"I arranged to sell the logs I cut off the C.P.R. Grant to the Royal City Mills, False Creek, but when I wanted the money, Ferguson, the manager, was away, so accidentally meeting Howard DeBeck of the Brunette Sawmills, Sapperton, on the street, I sold them to him. Howard did not really want them, but I wanted money, and to help me out he gave me \$4.50 a thousand. When Ferguson came back I told him what I had done; he said, 'That's a pity, I want logs, I could have given you a dollar more.' So I went to

Howard DeBeck and told him, and he released me from the bargain, and I got \$1 more on 500,000 feet, that is \$500 more. Howard DeBeck was [a] man of fine principals. I had a fruit farm at Penticton next to his and could not look after it. I told Howard to pick the best of the fruit, use what he could, and let the rest rot; there was no written bargain, but one day I received, most unexpectedly, to my astonishment, a cheque for \$100.

"The photograph of Bailey Bros. No. 679, and this other one captioned 'Ox Team Hauling Logs, Royal City Mills Camp, near Vancouver.' I imagine this must be of the camp the Royal City Mills had on the north arm of the Fraser about one mile east of the Boundary Road; 'Wintemute's Place,' we called it; it was owned originally by Mr. Wintemute of New Westminster. Its exact site was almost exactly where 'Spotty' McGregor's ranch on Marine Drive was some years ago; about a mile west of the Rosehill Farm which was five miles east of our place. The Royal City Mills had another camp at Mud Bay. Bob Preston, who preempted Kitsilano Beach in 1873, was in charge of all the Royal City Mill's camps."

#### **OX TEAMS.**

"You will observe, in this photo, the biggest log is foremost, and as the logs trail off, they get smaller and smaller, the smallest being the last log. The reason the biggest log is put first is that there is always a 'slack' between logs, and when the ox team pulls, they give an initial big jerk which starts the first and heaviest log, and the momentum of that heavy weight moving jerks those behind, and so starts the whole 'turn of logs'—that's the name for a string of logs—moving. The oxen know, and brace themselves for one successive jerk. A 'rollway' is where the logs are dumped into the water."

#### **GORE AVENUE AND BROCKTON POINT.**

"Other small logging jobs I had once was hauling piles down a skid road almost exactly where Gore Avenue is now—I think they were for some cannery—that was the winter before the Great Fire. Frank Perry, now of 1550 Charles Street, old time logger, worked with me. Then I hauled spruce at Brockton Point; when they cleared the athletic grounds at Brockton Point, I hauled with horses the spruce trees they had felled to the shore."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, 4 JUNE 1933, AT KITSILANO BEACH.**

#### **WILD ANIMALS. ELK.**

Major Matthews: Bill Hunt, who lived down near Kitsilano Beach in 1897 or about that, told me about a lot of elk dung he found in the torn-up roots of a hemlock which had been blown down; what do you make of it? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 1931.)

Mr. Rowling: (slowly) "Preserved, eh? I don't know where the elk went, and never asked the Indians. My recollections of the Indians is not of the pleasantest; I did not care for them. I think my dislike was caused by the fact that they had big scabs on their necks; there were cracks in the scabs; the scabs were broken open, and you could see the white pus in the cracks; most repulsive; the result of their association with white men, I imagine. We found a *tremendous lot* of old elk horns over on the little flat prairie east of D.L. 258 where we ran our cows, embedded in the grass; the wild grass had grown up, died down, each year, and the elk horns were old, and embedded in the dead grass." (Note: also found them in the swamp around Deer Lake, around the swamp at Kitsilano Beach. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

#### **WOLVES AND COON, COUGARS, LYNX.**

Major Matthews: Sam Greer shot a wolf in his garden back of the bathhouse (Kitsilano Beach), great big timber wolves. (See Hall, Vol. 1.)

Mr. Rowling: "Oh, yes, I have seen the timber wolves crossing the ice on the North Arm, but we did not have much trouble with wild animals. Might have lost an odd cow now and again; the cougars, they are sly animals—you never see them—they might have taken a pig or so, and the cats, the lynx—there were lots of cats around, plenty of them, they might get a chicken or a duck, or a little pig, or the coons might have, but they did not bother us much. The cats" (lynx) "have no fight in them, but you can blow a hole in a coon and he will still fight; a cat thinks he's dead when a shot hits him, and just lies down dead. I remember one time a lady came along and said a cougar was killing her ducks, and Peter Byrne and

another man went into the house and got two rifles, and went off after it, but Priscilla (Mrs. Byrne, my sister) said, 'You just take the old shot gun; it's a cat.' So I took my shot gun, and after a time I saw just a form of a cat in hiding in a bunch of grass, I fired, and went and got the cat. A neighbour said to me, 'I cannot find a hole in him.' I answered back, 'Oh, he just died; died of fright,' and my neighbour answered, 'Do they do that?' I nodded, and he believed it.

"Cat and coon skins were no good; you could not sell them; but you could sell deer skins. We had a little garden across on Lulu Island and one morning we were coming home to dinner, crossing the river in a boat, when I saw a deer. I said to my friends, 'Let's go get him.' They said, 'No, let's go to dinner.' So I went off by myself; deer can swim pretty fast, but you can row faster; but you've got to be careful, hit them with a club on the head, that stuns them, or they will try to climb in your boat, and might upset you. So I skinned the deer, and wrapped it up in a clean sheet and took it up in the boat to New Westminster. I went to see the butcher, and he asked me if I could get him any deer, and I said I thought I could. He said that the people who brought him deer brought them in all covered with blood and dirt and people would not buy them. So I said to him, 'I've got one in my boat now,' and we went down to look at it. He gave me six cents a pound, and it dressed 153 pounds, that was \$9.00, and he gave me \$1.50 for the skin, so that was \$10.50 for a day's work, not bad, in days when you worked eleven hours for a dollar."

### **LOG HOUSE.**

Query: What did [your] old home look like, as you first recall it?

Mr. Rowling: "Our original home on D.L. 258 was a house of logs, no photo of it exists so far as I know. It was on the trail, now Marine Drive, on the same location, practically, behind this fence of stone and ornamental iron railings." (See bird's-eye view or drawing by J.S.M. Panoramic sketch by J.S.M.)

### **GRAPES.**

"There was a grape vine running over our cedar shake house; our second abode; it ran all over the house; over the roof, and we had the greatest lot of grapes you ever saw; there must have been 'tons' of them; you could not sell them all. Mother made a lot of wine, and jam. You know in the summertime they were always making preserves on the stove in the kitchen, and the heat rose up and passed through the cedar shake roof, and the same in winter too, I suppose, and the house faced south and was protected from the wind, and that vine was rooted on the west end, and it just grew wonderfully. You know, it was queer, but you could just plant a slip of something, a black currant slip, or something, between the roots of an old tree stump, and it would grow like anything.

"Down below the log cabin and cedar shake house, along the river front, we planted parsnips. The river would flood in summer, inundated the shore, but the water will not hurt parsnip; they survive it, and then we would turn the pigs in; put up a fence around a patch and turn the pigs in, and they will root for themselves, and when they had finished one patch, we moved them to another. We cultivated right down to the river in front of the house, but in the west field at to the east of the cabin, there was a strip of wild grass along the shore, oh, say fifty feet wide."

### **INDIAN CAMP. FIREWOOD AND CEDAR BOARDS.**

"East of the log cabin was a field, about one acre with a zigzag fence around it, below the trail to Westminster, and between that and the little creek was just a sort of forest, second growth like, small stuff, we had been cutting firewood, new fence posts, and cedar for building there; down as far as the little creek; the little garden patch was a natural clearing, an old Indian encampment, between the two creeks; a zigzag fence ran east and west parallel to the river, and about 300 or so feet back from the river, the garden extending from little creek to big creek."

### **TEA SWAMP.**

Query: Do you know where the Tea Swamp on the North Arm Road was?

Mr. Rowling: "Oh, yes; just at the foot of the hill, about 16<sup>th</sup> or 17<sup>th</sup> Avenue; a little bush about two or three feet high; I could not stand the stuff; they used it for tea sometimes, but I could not stand it.

"Father got a pension of a shilling a day; he got his toes frozen when he was working on the North American Boundary Commission laying out the boundary between the United States and Canada." (See

*Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "I never quite understood what the Royal Engineers had to do with that boundary.

"I made a lot of money three times, and lost it again. I have just joined the Old Age Pensions Association. I had a farm up in the Okanagan; I lost that during the war for taxes. I had a five-storey building on Hastings Street—down by Jackson Avenue; I paid \$25,000 for the lot, and put up a \$55,000 building; mortgaged it for \$40,000 to put up the building, then I had a second mortgage for \$9,000 and a third for \$13,000, and took the 750 acre farm in the Okanagan" (Kelowna.) "I think it was for the balance of my equity when I sold. But during the war, if you had a clear title house, you could not borrow \$500 on it, so I lost the farm. I will be 70 in February next, and am going to apply for the Old Age Pensions. They won't have to pay it long, I think. I started logging at 16, have worked pretty hard, lot of out in the open in wet clothes, and that sort of thing; trouble with my heart, liable to die at any time; but I have no fear; I'm ready any time. My wife, of course, is about 25 years younger than I am; I think she was 21 and I was 46 when we were married on St. Valentine's Day, 1910, at Wesley Church.

"I married Miss Mary Houston, daughter of John and Kate Houston of Vancouver—still living—at Wesley Church, Georgia Street, Vancouver, February 14 (St. Valentine's Day) 1910. Our children were William Henry Rowling, and Mayo Mary, now Mrs. H.C. Duggan."

## **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, ABOUT 27 JUNE 1933.**

### **LAND SALES.**

"You had better alter that part of my story where I said that the land scrip Father bought was applied on adjoining sections; I think the land scrip he bought was applied on sections on Lulu Island, and that he sold them afterwards; I don't know.

"A man named Brown—no, not Ebenezer Brown, a Brown, I think, who had been a Royal Engineer—helped Father build that log cabin, or it may have been Brown's military grant, and Father bought D.L. 258 from him. You see my brother Jim and I were minors, and not recognised. I squatted on Lot 330, Jim squatted on D.L. 331, but when the auction sale took place we bid them in; nobody bid against us; just good-naturedness; we wanted them because that was where the little natural pastures were, where we ran our cows. Father squatted on D.L. 329 himself, that is, to the west of D.L. 258, but I am not quite sure of the number of the district lots from memory, I think I'm right. Father had two fractional sections across the river on Lulu Island, and he traded these with we two boys, and we gave him a clear deed; we just exchanged, and he took D.L. 330 and 331."

### **JAMES (JIM) MCGEER, FATHER OF GERRY (HIMSELF) MCGEER.**

"You see, when these sections were put up for auction squatters had sometimes done a lot of improvement work on them. Neighbours recognised this, and just did not bid; of course, there was nothing to prevent them bidding; if they had bid there was no legal way of preventing them getting the property, but when the auctioneer put the section up for bidding, they said nothing, kept quiet, and of course it went to the man who had done the improvements and who wanted it. I remember the time Jim McGeer, Gerry McGeer's father, had his place put up for auction. It was the first piece put up at the sale, the piece out Kingsway way, where Jim had a milk ranch. The auctioneer said, 'I will ask you to consider that Mr. McGeer has done a lot of improvement work on this property. Of course, it is your privilege to bid on it if you want to; if you do I cannot help it, but I ask you to consider the point.' Then he added, 'I don't know what he wants with the old "gravel pit" anyway, but he's in the milk business, and there is a nice stream running through it.' They never could leave Jim alone; always making some sort of a joke about him or his milk." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, Matthews, 1931.)

## **EXCERPT FROM LETTER, 18 JULY 1933, FROM THOMAS DEASY, JASMINE AVENUE, MARIGOLD P.O., SAANICH, B.C., TO J.S.M.**

"I also know Mr. Rowland [Rowling]. He was proprietor of 'The Retreat' Saloon at 'The Camp' during the days of the Royal Engineers. He was one of them. He had two daughters, fair haired girls."

**REMARKS BY JOHN H. SCALES, 26 JUNE 1933, WHO CAME, AS A CHILD, ON THE *THAMES CITY* WITH THE ROYAL ENGINEERS, OF WHOM HIS FATHER WAS ONE.**

"Before Rowling went to live down the North Arm of the Fraser he lived just east of the little old church out Sapperton way. We called at his place as my father and I were proceeding by flat bottomed boat to Burrard Inlet in 1869." (See his narrative, Vol. 3.) "I remember he had four grape vines."

**REMARKS BY W.H. GALLAGHER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, FORMERLY ALDERMAN.  
CONVERSATION ON BEACH AT KITSILANO, 23 JUNE, 1933.**

"Rowling; why yes, I know old Mr. Rowling; had my first Christmas dinner over at their house on the North Arm of the Fraser. The old man was very fond of flowers; the whole place was a picture; honeysuckle growing all over the stumps so that you could not see the stump, and flowering wonderfully, and a vine running all over the house." (This was the famous grape vine.) "I came here in April 1886."

**SCHOOL.**

"Funny thing, but in 1886, there was an election in Vancouver, but Vancouver had no member of parliament at that time; the election district was included in North Arm of the Fraser, Lulu Island, Ladner's, and a great big territory; Vancouver had no member of its own. Jimmy Orr, who had been the M.P.P., left Ladner's and went to live in Vancouver; this incensed the Ladner's people who put up a candidate against him. There was to be a meeting in the little old school house near Rowling's place; it is still there, not the same building, but on the same site, and we all got rigs in Vancouver and went out the River Road. The new Ladner man did not turn up for the election." (Note: the original school building is now used as an office for a meat packing firm and stands on Fraser Street between Marine Drive and the bridge.)

"After the meeting we harnessed up the rig, but the horses got frightened at something and ran away. They went off in the darkness up towards Rowling's house, and straddled an ox which was in their path of haste. We ran after them, of course, and when we came up with them, in the darkness, all we could see was a tangle of ox, horses and democrat. The ox was on his back with his feet in the air under the democrat, and bellowing for his life. One horse was down, the other trying to get away, the ox underneath the democrat and bellowing, and it was twelve midnight, dark, and raining. There never was before or since such a racket at midnight."

**A KINDLY GENTLEMAN, ROWLING OF ROWLING'S.**

"Old Mr. Rowling came out from his home to find out what the disturbance was all about; we got lanterns, untangled the mess, and then said, 'You had better come in and spend the night with me; too late and too wet to go home tonight'; so we all went in, all eight of us, and spent the night, stopped for breakfast, and on Sunday morning drove quietly home to Vancouver."

## CONVERSATION WITH H.S. ROWLING, 23 JUNE 1933.

### RIVER ROAD—A TRAGEDY, 26 DECEMBER 1889.

"One Christmas there was a dance at our place; snow was on the ground. After the dance was over the guests departed, of course, in sleighs. About half a mile" (is this right?) "to the west of our place, a Mr. Saint, a settler with a family—one of them, Margaret, married Steve Madison, an early foreman of the Water Works—was clearing his land and was burning. As the sleigh conveying six persons was passing his place, a tree which was burning, and which stood beside the narrow mud road, fell of its own weight, and the marvel of it was that it fell directly on to the passing sleigh. I suppose such a thing might not happen again in a thousand years. Four of the six persons were killed. Those who escaped were Mayo Lawson, now Mrs. Tibbs of Port Kells, and William Mashiter, still living at Squamish. Those killed were Jasper Locke, 24, James D. Bodwell, 24, James B. Lawson, 16, and Clarence D. Campbell, 22. Mr. McRae and I were delegated to break the news to Mrs. Lawson. It was a hard duty to perform, but she took it stoically, and asked to be told the worst. Old Mr. Lawson, in his anguish at the loss of his son, was unreasonable, and wanted to prosecute Mr. Saint."

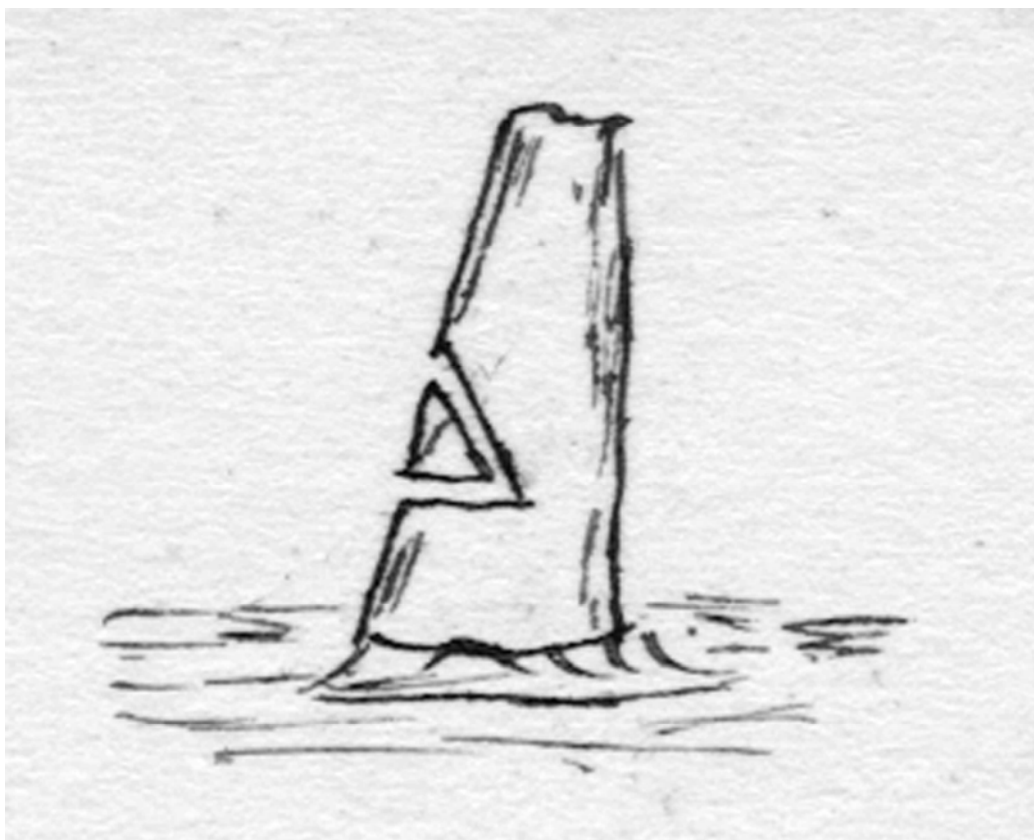
(River Road Tragedy: see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 5. William Mashiter or his docket.)

Mrs. Campbell, [in] *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, says, "It killed one of them; it happened just a short way up Granville Street from Eburne."

Mr. Rowling: "That was another instance. That was a Steve, one of the Steves of Steveston."

### CLEARING LAND. BURNING TREES.

"It was less labour to start a fire in a tree, and burn it down than to do so by chopping. The way the fire was started was to bore a horizontal hole into the centre of the tree, and then bore a slanting one down to meet it—that made a sort of a chimney for draft."



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_023

Vancouver, B.C.

September 11/33.

Major J.S. Matthews.

Dear Sir: Am enclosing herewith memorial card etc. re accident on Marine Drive (then known as River Road). The only other information I can give you is that this accident took place about ¼ mile east of what is now the corner of Marine Drive S.E. and Argyle Street.

Yours truly,

(Miss) E.J. Rowling.

**IN MEMORIAM**

of

Jasper Locke, T., age 24,  
James D. Bodwell, M., age 21,  
James B. Lawson, age 16,  
of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, I.O.G.T.

and

Clarence D. Campbell, age 22,  
of Harmony Lodge, No. 18, I.O.G.T.

Who were killed by a falling tree at North Arm  
of the Fraser River on December 26, 1889.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, I.O.G.T.

Where it has pleased Almighty God in his mysterious workings to remove from our midst four of our much beloved brethren, viz: Jasper Locke, T., James V. Bodwell, M., and James B. Lawson, of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, I.O.G.T., and C.D. Campbell, of Harmony Lodge, No. 18, I.O.G.T., who were killed by a tree falling on a sleigh containing six of our order and while we mourn the loss of the above-named highly esteemed brethren we cannot but praise God for the miraculous escape of Bro. W. Mashiter, P.C.T., and Sister Mayo Lawson, V.T., of Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, and in view of this terrible calamity, we cannot but admit that

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Therefore, be it Resolved that our Charter and Regalia be draped in mourning for the period of three months in memory of our departed brethren.

Resolved that Golden Rule Lodge, No. 13, I.O.G.T., tender to the relatives of our deceased brethren our warmest sympathies in this their great affliction, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the parents of the deceased.

Resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, and that copy of them be furnished to the "Good Templar of Canada."

J.W. Rowling, C.T.  
P.A. Rowling, Sec.

Dec. 26, 1889.

**INDIAN BURIAL.**

There are a good many stories told about Scotsmen, but I doubt if you ever heard this one.

It happened up north; an Indian had died, and there was no priest available. A Protestant whiteman interested himself in the burial arrangements, and wanted to give the Indian as decent a burial as circumstances permitted. As you know, the Roman Catholics burial service is spoken in Latin, so the Protestant whiteman was in a bit of a quandary; he could not speak Latin; he consulted a friend, a Scotchman, and enquired if he could speak Latin. The Scotchman could not, "But," he said, "I can speak Gaelic; and," he added, "if it won't do him any good, it won't do him" (the Indian) "any harm."

So the burial service was spoken in Gaelic, and the Indians not the wiser, and thoroughly satisfied it was done as it should be done.

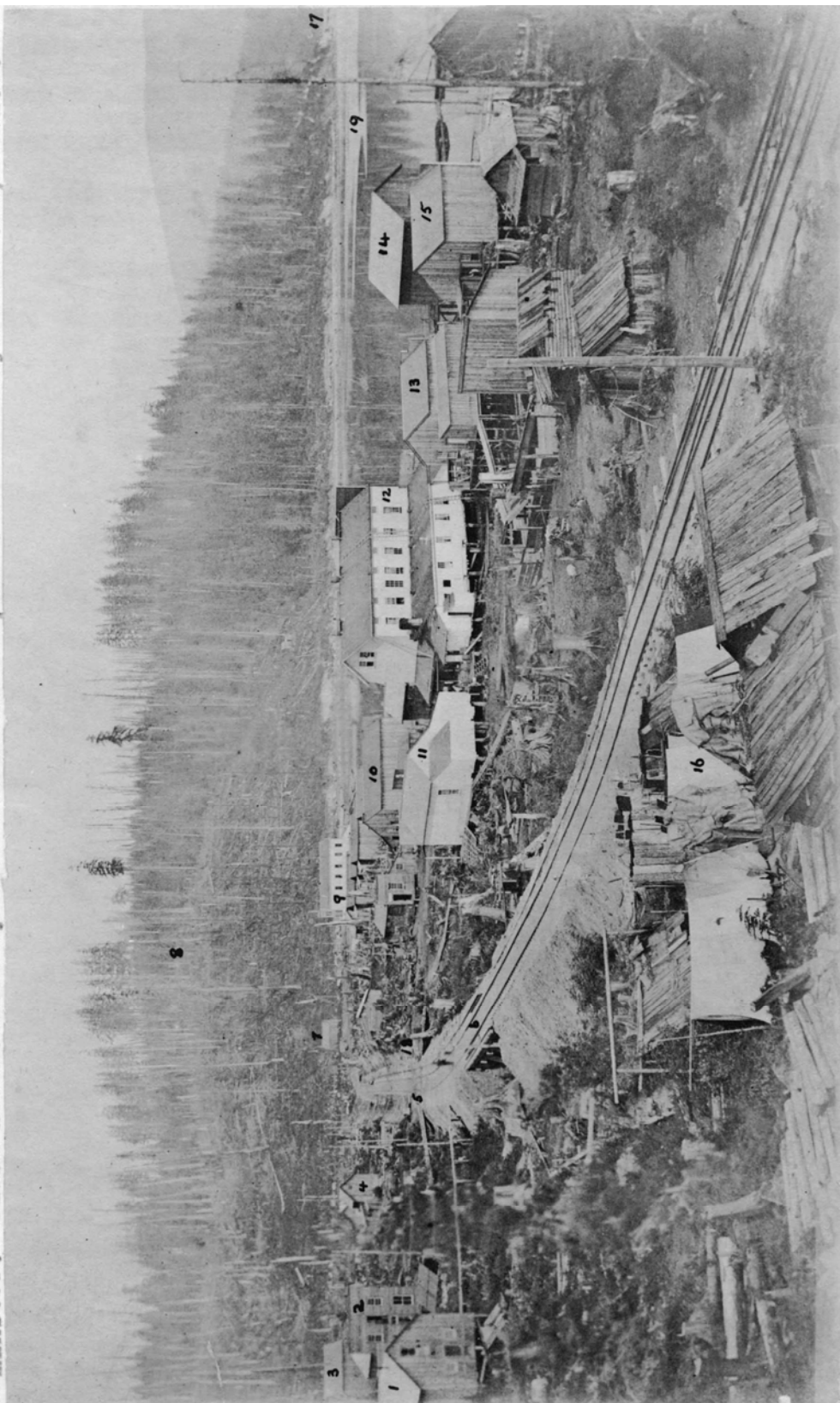
**CLERICAL REPORTEE.**

There was a Roman Catholic priest and a Methodist clergyman who used to ride from Eburne to New Westminster together for company. One of them had a wild, spirited horse, and did not like him; so they exchanged. Some time after the Roman Catholic's horse—whichever it was—died, and the next time they met, the priest remarked upon his ill fortune in losing his horse, and the circumstances of it. Then the following conversation took place:

Methodist clergyman: (jokingly) "I suppose you saw to it that his soul got through purgatory all right."

Roman Catholic priest: "No, before he died he turned Methodist, so I let him go to hell."

John Murray says "First photo, Port Moody, winter, 1883." Photo by John Uren, New Westminster.--First locomotive "Lytton" landed Oct.18,1883. See "Early Vancouver," Vol.3.



PORT MOODY, 1883. 1 Fraser Bros.hall; 2 Lamont's Restaurant; 3  
; 4 Sandy Annand;  
5 Queen St.Crossing; 6 Creek and trestle; 7 C.P.R.Bldg.; 8 Clarke's boundary; 9 Elgin House;  
10 Tay's store, jail behind; 11 D.B.Grant's(1st P.O.); 12 Caledonia Hotel; 13 Ecksteins; 14 Cal.  
Hotel Stable; 15 Jn.Murray, butcher; 16 Chinese shacks; 17 Ry Wharf; 18 Station; 19 Float Ice.

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_024

## MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY OF PORT MOODY, 12 JULY 1934.

Mr. Murray was born on the *Thames City* at sea, and is today one of the four remaining passengers (children) of that historic voyage.

### PORT MOODY, 1883.

"This photograph was taken in the fall of 1883 by John Uren of New Westminster; I was there when he came over and took the picture; that it is in the fall is established by the sheet ice on the water.

"The land marks from left to right are as follows:

- No. 1. Fraser Bros. hall, the only hall in Port Moody; it was there that the concerts and dances were held, and the speeches made. On the Sunday *[June 13, 1886]* that Vancouver burned, while we were at Church Service, and while singing hymns, had our hymn books open before us, ashes from the Vancouver Fire fell on to the pages of our hymn books.
- No. 2. This is Lamont's restaurant, a square shop front building across Queen Street from the hall, and is where the present Royal Bank of Canada stands.
- No. 3. I do know what this building was; Alex. *[Iris]* Tay's dwelling house.
- No. 4. This building belonged to Sandy Annand.
- No. 5. Queen Street is the dividing line between the Clarke and the Murray properties. The hall on one side and the restaurant on the other face each other across Queen Street, and is shown in the photo as a roadway crossing the C.P.R. single track.
- No. 6. A railway trestle crossing where a creek formerly ran, and now just behind the present post office.
- No. 7. In the distance, a small C.P.R. building, used for railroad purposes.
- No. 8. The forest is Capt. Clarke's boundary line, D.L. 202. Capt. Clarke had the hillside slashed about 1883 and 1884.
- No. 9. This is the Elgin House. Capt. Clarke built it, and the Insley Bros. ran it.
- No. 10. The jail is behind No. 10, out of sight. This is Tay's store, where the second post office was after D.B. Grant sold out.
- No. 11. D.B. Grant's store; the first post office was here.
- No. 12. This is the Caledonia Hotel, built by J.T. Scott and Kelly, commonly called Col. Scott, but J.T. Scott belonged to one of the military companies raised in New Westminster, and U.S. soldier.
- No. 13. Eckstein store (father of Louis Eckstein).
- No. 14. Stable for Caledonia Hotel.
- No. 15. John Murray's butcher shop.
- No. 16. Chinese shacks. The Burrard Hotel now *[1934]* stands here.
- No. 17. Portion of C.P. Railway wharf, where first trans-Pacific steamer *Abyssinia* docked. Statutory terminus of the C.P.R. *[Latterly B.C. Refining Co. site.]*
- No. 18. Just beyond the crossing, west side Queen Street, north side of track, is the location of the old C.P.R. station, built by public subscription of citizens of Port Moody in 1891. The C.P.R. had nothing to do with the building of that station.
- No. 19. Ice floating on inlet.

"This photograph was taken before the first C.P.R. locomotive was landed." – John Murray.

(Note: Mr. Murray may not be exactly correct. The first locomotive, the "Lytton," is reported as being landed on 18 October 1883, in which month ice would hardly be present. However, he says he recalls ice. Perhaps it is the white shadow reflection of light on the surface of the water.)

### **EARLY PORT MOODY.**

"In 1881, I was working for W.B. Townsend, butcher, New Westminster, but left him. Then in March 1882, joined the survey party for the subdivision of District Lots 201 and 202, Clarke and Murray, soldiers land grant.

"The survey party was in charge of Mr. Stevens, land surveyor from Victoria, and we came over from New Westminster on a scow, coming via the North Arm and Point Grey with a surveyor's outfit on board, located at the foot of Queen Street, having our camp in the scow house on the scow. We anchored at the foot of Queen Street on account of its convenience and the fresh water from the creek which emptied there. We commenced to survey the townsite, staked out streets, alleys, blocks, and most of the lots, and finished about October 1882. That was the first survey of the townsite."

### **NORTH ROAD.**

"At that time, 1882, when we reached Port Moody, there were no buildings there whatever. I do not agree with Tom Deasy that there might have been an even earlier settlement on Burrard Inlet than Hastings. It is true that Col. Moody favoured the spot named after him, and that he had a farm on what is now called the Port Moody Road, but his farm was miles away, down on the Brunette River, where you turn up to the present Coquitlam Golf Links. Col. Moody *did* open a trail from 'The Camp' to what is now called Aliceville, that is, the end of the North Road, and for the purpose of conveying mails to New Westminster, when the Fraser River was frozen, and also for a base line for his survey—he opened two base lines; one was the North Road. After the capital of B.C. was moved to Victoria in 1869, the North Road deteriorated into nothing more than a trail for Indians" (see "Supplejack"—Khaytulk); "a track you could not get a horse over, because all the bridges put up by the Royal Engineers on the North Road had been burned out." (Note: a great bush fire ran through this area about 1865.) "There was no way in which a horse could be got to the Burrard Inlet end of the North Road until 1881. During Governor Seymour's residence on the Mainland, he kept the North Road open for the purpose of conveying the mails when the Fraser River was frozen over; he made the North Road into a sleigh road, but after he left, it went wild again, so that when we came on the scow in March 1882, soon after it was known that Port Moody was to be the terminus of the C.P.R., there was no *direct* trail that I ever heard of from Sapperton to the present site of Port Moody. On the northern shore there was one logger's shack, occupied by Billy Thompson, subsequently the site of the 'Old Orchard,' where McNair's shingle mill is now. There were a number of loggers' buildings belonging to the Moodyville Saw Mill, who had been logging there for a number of years, but had ceased operations, right at the head of the bay.

"When the Royal Engineers disbanded, those who did not return to England put in their claims for military grants; Father located at Port Moody. I remember the Sunday night he came back after spending the day over there putting in the stakes, but I am positive he did not erect a building of any sort there until 1883. Capt. Clarke's property was originally the grant of Robert Butler, bugler in the Royal Engineers. Butler sold it to Capt. Clark for twenty-five dollars. Butler's grandson is now in the Game Department, Provincial Court House, here. Clarke did not erect buildings until 1883, so that I repeat, when our surveyor's scow party got to Port Moody in March 1882, there was not even a trail to New Westminster nor a log cabin along the south shore.

"In the '70s, when I was a school boy, Father used to take us for a walk to Port Moody, and it was our custom to go out by the old North Road trail. We always made previous arrangements with an Indian to meet us at the end of the trail with a canoe, and take us up to Port Moody for the day. My memory of those days is very clear. I was a young, impressionable lad, and had nothing else to think about, and, further, the teachers in the Brothers' school used to take us out there to the end of the road to teach us to swim. It was not called Aliceville at that time. Even today, Aliceville is not an official name. John A. Webster had land at the end of the North Road and at the time of the building of the C.P.R., Webster and his family went out to the end of the North Road for summer camping during school holidays. The place was named after his daughter Alice" (Mrs. Tovey.)

"About 1881 John Johnston built a cabin at the end of the North Road, and kept boats for hire to those wishing to go to Port Moody."

Note: in conversation, 25 July 1934, through an interpreter with an aged Indian of the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, he said, (interpreter) "Long time ago warship, painted white, go up inlet, stop about three miles this side Port Moody, make little clearing, then make camp, then cut trail to New Westminster." The "warship" was probably a ship's cutter.

#### **COAL HARBOUR.**

"Col. Moody had a very large ship's cutter with eight oars, and I can remember them bringing back to Westminster coal in sacks which some of the soldiers had secured on Burrard Inlet."

#### **THE FIRST VESSEL, PORT MOODY. TERMINUS OF THE C.P.R.**

"The first vessel which came into Port Moody was the *Duke of Abercorn*, a full rigged iron ship with the first load of rails, March 10 or 12, 1883. I took the first shipment of beef for Van Volkenburgh Bros., butchers, to Port Moody, on my birthday, 14<sup>th</sup> of March. I well remember it rained hard all that day. On the 15<sup>th</sup> March I delivered one hind quarter of beef to that ship; they had then commenced to discharge cargo. The *Port Moody Gazette* is all wrong if they say it was May when the *Duke of Abercorn* arrived."

(Calvert Simon says: "She entered customs, March first, 1883.")

#### **PORT MOODY GAZETTE.**

"The *Port Moody Gazette* was edited by Frisby Logan, but was printed by J.K. Suter in the office of the *Mainland Guardian*, New Westminster."

#### **BRIGHOUSE AND HAILSTONE.**

"As late as 1885, Brighthouse, with the assistance of George Black, came to me to prevail upon my father to exchange lots in Port Moody for lots in Vancouver. The proposal was that we should exchange a number of lots which my father owned, two blocks back from the water in Port Moody, for an equal number of lots two blocks back from the water in the West End of Vancouver which Brighthouse owned. Even at that time they were not certain that the C.P.R. terminus would be at Coal Harbour. I was at Newcastle, England, about 1910, and met John Hailstone there. He was living at Jesmond Dean, Newcastle, and had suffered strokes, and subsequently died" (as result of falling downstairs) "there."

"The first Provincial constable in Port Moody was 'Long Sharpe,' previously in charge of the asylum at Victoria."

#### **FALSE CREEK TRAIL. FALSE CREEK ROAD.**

"I do not know where the False Creek Trail was, but the False Creek Road was a road opened in the late '60s from Douglas Road, now named 8<sup>th</sup> Street, at a point about two miles from Columbia Street, much the same route as that called Kingsway, down Mount Pleasant, across False Creek at Main Street, and on to Gastown. A man by name Billy Bellew came down from the upper country and operated a stage coach on that route for a short time, but the Douglas Road to Hastings was more favoured, so he gave up the business of operating a stage line on that route. The road was not kept up, and finally became a narrow trail, until the City of Vancouver started."

#### **NORTH ARM ROAD. MAGEE'S RANCH.**

"The road, now Fraser Avenue, from the Sunnyside Hotel to the North Arm was built by Billy Thompson, previously mentioned, who also had a farm at Saanich, and by this road you could get as far west as Magee's ranch."

#### **ELK.**

"The elk disappeared about the time the Royal Engineers arrived. When I was a youth, I often used to run across old horns lying on the ground, worm eaten. The elk must have been numerous on the big, long ridge between Burrard Inlet and the North Arm of the Fraser." (See Pittendrigh, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

## **GASTOWN.**

"The road from Hastings to Gastown was built in 1875 by Arthur N. Herring, still living. John A. Webster and R.W. Dean were his bondsmen; Arthur did not complete the road." (See *History of Lulu Island*, by Thomas Kidd, which says operations ended in November, owing to snow.) "It was completed next year, 1877, by Tom Kidd as foreman. Gassy Jack's first liquor saloon stood in a small clearing about where the present Europe Hotel, corner of Powell and Alexander streets, stands" (see Map of Granville, 1870); "a small cleared space of old clam shell beds on the edge of the beach, and nothing near it save forest. The shack was a small place, a mere shack, but I cannot remember the details. Then he built the Deighton House on the corner; quite a nice place. The Maple Tree had grown there naturally, but the monument they have erected to mark its sport is in the wrong place; it should be on Water Street. I know because I worked for George Black in his butcher's shop before there was a street there, and lived with him there in 1875. The box around the tree was convenient place to site in the shade; you could lie down full length on it, and loggers often went to sleep on its top during the warm summer days. The back of George Black's shop stood over the water, but in front of it was a planked area. His slaughter house was to the west of the south end of Carrall Street, west of where the Royal City Planing Mills was afterwards. I have handled a good many hundred pounds of meat between the old slaughter house on False Creek and the shop on Burrard Inlet. The trail branched off from the trail to the False Creek Bridge about the present Woods Hotel on the southeast corner of Hastings and Carrall streets and went slightly west of south until it reached False Creek where the slaughter house was." (See Hugh Murray, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.) "In the Ridley picture of Gastown, there is a stump down the street; in front of the stump, a deep hole." (See Harold Ridley, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

"Capt. Soule was once driving some ladies from the Hastings Mill to Gastown, when the horses ran away with the buggy, and they landed up in that hole. In another photo, that of the Maple Tree in May 1886, one of the nearest men has his back turned towards you; the other is George Barnes, auctioneer, standing sideways, light coat, derby hat."

## **THOMAS HENRY CUDLIP OF GASTOWN.**

"Thomas H. Cudlip, together with Clarke, either leased or bought Gassy Jack's Deighton House in 1875, and ran it 'til about 1879. Cudlip had been coachman to Governor Seymour, and appears in this photograph as driver of Governor Seymour's four-horse coach in which he used to travel to the Cariboo. This photo of four-horse team and four-wheeled conveyance, is taken at the entrance to Col. Moody's residence at the foot of the hill on Columbia Street, now part of the B.C. Penitentiary grounds. Cudlip is seated on the driver's seat. The long row of buildings above is the officers' quarters of the Royal Engineers. I do not know what the cottage on the left is, but think it was the house of some non-commissioned officers."

## **MOODYVILLE.**

"Sue Moody used to drive ox team for, I think, Homer and Donohue, who had a saw mill in Westminster where the Royal City Planing Mills was afterwards, about the foot of 11<sup>th</sup> Street on the river bank; smart man."

## **GREAT FIRE, 1886.**

"I came down to Vancouver the next day after the fire, and the only thing that I could recognise of the old settlement was at the corner of Carrall and Hastings streets. It was Angus Fraser's sleigh, half burned away, and with a roasted pig lying on its back underneath it; how it got there, I don't know, but that was all I could recognise of what had been Gastown." (See J.T. Abrey.)

## **SEYMOUR BATTERY.**

"The guns for the Seymour Battery came over from Victoria about 1865, and were unloaded at 'The Camp' dock below the present entrance to the Penitentiary. They were two muzzle-loading cannons and were placed on the ground overlooking the Fraser, where the Royal Engineers' theatre stood. The reason was that there was no drill shed to cover them. I have often cleaned them, and oiled the harness. Afterwards, my father, together with W.H. Keary, John and Hugh Murray, and Governor Moresby of the 'Pen,' dragged them down with Keary's horses to Leopold Crescent, where a log cribbing battery position had been constructed on the south side of Columbia Street, overlooking the river. On the Queen's

birthday, a royal salute of 21 guns was always fired, and of course the discharge of the guns went out over the river. The Seymour artillery, the New Westminster Volunteer Rifle Corps, and the Home Guards, all paraded for the ceremony."

### **MARY'S HILL.**

"Mary's Hill is that big slope where the Colony Farm is at the mouth of the Coquitlam River."

### **[NICKNAMES.]**

\*Page numbers in this section refer to pagination of original volume.

"Earl of Granville" – a chubby Indian boy with a very broad face who played about Gastown. Mrs. Crakanthorp terms him "a dear little fellow."

"Capilano Joe" was Indian Chief, afterwards known as Chief Joe Capilano.

"Howe Sound Jim," or Jim "Grouse" was the husband of Mrs. Kulkalen, or the celebrated "Aunt Sally" who was probably born in Stanley Park and who died there 19 April 1923. She owned a small piece of land near Lumberman's Arch, and was allowed to remain when squatters were ejected.

Johnnie "Scow" of Steveston, and Alert Bay Indian chief, died about 1935. See page 16U\*.

"Lockit" Joe was an Indian, so they numbered him. (Lockit, i.e., six in Indian or Chinook.)

"Sore Neck Billy," see 79\*, 179\*.

"Supplejack," (see page 458\*), or Haytulk, an Indian, son of Chief Haatsalanogh, after whom Kitsilano is named, and father of "August Jack" Haatsalano.

"The Virgin Mary," an old Indian woman, or Klootch, Lady Dufferin shook hands with, 4 September 1876, when she and Lord Dufferin visited Hastings Mill on a vice-regal visit. See "Crakanthorp," page 458\*.

"Ben Bolt," see page 178\*.

"Cinch" Smith, an employee of the Hastings Sawmill.

"Crazy George," see page 283\*.

"Dumps" Baker, see page 78\*, 179\*, 242\*.

"Dutch Pete" lived in Stanley Park, just opposite Deadman's Island (where a few cottages were collected together beside the driveway before reaching Brockton Point.)

"Happy Jack," see "Trounce Alley," page 179\*.

"Jericho" Charlie, see 13A\*, 15A\*.

"Jerry Roger's Cove" became "Jericho."

"Julius Caesar," see page 44\*, 178\*, 179\*.

"Old Hoisting Gear" (see page 458\*), Rev. Thos. Derrick, who dedicated with the help of Indians, the first church in Vancouver.

"Minister of the Interior," Rev. James Turner, Granville, 1873, Wesleyan Methodist, whose pastorate was afterwards the whole the interior of British Columbia.

"Portuguese Joe" – Three of them.

1868, Joseph Silvey, Gastown, owner, Lot 2, Block 7. Bought crown grant 7 December 1871.

Gregoris Fernandez, Gastown, owner Lot 76, Block 16. Bought 11 April 1870, crown grant 27 March 1873, auction.

Joseph Gonsalves, now, 1936, a very old man at Pender Harbour, came in July 1874.

"Protestant Bill" who invited His Excellency The Marquis of Lorne to extinguish old Scottish feud between their two respective clans by drinking a toast at (Mannion's) Granville Hotel on beach front, 1882. See A.A. Langley file.

"Rustie" Pleace, see page 78\*, 179\*.

"Scottsie Two Tails," a little girl, Minnie McCord, now Mrs. R.D. Smith, because she wore kilts and a glengarry with which she slapped (Magistrate) Harry O. Alexander, when he pulled her curls in church. (Hastings Sawmill School.)

"Silly Billy" Frost, see page 80\*, 179\*.

"Soak Shakes," a pioneer of early Gastown of German extraction who spoke English imperfectly, and pronounced "associate" as "soakshake." (See Minnie McCord file.)

"Sugar Jake," (page 458\*) – Mrs. Crakanthorp: "Because he put so much sugar in his tea."

"The Mayor of Granville" was Joe Mannion.

"The Merry Priest," Father Fay, first Roman Catholic priest in Vancouver.

"The Queen" was a little girl, now Mrs. Mary Buss, daughter of "Portuguese Joe," born 24<sup>th</sup> May.

"Gastown" was Granville.

"Maxie's." Maximillian Michaud's historical hostel at the "End of the Road."

"Salmonbellies," see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.

"Spratt's Ark," a well known vessel of the scow type; a huge scow. (See files.)

*Sudden Jerk*, a small steam launch of primitive machinery, reported humorously and (exaggeratingly) to get under way by a series of short jerks, and to stop similarly. She is said to have blown up when the steam pressure got too great, whilst the engineer was lingering longer at "Maxie's" bar.

"The Big House," the manager's residence at Moodyville Sawmill, occupied by Senator (and Lieutenant Governor) Nelson, and later by Ben Springer.

"The End of the Road" was Hastings.

The "Hole in the Wall" was "Pete Donnelly's."

"The Mission" was the Indian Reserve, across Burrard Inlet.

"Trounce Alley," see 92\*, 138\*, 145\*, 179\*.

"Old William" was "dear old William," R.H. Alexander's Indian servant.

"Gassy Jack." The well known John Deighton. (Note: "Gassy Bill," or William Woodward, was a waiter at the Victoria Hotel, Vernon, famed for his talkativeness and his baked beans. See Okanagan Historical Society, Sixth Report, 1935, p. 281.)

## **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MURRAY, PORT MOODY, 7 AUGUST 1934.**

### **MAXIMILIAN MICHAUD. HASTINGS, B.C.**

"Maxie was a thorough French Canadian gentleman; he came from Lower Québec, I think. He had been, before he went to Burrard Inlet, a waiter and bar keeper for John Joseph Arnaud, New Westminster."

### **OLIVER HOCKING.**

"Oliver Hocking, whom you say is shown in the first map of Hastings, B.C." (1869) "was the man who erected the hotel—boarding house and saloon—at the 'end of the road'" (Hastings); "you see the road terminated there; Oliver was the first settler at that point, and he sold out to Maxie, and he went out of B.C. Where he came from or where he went I do not know; I don't think he was a married man, but he was a great freemason; a big powerful man, a great friend of Father's; Father was also a freemason, and they used to attend lodge in New Westminster; I used to hear them talking about freemasonry. Maxie stayed at Hastings for many years; then he sold out and took a trip back east, and as a result of that trip" (see *Moodyville Tickler*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 28 July 1878) "his relations came out, and that is how they are now at Langley Prairie. Maxie was not exactly married, but had as a wife a half-breed Kanaka woman, Frisadie, a very pretty woman; she was afterwards a wife to several, Proctor of Stanley Park being one, and she died down at the old Kanaka Ranch" (on the south side of Coal Harbour, near Stanley Park entrance.) "She was related to old Dunc McDonald's wife" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "of North Vancouver—he came here about 1873, and died last year."

### **FALSE CREEK BRIDGE. FALSE CREEK ROAD. FIRST STAGE LINE ON KINGSWAY.**

"Old John" (Henry) "Scales is wrong about the stepping stones across False Creek; he forgets. The facts as I remember them are these. The old bridge across False Creek got very rickety; it was unsafe to drive cattle across, so sometimes we used to swim them. At extreme low tide there was about thirty or forty feet of water to swim the cattle through; the bridge was hardly safe for cattle to cross. I recall how I would look back from my horse at the cattle following me, and the bridge would be swaying; even the horse I was riding would sway; so the government pulled it down and afterwards rebuilt it. On east side of the point which jutted out on the south side of False Creek, I remember two men lived; I recall them about 1878 because they used to come up to the slaughter house" (Carrall Street) "and get a head to make head cheese. One was Julius" (Scales called him "Julius Caesar"); "he lived in a two-storey sort of building on the east side of the point with a man called 'Ben Bolt,' he was a saw filler down at the Hastings Mill, and the house was surrounded with a lot of clover; they must have done a bit of clearing there; it would be early 1870s when I used to drive the cattle by there, and at that time the house was abandoned and dilapidated; it was an old place then, it must have been built in the 1860s, but who built it, or why, I do not know. The reasons we used the False Creek Road to drive cattle" (see Hugh Murray) "was because it was cool in summer time. I think I told you previously that after the False Creek Road was opened, Billy Bellow started a stage in opposition to the Douglas Road stage; he ran only a short time; it did not pay, and as the government did not keep the road up, it finally became overgrown and finally nothing more than a trail."

### **HASTINGS-GASTOWN ROAD. EXTENSION FROM HASTINGS. A.M. HERRING.**

"Arthur Herring, who came with us on the *Thames City*, and still lives, was a chemist in New Westminster; he is a Royal Engineer child. In 1876, he got the contract from the Provincial Government to build a wagon road from Hastings to Cudlip's" (Granville.) "He had Sergeant McMurphy as his road foreman, but he did not finish it." (See Kidd's *History of Lulu Island*.) "When he stopped work on it in the fall of 1876, it was a trail you could get horses along, but it was not passable for wagons; there were no bridges, but it was completed in 1877 with Thos. Kidd as foreman, and ended in a little whirl at the foot of Carrall Street just where the Europe Hotel is now. *Beyond, there were no roads at all.* George Black's shop over the water was planked between his front and the jail; beyond that to the west was a trail as far as the parsonage" (foot of Abbott Street), "then a bit of a trail to the Indian rancherie just beyond the Parsonage; the timber was cut down around the Parsonage, and there were stumps lying all around. What was beyond the Indian rancherie I cannot say positively; I think a bit of a trail on down to Coal Harbour to the

Kanaka ranch; some Kanakas lived down there. There was absolutely no roads of any kind in the West End. Nothing at all west of the Deighton House.”

#### **LEWIS STAGE. TROUNCE ALLEY.**

“As soon as the Hastings-Granville Road was completed, Lewis, who ran the stage from Hastings to New Westminster, extended his route to Granville. He erected a stable for his horses back of the Jail, or back of Mannion’s Hotel; it was he who opened that little trail, or road, to the stable, and *I gravelled* it; I got the gravel out of the North Arm Road way; somewhere up Kingsway; dug into some small cut in the side of the road out there. ‘Happy Jack’ was the man who helped me.”

Remark by J.S.M.: Mr. Murray, what a lot of nicknames there were. “Happy” Jack, “Navvy” Jack, “Gassy” Jack, “Silly Billy” Frost, “Rustie” Pleace, “Julius Caesar,” “Sore Neck Billy,” “Ben Bolt,” and “Dumps” Baker.

#### **HASTINGS MILL. CAPTAIN STAMP.**

“Captain Stamp did not do much at the mill business; anyway, I don’t remember it. About 1872 he came to New Westminster and started a salmon cannery—I think with James Cunningham—on the bank of the Fraser River, and in an old building formerly known as the ‘Commissary Stores, Royal Engineers,’ right square in front of the present Penitentiary. He ran it one summer only; then Holbrook and Cunningham ran it. Thos. Ovens, afterwards mayor of Westminster, was a nephew of Holbrook’s. Captain Stamp used to drive out to the cannery every day with a grey horse.”

#### **ROYAL ENGINEERS.**

“All that I can think of who are living today of the Royal Engineer children are:

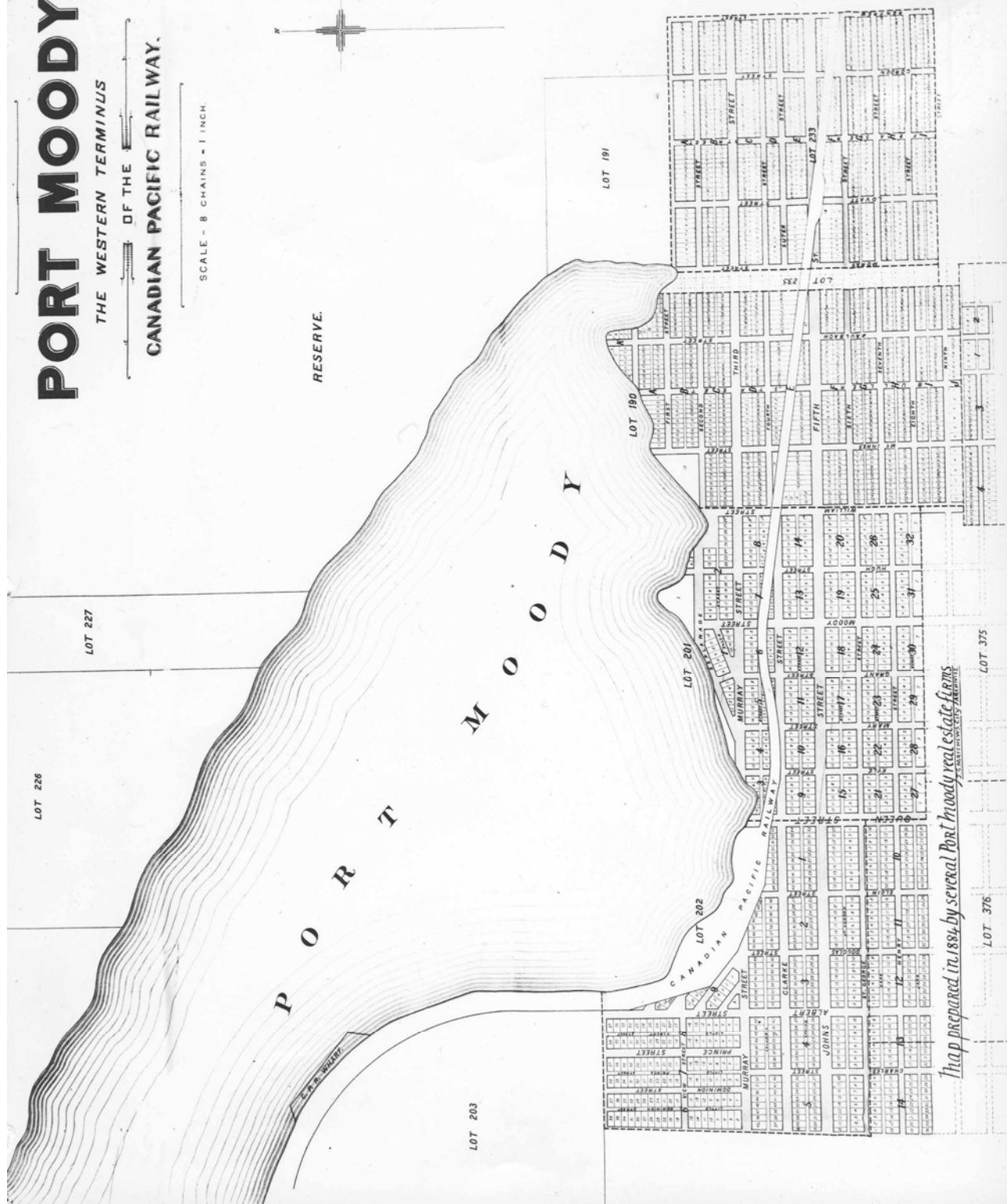
“*Thames City* children: John Murray, Port Moody. Hugh Murray, brother, New Westminster. John McMurphy, and Arthur M. Herring, New Westminster, and John Henry Scales, Vancouver.

“*Euphrates* children: Thos. Deasy, Jasmine Avenue, Marigold P.O., Saanich.”

SCALE - 8 CHAINS - 1 INCH.



RESERVE.



Map prepared in 1884 by several Port Moody real estate firms

### **MOODYVILLE. THE "SPIT." THE MOODYVILLE TICKLER.**

"The 'Spit' at Moodyville, mentioned in the *Moodyville Tickler*, was the sawdust pile; the sawdust from the mill got more and more" (see J.H. Scales) "and gradually made a big flat place where the games and sports were held; it was commonly called the 'Spit.' Hugh Burr, also mentioned in the *Tickler*, was a farmer at Seymour Creek; you have a photo of his house; it is just as likely as not that John McDonald, whom James McWhinney says may have been the editor of the *Tickler*, actually was the editor; he was that sort of a man; a big fine Scotchman, left Moodyville about 1876; he was a watchmaker and jeweller, no children, and afterwards established himself in a store behind my father's shoemaker shop on Columbia Street, New Westminster."

### **CAPTAIN VANCOUVER, 1792.**

"No. I never heard any Indian say where Captain Vancouver camped in 1792. The 'warship' which Andy Paul's Indian friend speaks of was probably a ship's cutter; those warships of the early '60s had great big cutters which would hold a dozen men."

### **PORT MOODY, 1883-1884. WEEKS AND FOSTER MAP OF PORT MOODY, 1884.**

"Weeks and Foster were in the real estate business in Port Moody for one summer and one winter only; I think they went away the fall of 1884, because when Father came back from England in 1884, they had gone; I had power of attorney for him, and did considerable business with them." (See *Port Moody Gazette*.) "They had an office down on the Beaven property, west of the C.P.R. Dock, where they built a small wharf, and they had a little trail—almost in the location of the present Vancouver-Port Moody road—up to Port Moody from their property."

### **ROCKY POINT. NORTH ROAD – ALICEVILLE.**

"Rocky Point, mentioned so often in the *Port Moody Gazette*, is the five acres which Father reserved for himself for his own house; where he resided; I live there yet; it is a location just about four streets east of Queen Street. Father built a hotel there; we got a license; it was called 'Rocky Point' on account of a long ledge of boulders out in front of it. P.D. Roe afterwards got the property, then it went back to the city for taxes, and I bought the lot I now live on; part of the original Rocky Point. I got the license for the Rocky Point Hotel in January 1883 from the magistrates sitting at Port Moody. It was not the first license in those parts because there were two license houses at the end of the North Road, Bonson's and Johnson's, licensed long previous to 1883, and then there was Maxie's at Hastings."

### **MURRAY GENEALOGY.**

"My father, John Murray, Royal Engineer, was born at Loughlan" (?) "Bridge, Co. Carlo, Ireland, in April, about twenty years before the Crimean war; he was too young to go to that; he married Jane Appleton, a widow of Southampton, England. The children, in order of age, are:

"Hugh, still living, no children.

"John (myself), now 75, no children.

"Sarah, (Mrs. Kyle), who died recently in New Westminster.

"Jane, (Mrs. George Raymond), of Nanaimo and Vernon.

"William, who has a lot of children and is living in Los Angeles, California. He was born after our arrival in B.C.

"Annie, now Mrs. Ems of Point Grey, Vancouver."

### **31 DECEMBER 1933 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. AND MRS. HUGH MURRAY.**

Who are now living on the south bank of the Fraser River, fifty yards west of the Fraser River Bridge, South Westminster, and on land rented from the B.C. Electric Railway Company; the building is the old school house.

Mr. Hugh Murray is of the *Thames City*, having been one of the children who came out with the Royal Engineers in April 1859; a well preserved man of 78 years, grey, almost white hair and moustache, talks vivaciously, enjoys a smoke, and is most active for his age. Mrs. Murray, a tall, gracious lady of vigour, lesser age, possesses those more practical charms so common in our pioneer women. I was most graciously welcomed.

Mr. Murray said: "So far as I know, all the Royal Engineers are now deceased; the children of the *Thames City* alone survive. Those whom I know to be still living are:

"Thomas Deasy of Marigold, Saanich." (Not of *Thames City*, but *Euphrates*.)

"John McMurphy, two years older than I am, New Westminster.

"Arthur Herring, New Westminster.

"John Murray of Port Moody, my brother, who was born one month before we reached British Columbia, and

"Myself, Hugh Murray, of South Westminster."

He omits John Henry Scales, Vancouver.

#### **HASTINGS. "END OF THE ROAD." NEW BRIGHTON. "MAXIE'S."**

Query: How did Hastings townsite get its name, Mr. Murray?

Mr. Murray: "I don't know exactly. It was not called Hastings at first; it was called the 'End of *The Road*.' George Black's hotel was called the Brighton Hotel, but I don't think it was called Brighton before it was named Hastings." (A postmaster was appointed at New Brighton in May 1869.) "The first man I recall living there was Maxie; Maximilian Michaud. Maxie was a Frenchman; came from France." (Wrong—it should be French-Canadian.) "Before he went to the Hastings he tended bar for Joe Arnaud, who ran the Old Colonial Hotel, New Westminster, the one which was burned down. As you neared the 'End of the Road' you went down a bit of an incline, then turned to the left and crossed a bridge; Maxie's place was just up on the rise above the stable where, afterwards, Lewis, who drove the stage for years, used to put up his horses."

#### **HOCKING. DEP. REVENUE OFFICER, 1869.**

"Just who Hocking was I don't know. You say his name appears on the old map of 1869 as living there? I imagine, mind you, if my memory serves me rightly, he was a man who came from Cornwall to work in the mines at Nanaimo, and brought his wife and three sons with him. I'm not sure; ask Mrs. Chas. Hughes of New Westminster."

#### **TOMPKINS BREW. REVENUE OFFICER AND CONSTABLE, BURRARD INLET, 1869.**

"I don't know what became of Tompkins Brew's children; he was married to, anyway he was living with, a Kanaka woman; they left for Barkerville afterwards, and he was a constable or something; he was, I think, one of three brothers; Chartres Brew was one; George Brew, who purchased a lot in Granville in 1870, was no relation—he was a cook at Hastings Sawmill." (See Fred W. Alexander.) "There was a Judge Brew too. I think the children married into the family of Green at Barkerville, but what became of them I don't know."

#### **HASTINGS ROAD. DOUGLAS ROAD.**

"The reason the road was from Westminster to Burrard Inlet—it was not known as the Hastings Road then—was because Colonel Moody wanted access from his base at New Westminster in all directions. Stanley Park was at first a military reserve. First of all he cut the North Road, then he cut the road to

Hastings, and the reason it took the direction it did, was because that was the easiest route, and only nine miles.”

(Note by J.S.M. The route was easiest for these reasons:

1. The easy levels along the sides of Burnaby Lake and the bottom of the valleys. August Jack Khaatsalano says it was an Indian trail before the whitemans came.
2. The height of the hills east of Hastings; their precipitous sides, i.e., cliffs, on the shore of Burrard Inlet.
3. Burnaby Lake obstruction.
4. The creek at the “End of the Road” gave water.)

#### **CENTRAL PARK.**

“The reason Colonel Moody reserved Central Park was because he knew there was going to be a big population here; he left Queens park, and Moody Square too.”

#### **GRANVILLE AND HASTINGS BOUNDARY.**

“The diving line between Granville and Hastings was the Hastings Sawmill flume; it may not have been a legal boundary, but it was the one commonly recognised.”

#### **ROYAL ENGINEERS.**

“When the R.E. were working, they wore white canvas pants.”

#### **SIMILKAMEEN. OSOYOOS. HOPE.**

“In 1868 I made a trip over the Hope Mountain trail. There were only four persons living in the Similkameen when I went through. After leaving Hope the first place you reached was Allison’s, then Frank Richter’s, Keremeos, then Manwell’s—Manwell was a Mexican, and a good sort—then on to Haynes and Lowe at the Boundary Line at Osoyoos Lake. Lowe got leave of absence to return to England to be married, but an accident injured his arms and the doctor sawed both hands off, but his sweetheart married him just the same, and I took him back to Osoyoos over Hope Mountain.”

#### **CARIBOO. PEACE RIVER.**

“I left the Lower Mainland in 1872, and did not come back until the railway came along in 1884. I went all over everywhere in the Cariboo, and was in the Peace River when there was no one there at all, and then came back, and among other things was working for George Black, the butcher, at Hastings.”

#### **GEORGE BLACK. SLAUGHTER HOUSE.**

“George Black was killing his cattle at Hastings, then one day he said to me, ‘I think we’ll move it to Gastown,’ and he built his slaughter house on False Creek” (see John Murray), “where Brackman Ker’s place is now, by the Gas Works, under the Georgia Street viaduct, and for six months we packed the meat out on our backs to Westminster Road, hauled it to his butcher shop on the shore of Water Street and took it by boat, twice a week, first to Hastings, then on to Moodyville and the ships. That was how we came to kill the two bears on about Pender Street, near where the *Sun* newspaper office is now.”

#### **BEAR ON PENDER STREET.**

“We had a pet bear; we kept him on a chain in the slaughter yard; we caught him as a cub, and he grew up and got strong enough to break his chain; he was a pet. He wandered off, now and again, and we had to go after him. One time we found him over by where the *Sun* office on Pender Street is now; we saw his chain dangling from a stump before we saw him and we brought him in, and two other bears followed him; so we shot them. Bears were no particular use; not worth anything, not then.”

#### **FALSE CREEK ROAD. KINGSWAY.**

Query: Mr. Murray, the Lands and Works Map of 1876 shows False Creek Road and False Creek Trail; just what do they mean?

Mr. Murray: “The Central Park Road, now Kingsway, was built because the road to Hastings did not go on to Granville; the road was not completed to Granville; there was no way to get cattle to Granville. I have

driven cattle over the False Creek Road lots of times; we used to drive cattle all night so as not to meet anyone; we used to start at one a.m. in the morning, and reach Granville about six a.m.; we did that so as to avoid meeting anyone on the road. Cattle will always follow a horse leading them; but if we had a buggy or anything on the road, it would have been awkward on a road no wider than a narrow hallway; or the cattle might have scattered in the woods.”

#### **FALSE CREEK BRIDGE.**

“There was a bridge at the head of False Creek, where Main Street is now; it was built on piles, but the deck was poles laid crosswise, and you bumped across it. Many a time I have swum my horses across False Creek at that place.”

#### **FALSE CREEK TRAIL.**

“The False Creek Trail” (from Main Street to Marpole) “was built so that the farmers out Lulu Island way could get their produce to market, and save them the water trip around Point Grey; not always practical in bad weather. Those farmers were Brighthouse and Scratchley, Mole, Magee, McCleery, and Kilgour, etc.; that was why False Creek Trail was cut, so that they could get their produce in to the Hastings Mill and Granville.”

#### **POST OFFICE. FIRST ROYAL MAIL.**

“Bill Bristol used to take the mail from New Westminster up river to Fort Yale in a canoe. Then, when the first mail came in by railroad to Port Moody, Bill brought the mail by train to Port Moody and I met him there, and brought the mail on to New Westminster and gave it to Postmaster Tait.”

Before leaving, Mrs. Murray treated me to a glass of her own exquisite home made blackberry wine, and, as it was New Year’s Eve, the cordial felicitations of Mr. and Mrs. Murray sent me on my way with those happy recollections of their generous hospitality, so commonly found among our real pioneers. It was my last visit for 1933. J.S. Matthews.

#### **EMIGRANT SOLDIERS GAZETTE.**

Mr. Murray told me that, in the *Emigrant Soldiers Gazette*, published on the *Thames City*, there is a fine poem about the object of their trip and the land they are bound for. He says this poem is sung to the tune of “Bonnie Dundee.”

A sister, Mrs. Sarah Kyle, died 6 May 1934. An account of her life appears in the *Province* of 7 May 1934.

#### **COPY OF MEMO FROM OTWAY WILKIE, JULY 1931 – “IN VANCOUVER BEFORE FIRE.”**

“Hugh Murray in Vancouver, Gastown, in 1872. Only four families there then. Came to B.C. with Royal Engineers, a child. Otway Wilkie.”

#### **19 SEPTEMBER 1934 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH EDWARD EVERETT AUSTIN OF 980 WEST 20<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE, VANCOUVER, WHO UNLOADED THE FIRST C.P.R. LOCOMOTIVE UNLOADED AT PORT MOODY, OCTOBER, 1883.**

“I was born September 17<sup>th</sup> 1859, at Richland Center, Wisconsin, the son of Hiram and Mary Austin. Father was born in Vermont in 1824; Mother in Tennessee, an old American family, farmers; I was educated at a rural school of a sort; no railways in that part of the United States then; wagon transportation only. I left Richland Center just after the great Chicago fire, about 1872, and went to Iowa to learn the machinist’s trade” (Burlington railroad), “then went to the I.O.U.X.” (Soo City Line), “then on Kansas Pacific as machinist, then to Marshall, Texas, braking, then to Houston-Texas Central, also braking, then back north about 1878 as machinist on St. Paul and Pacific, now Great Northern Railway, then down on Milwaukee Line, and then to San Francisco, and up the coast to Yale seeking adventure.”

#### **“OLD CURLY.”**

“‘Old Curly,’ all shot to pieces, came up to Emory’s Bar on the deck of a river boat, I think the *Western Slope*, and I repaired her in the Yale shops; not much of a machine shop at that time, but I got her repaired and ran her. She had been operating on the building of the sea wall at San Francisco for the same people who were building the C.P.R. western end, i.e., D.O. Mills, Stanford, Huntingdon, and

Crocker; they were the original Central Pacific and Virginia Truckee crowd, and were building the San Francisco sea wall. They had no further use for the 'Old Curly' there, so they sent her up to the Yale contract.

"She was called 'Old Curly' because of a fellow by the name of Macgowan, a machinist at Yale. On the contract she was at all times known as 'Emory,' or 'No. 2,' but on one occasion, when Macgowan was working around her, something happened and she started to move, and came nearly 'catching' him. He was a great bar room artist; would get himself thoroughly purged with lots of rye—he was a great judge of rye—and that would start him talking, and when he got started talking you couldn't stop him telling over and over again how that 'damned Old Curly came near killing him.' He repeated it so often that finally she became unofficially known as 'Old Curly.'"

#### **EARLY RAILWAY ENGINES. "YALE," "LYTTON," "WESTMINSTER," "SAVONA."**

"Engine 'No. 1' was named 'Yale'; 'Old Curly' was the second engine on the Yale contract; 'No. 1' was the first. 'No. 1' was from Virginia Truckee, and a very different model; she was a 'Mogul,' as also were Nos. 3, 4 and 5. 'Curly' was the only one of her class. She was built by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco about 1869, but the 'Curly' in Hastings Park is much altered in appearance to what she was originally. She was remodelled by the lumber company at Mud Bay." (See Percy DesBrisay.) "The 'Yale' was landed at Emory's Bar before the 'Curly.' Bert Miner was engineer on the 'Yale.' I think Daly took charge of the 'Curly' for a month or so, and then she was tied up for repairs. I worked on her, completed her repairs, and ran her on the construction line east and west of Yale for about a year. Then I went on to the 'No. 3,' and that was the 'Westminster,' and ran her until I came to Port Moody to look after the setting up of 'No. 5,' or the 'Lytton.' 'No. 4' was called the 'Savona,' and was landed at Port Hammond." (Note: "Savona" station was called "Van Horne" at first.)

#### **LANDING OF THE "LYTTON" AT PORT MOODY.**

"The 'No. 5,' or 'Lytton,' was brought up from San Francisco on a steamer, and arrived at Port Moody in October 1883. I met her. We landed her on a raft of logs, and then, at high tide, the raft was towed up to the mud flat near the western end of the town, about where the Elgin Hotel was afterwards built." (See *Port Moody Gazette*, 1883.) "We built a runway for her from the raft to the shore, and the rails, which at that time were laid on the grade as far as what we called the 'Summit'; that is, the top of the hill just west of Westminster Junction. She was knocked down, when she arrived, but in due course I put her together, got up steam—she was in fine shape mechanically—and ran her three or four miles to the 'Summit.' She was 'headed' west, ran backwards when going east, and was employed for a time in laying steel to the point of connection of the line being constructed westwards from Yale; the point of connection was a flat place about a mile and a half east of Nicomen."

#### **NICOMEN.**

"At the point of connection there occurred a rather notable incident; we turned 'Lytton' around with a turntable, with a crowd of graders equipped with crow bars. We ran the 'Lytton' out on the far end of a short piece of disconnected track, and then 'slewed' one end of the track around as far as we could; then ran her back to that end, and by continuing the process, finally got her headed east, and joined the disconnected section of track to the main line. We 'pinched' her, track and all, around. The turning movement took place on the day of the connection of the two ends; one from Yale in the east, the other from Port Moody in the west; that is 22<sup>nd</sup> January 1884."

#### **FIRST THROUGH TRAIN TO YALE FROM PORT MOODY.**

"Then, having completed the turning movement, we ran back to Port Moody, and on the following day, 23<sup>rd</sup> January 1884, the first through train left Port Moody for Yale." (See account, *Inland Sentinel*, 24 January 1884.)

#### **CISCO CANTILEVER BRIDGE ACROSS THE FRASER RIVER.**

"The elite of Victoria all came to Yale for the opening of the bridge across the Fraser at Cisco. We fixed up seats on flat cars, at Yale, and loaded them on to that, Onderdonk, and all the rest together. It was a great crowd, a great day, and fine weather; all kinds of eatables and drinkables; we started off from Yale with myself at the throttle, and I took the first train across the Fraser and Cisco bridge. Then on the other

side, beside the track, the ladies and gentlemen had a picnic; no speeches that I can recall, but they most certainly had a jolly time, and then we started back for Yale."

### **ACCIDENTS.**

"Considering the work, there were few accidents in the building of the C.P.R. Engine 'No. 4' killed her engineer about three or four miles west of Hammond, near a bridge, left the track, and turned over. The new earth fill of a bridge approach sometimes sunk, the track consequently inclined upwards from fill to bridge, as in this case, then they 'hit' it too swift, and engine 'took to the woods.' Of course, trains were very light, and traffic was very light, and—so was the power. In those days, a five or six coach passenger train was a good sized train; today we have fifteen or sixteen coach passenger trains.

### **SNOW SHEDS, 1886-1887.**

"You must also not forget that in the winter of 1886-1887 there no trains at all for months" (this is denied); "it was a complete block with snow in the Rockies and Selkirks covering the tracks, for miles and miles, ten feet deep, and the trains did not get through until some time in March; nothing, not even on foot, so far as I know, crossed that gap.

"Then, about say March 1887, a whole 'regiment' of men started from Port Moody under 'Fatty' Armstrong—afterwards of Armstrong and Morrison, Vancouver—with shovels to shovel the snow away from the track. They had good going until they got to between Sicamous and Revelstoke. There was no such thing as a rotary snow plow, but they had lots of power; that is, they had lots of engines, but in those days an engine could not do very much as compared with the engine of today; a few cars, and a two or five percent grade, was all 'she' could manage.

"As I have told you, the engines as they arrived were numbered, and afterwards named. The following is the list as I recall it."

### **EARLY RAILWAY ENGINES.**

"No. 1. Landed at Emory's Bar." (See file "George Munro," May 1881.) "Known as 'Yale.'

"No. 2. Landed at Emory's Bar. Known as 'Old Curly.' ("Emory.")

"No. 3. Landed at ? Known as 'Westminster.'

"No. 4. Landed at Port Hammond. Known as 'Savona.'

"No. 5. Landed at Port Moody, 19 October 1883. Known as 'Lytton.' (Ex S.S. *Victoria*.)

"Then, after the connection east of Nicomen was made there came another lot of engines, all new Baldwin standard type locomotives, and my recollection is that they were all landed at Port Moody.

"No. 6. Called 'Nicola.'" (Landed 21 May 1884, ex. schooner *Courser*, duty \$3,786.)

"No. 7. Called 'Kamloops.'" (Landed 21 May 1884, ex. schooner *Courser*, duty \$3,786.)

"No. 8. Called 'Shuswap.'" (Landed 22 December 1884, ex. S.S. *Beda*, duty \$4,020.)

"No. 9. Called 'Columbia.'" (Landed 22 December 1884.)

"That completed the locomotives at that time; nine in all."

### **PORT MOODY IN 1884. ELGIN HOUSE AND CALEDONIA HOTEL. KELLY'S HOTEL.**

"When I first went to Port Moody it was more of a wilderness than is shown in this photo, No. ?, which John Murray gave you. The first I saw of Port Moody was in October 1883 when I went to take over the 'Lytton' engine, No. 5, so that this photo of Port Moody must be after that, as the Elgin House is shown, and the Elgin House" (see *Port Moody Gazette* which says the Elgin House was opened about 15 January 1884) "was built after 1883. Colonel Scott's Hotel was the Caledonia Hotel; I stopped there. His daughter was Mrs. Bob Kelly, who was the Kelly of Kelly's Trail mentioned in the *Port Moody Gazette* of December 22<sup>nd</sup> 1883."

### **NORTH ROAD.**

"There was no wagon road to Port Moody at that time. The only way to get to New Westminster was by the North Road via Bonson's Hotel at the end of it on Burrard Inlet. The North Road was, at that time, passable, but no more than passable, for a wagon. We used to stop at Bonson's overnight, and take a row boat to Port Moody in the morning."

### **THE GREAT FIRE.**

"On the afternoon of the Great Fire at Vancouver in June 1886, three others and myself rowed down from Port Moody; Vancouver was still burning when we arrived."

### **ONDERDONK.**

"Mrs. Onderdonk was a Miss Hillman before she married Onderdonk."

"I ended my railroad career when leaving the services of the Canadian National Railway in October 1928 after serving them as master mechanic for 13 years in British Columbia. This completed some 55 years R.R. service, and 47 years service in B.C., now retired and living at 980 West 20<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Vancouver. I married Miss Ida Macdonald at Revelstoke; we have no children. She still survives."

Read and approved by E.E. Austin, 15 October 1934. Also by T.C. Young, Jasper, Alberta.

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. PERCY DESBRISAY, 1206 MAPLE STREET, KITSILANO BEACH, 18 APRIL 1934.**

#### **"OLD CURLY" IN HASTINGS PARK. LOGGING.**

"This printed reproduction of 'Old Curly' hauling a train of logs on iron rails, and with the title, 'Train of Logs, Royal City Mills Camp, near Vancouver, British Columbia,' was cut a good many years ago out of a magazine. It shows 'Curly' as she was originally, and not as she is now in the Hastings Park. This photograph was taken—I speak from knowledge, for I am the man in the whitish shirt leaning against a log behind the big stump—up on the ridge about two miles south of Cloverdale on the Pacific highway, about two miles west of the Pacific highway, and at the head of Kensington Prairie. The Royal City Planing Mills, New Westminster, logged off all that territory back of Mud Bay."

"Bob Harvey was the engineer, and is looking out of the cab window; he is now" (1934) "driving the switching engine for the Great Northern Railway, Vancouver."

"'Curly' in Hastings Park is not the same 'Curly' as I knew, as much of her is new; she was repaired so many times. She has a new boiler, most of the remainder is new, but it is the same old bell and the same old frame. Pictures taken of recent years published in the newspapers show 'Curly' as she is in Hastings Park, but that is not the original 'Curly.'"

"The original photograph from which this illustration was made was taken about 1894. At this time this was the only logging train in B.C., and all six cars of logs on hand-made trucks (no deck loading). Oxen were used in the woods, and hauled over skid roads to the landing. The water trough in the illustration, and also the hay, is for feeding the oxen."

"At first the logs were hauled to the Nicomekl River, and there boomed and towed over to New Westminster; later 'Curly' hauled logs over the Great Northern Railroad to Port Kells, and there they were boomed and towed to New Westminster. 'Curly' was taken north to Bear River in 1906, and kept in constant use 'til the year 1927. When this illustration was taken, wood was used for fuel; much later she was converted into an oil burner, and still later changed back to wood."

"The engine was bought in 1887 or '88 by the Royal City Planing Mills from Andrew Onderdonk, who had used her on the construction of the C.P.R."

"I was with the B.C. Mills and Royal City Planing Mills from 1886 to 1929."

(The last four paragraphs are copied from Mr. DesBrisay's own handwriting. Also see F.W. Alexander, Calvert Simson, and W. Frame. J.S.M.)

## **CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HASTINGS.**

**PAUL MARLETTE, EARLSCOURT, 1 JUNE 1933.**

### **Hastings. Fannin.**

"Fannin's place at Hastings was just across the bridge; just west of the bridge; the office where the C.P.R. were, Mr. Cambie and the draughtsman, including myself, was just above; this square shaped part of the road by the easterly old float was an adjunct to the float. The wharf between Black's hotel the" (barn) "T-shaped wharf, was a pile wharf; the float in the east was between protection piles. Mr. Cambie's residence was away to the southwest, in the trees."

### **George Black. Brighton Hotel.**

"Black's Brighton Hotel was partly over the water—at least when the tide was in it probably was. West of the hotel, on the same side, was the barn; to the east on the point, these two little squares, also shown in the map of 1869 were, in my time, used as summer campers' cottages; the Chinese, there were a lot of Chinese around, were over to the west quite a piece, near a little creek; a whole row of shacks ran up in the bushes. The private float by the hotel was for boats."

**JAMES MCWHINNIE, WENT TO MOODYVILLE IN 1878.**

"Geo. Black did not start at Hastings; he started at Granville and afterwards took over the hotel at Hastings." (See John and Hugh Murray.)

### **GEO. R. GORDON.**

"They called George Black, the 'Laird of Hastings.' He had one daughter, who married a lawyer named Magee or McGee; he committed suicide in Tisdall's gun store. She was educated in Portland, where she went after she became a widow. I understand she is dead."

**G.F. UPHAM, MELVILLE STREET (1121), AND HOWE STREET LIQUOR STORE, 2 JUNE 1933.**

### **Great Fire.**

"When the fire came raging down on us" (13 June 1886) "I loaded on my wagon all the goods I could get and drove off to Hastings; we were so heavily loaded, and had so much stuff on, that two men on each side of the wagon crossed hands across it and in that way kept the goods from falling off. When I got to Hastings I unloaded them into the warehouse, also used as telephone office."

"As soon as I was unloaded, ? came to me and said, 'Here's twenty men to go to New Westminster; they will pay you \$2 apiece.' I replied I was not equipped to take them; had no seats. He said, 'Never mind, you hitch up, and I'll find seats' and he went off to get some boards. It looked like \$40, so I got busy. They all piled in and I drove off. I sat on the driver's seat with ? beside me, and we got deeply interested in talking and I forgot about my 'cargo,' but when we got to the bottom of the hill at New Westminster, I looked around, and to my great surprise, the wagon was empty. They had all dropped off, one by one, as we came down the hill, and slipped into the bushes. It was no use to turn back, so I just drove into the stable at Westminster."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS LOTTIE SHEEHAN, 1371 SEYMOUR STREET (FORMERLY 1329 SEYMOUR STREET), VANCOUVER, 10 FEBRUARY 1934.**

Miss Sheehan is an only child of Daniel W. Sheehan, a close friend of the Onderdonk family, and formerly of Yale, B.C.

### **YALETOWN. DANIEL W. SHEEHAN.**

"Yes, this house" (1371 Seymour Street) "came down from Yale, but I don't think the house came down on a flat car; I think they just pulled the house at Yale down, and brought the lumber down and erected it here again in what was then called Yaletown. Father and I have lived here of recent years; he died 27<sup>th</sup> March 1932. He was born at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, I think, and in 1879 moved from there to Victoria where he stayed for a year, and about 1880 went to work for Onderdonk at Yale. He came to Vancouver in 1886, before the fire, but left again, and came from Yale in 1887 to work in the C.P.R. shops here. My mother was Miss Delia McGuire, born in New York, and married Father in Victoria about

September 1885. She was a Roman Catholic, and died August 10<sup>th</sup> 1909, and is buried in Mountain View, as is also Father. I am the only child" (adopted.)

### **C.P.R. ROUNDHOUSE.**

"Father was associated for a time with the Texas Lake Ice and Cold Storage Company, which had an ice warehouse on Pender Street near the C.P.R. temporary roundhouse; it was afterwards the Cleeve Canning and Cold Storage Company; here is a photo of the warehouse on Pender Street just west of Carrall Street. I think they used to get their ice from Texas Lake on the C.P.R. and bring it in carloads." (See their delivery book for 1892-3-4.)

### **MRS. MATILDA (PETER) CLAIRE.**

(See elsewhere.) "Mrs. Clair was a wonderful woman, a beautiful woman, a grand woman." (See photo.) "She could still dance at 88 years of age. It was she who started the flower garden outside" (1371 Seymour Street); "she brought the flowers here in a butcher cart and planted them. She lived in Cordova Street" (see restaurant Maison Dorien) "and had a garden there on the roof." (See photo of Hastings Street from her garden.)

### **THE LAST RAIL, C.P.R. THE LAST SPIKE.**

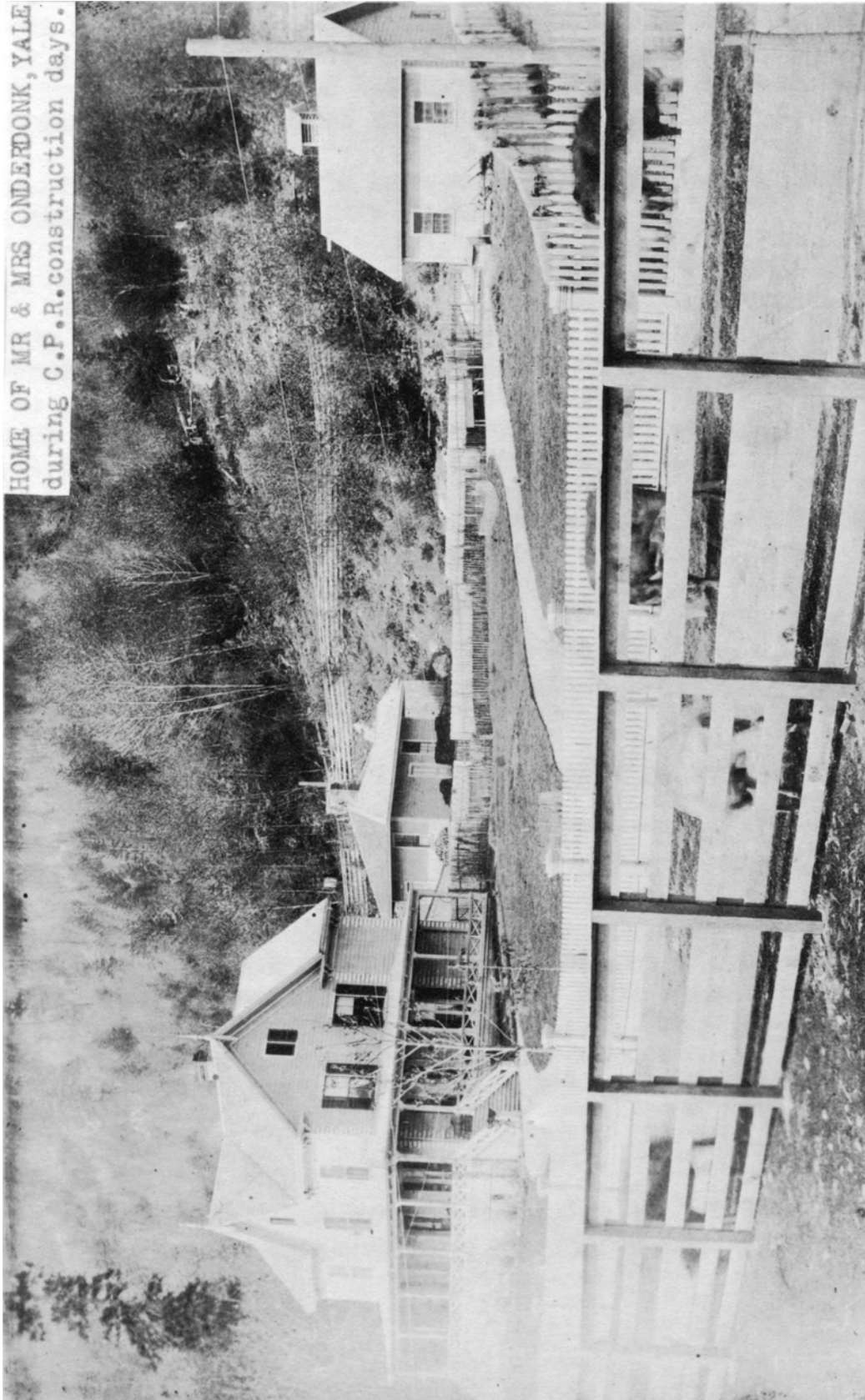
"This piece of steel rail which I will give you—I took it out of Father's tool box where it has lain for years in our basement here—is part of the steel rail which was laid by Sir Donald Smith at Craigellachie. Father kept it for years, and told me it was a piece of the steel rail and had been given him by Mr. McDougall" (who lives at 1149 Beach Avenue; see his narrative and confirmation.) "As I understand it, it was a big piece, so W.H. Armstrong of Armstrong and Morrison had Mr. McDougall cut it into pieces; Mr. McDougall cut it himself I think." (See Mr. McDougall's narrative.)

(Note: Judge J.A. Forin says the piece, about two feet long, from which it was cut can be seen in the photograph of Lord Strathcona driving the last spike; it is lying beside the track, and he states this is the piece Mr. Armstrong picked up and took to Yale, where Mr. McDougall cut it into inch lengths, and gave some to his friends.)

Miss Sheehan then showed me a miniature rail, about one and one half inches long, and also a section of the miniature, a tiny piece of steel, just a cross section, about one eighth of an inch wide, of the miniature. The tiny rail is a perfect miniature of a railway rail; two holes at each end just like an ordinary rail, and the cross section, were both made by Mr. McDougall, and given to her father, and she acquired them at his death. One is intended to be fitted with a clasp and used as a brooch, and the other was intended to be soldered on to a finger ring as an ornament, in place of a precious stone. (See McDougall story as to why and how he made them, and who got others.)

### **THE GOLD SPIKE.**

This is evidently the explanation of the recent articles which have appeared in the press (Vancouver *Province* copied from a Perth, Scotland, paper) to the effect that the last spike driven by Lord Strathcona was gold, and that it was afterwards set in diamonds. What probably happened was that in addition to the tiny steel rail for use as a brooch, and also the ring ornament, there were also made some tiny spikes, all subsequently gilded and set in some sort of jewellery setting. (See also Duke McKenzie narrative.)



HOME OF MR & MRS ONDERDONK, YALE  
during C.P.R. construction days.

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_026

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. D. McDougall, 1149 BEACH AVENUE, 12 FEBRUARY 1934.**

Mr. McDougall is a very elderly gentleman, bent with age, and walks with two sticks, and does not leave his home. Of his two sons who served overseas, one was decorated with a military cross, but lost a leg while serving with P.P.C.L.I. [Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry] and the other fell from a Union Steamship Company's boat while crossing a plank to the dock, fell thirty feet to the rocks, and has been confined to his bed for six years.

Mr. McDougall says jokingly, "I know more about the C.P.R. than President Beatty; I started at Fort William in 1871."

### **THE LAST RAIL.**

Mr. McDougall: "I was shop engineer at the Yale shops from 1883 to 1887, when the Yale shops were destroyed by fire. One day, Mr. W.H. Armstrong, afterwards Armstrong and Morrison, well-known contractors of Vancouver, who was master mechanic for Onderdonk at Yale, came to me with a piece of steel rail about two feet long, which had been cut from the last steel rail which bridged the east and west ends of the C.P.R. at Craigellachie, and which he wanted cut into one-inch lengths for souvenirs. I locked the steel bar up in a cupboard in my boiler room and kept it locked up. It was hard work cutting steel with steel; I could not keep the tools sharp, so I cut off a few inch lengths and let it go at that.

"One of those lengths I must have given to Dan Sheehan, I forget, and this is the one his daughter, Miss Lottie, has given you. I gave another to Bill" (W.H.) "Evans.

"Afterwards, as I had a shaper, I made some tiny souvenirs out of the pieces such as would be suitable for brooches. The brooch lengths were about one and one half inches long and an exact miniature of a rail with two tiny bolt holes at each end. I made a handful of them, and gave them to Mr. Armstrong, who insisted that I take payment for them, and gave me \$10. Mrs. Onderdonk got the first one, and they used to wear them on their watch chains. I also cut one-eighth inch lengths off this tiny rail and they were used as ornaments on finger rings. Miss Sheehan has one, and I gave another to Frank Brown's father, druggist, Davie Street. I polished them with a file and burnished them with an agate. Altogether I must have made \$100 pocket money. I used to sell the brooch lengths for \$2 a piece."

Comment by Judge Forin: "You can see the length which was cut off lying on the trunk." (See photo of Sir Donald Smith driving the last spike.)

### **THE LAST SPIKE.**

Editor, *Province*.

Regarding "The Last Spike" on the editorial page this evening, I send you the following extract from "The Days Before Yesterday," by Lord Frederic Hamilton: "The last spike, which was driven in at a place called Craigellachie, by Mrs. McKenzie, widow of the Premier under whom the C.P.R. had been commenced, was of an unusual character, for it was of eighteen-carat gold.

"In the course of an hour it was replaced by a more serviceable spike of steel. I have often seen Mrs. McKenzie wearing the original gold spike, with 'Craigellachie' on it in diamonds."

J.S.M.

**CONVERSATION WITH MR. (AND MRS.) DUKE MCKENZIE, 1154 BURNABY STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C.**

**DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

"What's this you say? The Last Spike? A gold spike, set in diamonds? Read it in the paper. What part? Must have been in the funnies. What yarns these historians do invent. The next thing they'll have Sir Donald" (Lord Strathcona) "driving the last spike in a helmet and plume, a coat of mail, and a band playing 'Springtime in the Rockies.'"

Then Mr. Duke McKenzie, who lives on Burnaby Street now, but who actually saw the last spike driven at Craigellachie in '85, laughed heartily.

"What really happened was this. I was there, and saw. We were on the work train which ran ahead of Sir Donald A. Smith's special train carrying the rails, ties, etc., for closing the gap. A bit of a gap between the two ends from the east and the west had been left open for the official closing, and we had the material for doing this on our work train.

"Then we laid the rails down, and Sir Donald, surrounded by officials and the train crews, drove the last spike, and the official train passed over the gap, and the work train followed and went to Sicamous.

"After Sir Donald had driven the last spike, he chucked the sledge hammer on the ground beside the track and walked off to board his train again. Mike Sullivan, who was a sort of superintendent around here, picked the sledge hammer up, ran after him, and handed the hammer to Sir Donald, who took it, smiled and climbed on board his train with the sledge hammer in his hand. Mike got a nice cheque afterwards as a gift.

"But about this 'last spike' and the diamonds," and again Mr. McKenzie smiled, "there must be 'millions' of last spikes in existence. People were getting 'last spikes' away from there for weeks afterwards."

(From *Province*, 7 December 1933, by J.S. Matthews.)

**LOGGING TRAILS. WEST END.**

Mr. and Mrs. Duke McKenzie went to live at 1156 Burnaby Street—now 1154 and 1156—in October 1898; at that time all that part of the "West End" was "in the rough"; they picked blackberries around in the stumps; the maple trees on Burnaby Street in front of their home—big trees now—he got "out in the clearing," and planted them himself. A two-plank sidewalk led to their home; the old log trail came down from northeast, passed about 1143 Burnaby Street, and under their home at 1156 Burnaby Street, and continued on down to the water; it had once been used to haul the logs out of the "West End" forest. The first house on Burnaby Street was Martin's, now 1143 Burnaby Street. They have no children.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH OTWAY JOHN JAMES WILKIE OF NEW WESTMINSTER, 26 MAY 1934.**

Mr. Wilkie served for many years on the Provincial Police Force, served in the Boer War, 1899-1902. (Photograph No. ? taken in 1884.)

**THE COMING OF THE RAILWAY.**

"The survey part surveying the lines of the C.P.R. from Port Moody to Granville, finished the line on Christmas Day, 1884, in a heavy snow storm. It had been snowing hard all day, but we were anxious to finish up; we were told that haste was necessary. At the conclusion of our day's labour, just as it was getting dark, we reached a bluff of land about half a mile or more east of George Black's Brighton Hotel at Hastings; this was the boundary of the city limits." (See amplification, next page.)

"We all got into our boat, a large clinker-built boat about 20 feet long and capable of carrying twelve or fourteen men, no masts, just cars, which was on the beach, and made our way to Black's at Hastings, where the celebrated our Christmas dinner. Among the jolly party was Major Rogers" (Rogers Pass), "in charge of the survey, who was staying at the hotel, and Jack Fannin, afterwards curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria.

"The survey party consisted of the Chief" (Major Rogers), "Mr. Roberts, who was in charge of the survey party, Clarence Mitchell, on the transit, a Mr. Rogers, nephew of Major Rogers, leveller, two chainmen, two picket men—I was the front picket man, a Mr. Newbury—his mother was an Italian and his father a colonel in the English army; he went back to Sicamous—who was rodman, four axemen, George McLaughlin being one of them—he was around Vancouver for years afterwards; a party of about fifteen in all.

"You must remember that the only road along the shore of Burrard Inlet at that time was the road from Granville to Hastings, so that we went up and down in a boat, big enough to carry this large party and their baggage. We reached the bluff at the city limits just about dark—it was snowing heavily, and had been all day—and went west to Black's for our Christmas dinner. Sam Brighthouse, Jack Fannin, Major Rogers, all joined in. There was no Mrs. Black, but his daughter, a very pretty girl, just going to school in Germany; another daughter was drowned in the Coquitlam River, Queen's Birthday, 1883; she had been in the convent."

#### **ALICEVILLE.**

"Before we made our headquarters at Geo. Black's we had been camped in Johnson's hotel, uncle to Johnson of the big boot store, at the end of the North Road. Aliceville is named after Mrs. Tovey, who was John A. Webster's daughter.

"The photo you have copied is in the same clothes as I wore in 1884. When on duty I wore a flannel shirt." (See photo No. ?)

#### **PROPOSED PAINTING.**

"If the 'Coming of the Railway' is painted in oils, bear this in mind, that all east of George Black's was dense primeval forest; for two of three hundred yards west of George Blacks' there was clearing, and from there on to the Hastings Mill there was a fringe on the shore, more or less cleared in places. The shore beneath the bluff where we ceased the survey was covered with boulders, and our boat was on the shore. Then there was the little bridge just east of Black's. There was only one float at Black's, no wharf, just a float running out in front of Maxie's kept in place by piles. When the party was working, the front picket man with a red and white picket like a barber's pole, went first, then, between him and the transit, were the axemen. If you put an Indian in the painting, have him with bare feet, a blanket, and hair down to his shoulders; you might put in a Kootch, too, or a canoe."

#### **NEW BRIGHTON HOTEL.**

"George Black's hotel had a cottage roof. The back of it, close to the beach, part perhaps actually over the water; the front faced on Hastings Road and had a verandah."

#### **NORTH ROAD AND SCOTT ROAD.**

"The base line of all the Royal Engineer surveys is the North Road and the Scott Road."

#### **THE COMING OF THE RAILWAY.**

"The rest of the line to Coal Harbour was finished about 18<sup>th</sup> or 19<sup>th</sup> of March, 1885; I recall the date so well because I was married on the 20<sup>th</sup>, and on that day met Major Rogers and party at New Westminster as they were returning to Sicamous, taking with them the big boat used on the Burrard Inlet survey. The city limits of which I speak were the present city limits, that is, the division between Burnaby and Old Hastings Townsite, not the city limits of Vancouver in 1886."

#### **WILD ANIMALS. COUGARS. WOLVES. HASTINGS ROAD.**

"The stage between Westminster and Hastings has been known to pass as many as twelve wolves in a pack; all in one pack, altogether; even in my day, they used to be howling around. The biggest cougar I ever heard of as being killed on the Mainland was poisoned about 1876 by Kenneth Morrison at Fort Langley; it was carrying off a calf, and was subsequently poisoned and measured eleven feet three inches from tip to tip, but this one was beaten by one shot at Sooke on the Island by Peter Curran in the early '90s. It measured eleven feet six inches. Curran was one of my men when I was in charge of the hunt for the notorious Indian Gun-a-noot. He is now a guide on Telegraph Creek."

Read and approved by Mr. Wilkie, 16 July 1934. J.S.M.

**MEMO OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. OTWAY WILKIE OF NEW WESTMINSTER, 16 MARCH 1934,  
AT CITY HALL, VANCOUVER, B.C.**

**EARLY RIFLE RANGES. ROYAL SAPPERS AND MINERS.**

"I saw Mr. George Turnbull before I came over this afternoon, and he confirms that Mr. Thos. Deasy of Saanich says that the first rifle range in New Westminster was down the Pitt River Road near the Brunette River—he says he can just barely recollect it. It lay almost east and west; the firing points, or whatever they used as such, were in the west, and they fired towards the east, across the Brunette River, into the bank, where the targets were placed, from about the foot of what is now Braid Street." (See Thos. Deasy, letter, December 1933 or January 1934.) "Turnbull says that Mr. Deasy is wrong in a subsequent letter, 1 March 1934, where he says that the first rifle range was near Queen's Park; that range was used afterwards." (The targets were east of the river, on the hillside.)

**PEELE BUTTS.**

(Refer Deasy letter.) "Peele Butts, Mr. Turnbull says, he often shot over. They ran north and south, and were just to the east of what is now McBride Boulevard, between the boulevard and the ravine; remains of them are there yet."

**MARTINI-HENRY RIFLES. MILITIA ARMED WITH SNIDER.**

"There was one or two Martini-Henry rifles in Westminster in the early days—as I know them—J.C. Brown had one, and Peele had the one presented to the B.C. Rifle Association by the Lord Mayor of London, but those were the only two. The militia were armed with the Snider."

**BROWNSVILLE RIFLE RANGE.**

"The Brownsville rifle range lay north and south, about, and you went into it just at what is now the southern end of the Fraser Railway bridge, but in those days we went over by boat, the 'K.D.K.' ferry, or some other way, and we fired south into the hills." (See photo No. ?)

**CENTRAL PARK RIFLE RANGE.**

"Turnbull says the first range was the one down by the Brunette on the Pitt River Road; then the Peele Butts, then the Brownsville, and afterwards the Central Park, then the Richmond." (The Moodyville Range was semi-private—V.R.A.)

**ENSIGN ADAM JACKSON.**

"Ensign Adam Jackson, who appears so conspicuously as a rifle shot in early Westminster rifle matches, etc., was a Tasmanian; great big fellow, six feet, and a nice man; every body liked him, a great favourite. His wife was killed by the Tasmanian natives, and then, so the story goes, he started in to 'clean up' the Tasmanian natives, and the Tasmanian Government sent him away. He was in charge of the Royal Columbian Hospital for a time; his son operated the hotel up the Capilano—about 1925 I think, may do so yet—the one above the Suspension Bridge."

**MARQUIS OF LORNE. PRINCESS LOUISE (TREE.) 19 NOVEMBER 1882.**

"An old directory, Williams, I have, says that the Marquis of Lorne visited Granville on November 19, 1882, I think, which reminds me that he also went up to Langley for snipe shooting, but it does not say anything about that. Like his trip to Granville, Princess Louise did not go with him. When the word reached Langley that a vice-regal party was coming there was great scurrying about; hunting up pillow slips and sheets, borrowing them, to provide for the party's beds. In the hurry, carrying the bed linen, etc., from other homes, some was dropped, and the Marquis coming along soon after, picked it up himself off the ground, lying where the women folk in their hurry had dropped it, and carried it in himself."

**CONVERSATION, OTWAY WILKIE, WESTMINSTER (CONTINUED) – 17 MARCH 1934.**

**ANDREW ONDERDONK.**

"A very unassuming man, slender of build. Mrs. Onderdonk was the most modestly dressed woman in Yale. There was plenty of dressing up with the womenfolk in Yale; all the engineers' wives vied as to who

could dress the best; you know the sort of thing which goes on in a small community of officialdom, but Mrs. Onderdonk dressed very plainly. Their home is now the All Hallow's School, Yale." (See photo No. ?)

On reading this to W.H. (Bill) Evans, an early C.P.R. engineer, "Onderdonk was a 'gentleman'; always neat, well dressed, and courteous. I cannot recall him wearing a beard. Afterwards he built an overhead railway in Chicago, and did construction work on Welland Canal. All his family are dead now, I am told, excepting his daughter Eva. Onderdonk's father was a bishop, I believe, down in Pennsylvania."

#### **CANNON SHOT, SHELLS. BRITISH NAVY.**

Query by J.S.M.: Mr. Wilkie, what do you think about these shells—cannon shot—they are constantly picking up? They have got another, a fourth, over at Port Mann this week.

Mr. Wilkie: "Ricochets. This talk about the Royal Navy firing at trees in the forest is all nonsense to my mind. The officers of the navy were humane men, they would never fire all over the place at trees; too many Indians about in those days. They were shooting at floating targets, the regular form of marine target, and you know how, once in a while, a shell will ricochet on the water, rebound at a tangent, and, maybe, ricochet again once or twice or three times, just as flat stones do when boys throw them over water pools to see who can make the most skips. Each time at a greater tangent; that's how those things landed in the woods. The naval officers would never shoot at a tree." (Note: Thos. Deasy, letter, 1 March 1934, says "It was the custom, in the early days, for men-of-war to practice by erecting targets on the trees.") "How would they know what their marksmanship was? Too dangerous, too, to the natives; Indians everywhere; why you know old Alex McLean told you that when he came to the Fraser River with his father in 1859 that he never saw so many Indians all up and down the banks between the mouth and Pitt River. Why, the Indians towed the ships up river to Langley; Samuel Robertson, who arrived in B.C. in 1838, told me that they did. No; there was a lot of humanity about the British naval officer; there was no firing when Indians were about."

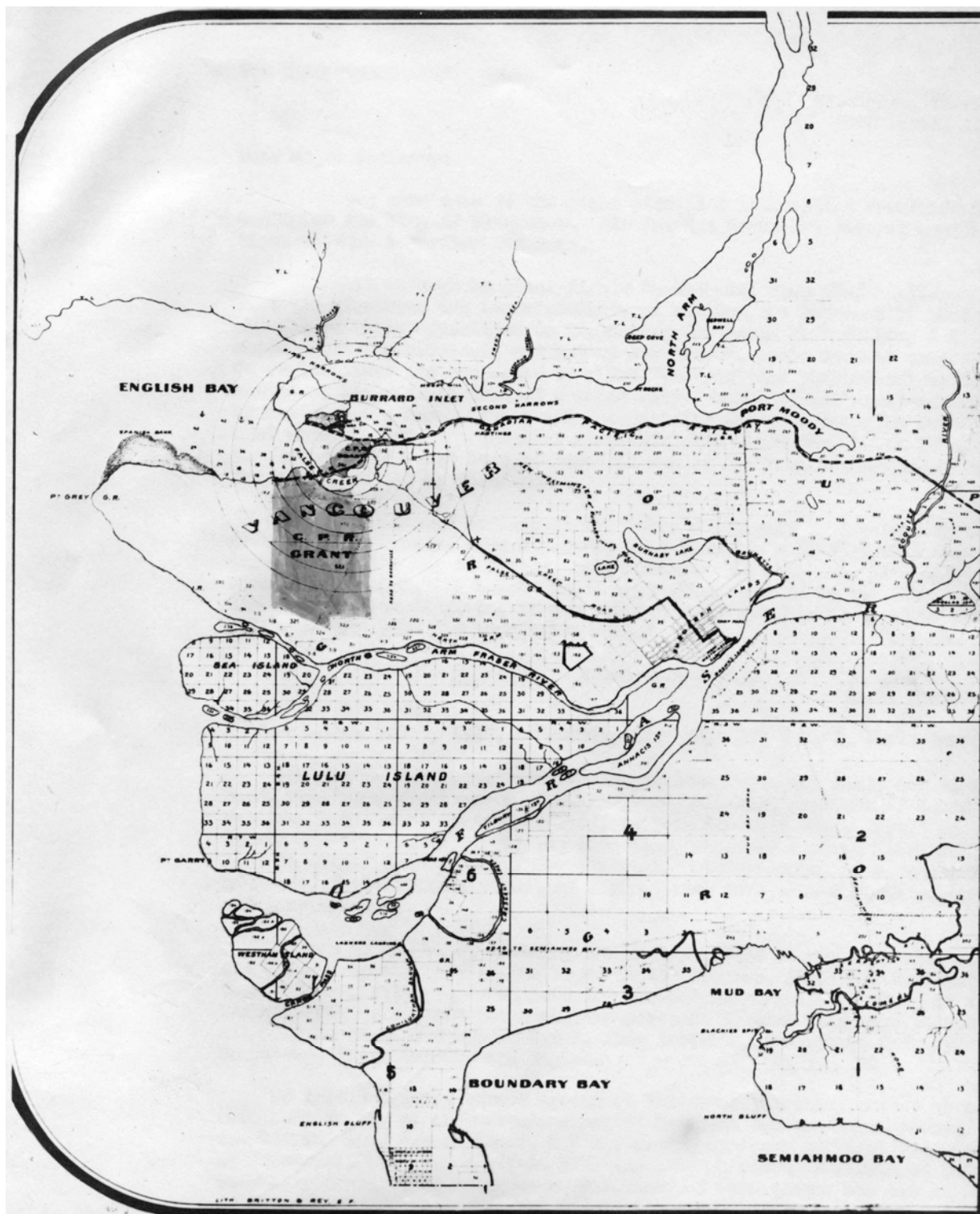
(Note: a marine target is a float, or two of them towed on a long tow rope behind the towing vessel and the object is to hit—a splash marks the place—in line between the foremost and rear float. To hit the target is bad marksmanship; it destroys it, which means making another one to replace it.)

#### **SPARS FOR THE NAVY. HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

"Which reminds me. The spars for the navy had to be hewn, not sawn; that was in the specifications the navy made. So the Hastings Sawmill used to saw the slabs off, and then hire men to hew them so as to make them appear that they had been hewn; they had a gang with jack planes rubbing the saw marks off. Mr. Stanley, of Jardine, his father was one of the planer gang; highest paid men in the mill; got \$90 a month."

#### **HASTINGS, THE NAME.**

"I asked John McMurphy, he is the son of the sergeant major of the Royal Engineers, if he knew how Hastings got its name. I don't know how correct his reply was, but it is that the first owner was a man named Hastings; he was a captain or something, he thought."



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_027

## THE NAME “VANCOUVER.”

Kissimmee, Florida.  
30<sup>th</sup> April, 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

You have come to the right place for information regarding the naming of the City of Vancouver. Sir Wm. Van Horne had several conversations with me regarding the name.

All through he stuck firmly to the name, even when Parliament at Victoria discussed the inadvisability of calling the terminus by that name, and showed their opposition to it; making the claim that calling a city which was on the Mainland, and not on the Island, would lead to confusion. We realise that the two names by which “Gastown” and “Granville” both smacked rather of the village than of a great city. His argument was if called by any of these names, the people, especially those residing in the Old Land wouldn’t have the faintest idea where the place was, but if called Vancouver, they would know at least it was on the Pacific, and at or near the Island called by that name.

“Hamilton,” he said to me, “this eventually is destined to be a great city in Canada, and we must see that it has a name that will designate its place on the map of Canada, and, Vancouver it shall be, if I have the ultimate decision.” I think he had a prophetic eye as to its future, and the desirability of giving it the proud name it now bears. I stood God Father when I laid its foundation post.

Yours very truly,

L.A. Hamilton

See letter, 4 October 1929, re survey, also Vol. 2, *Early Vancouver*.

Lachlan A. Hamilton, born Penetanguishene, 20 September 1852, son of Wm. Basil Hamilton, first mayor of Collingwood, Ontario, grandson of James Matthew Hamilton of Ulster, Ireland, captain 5<sup>th</sup> Foot Regiment, served in Europe and Canada, and, retiring from army, received a large block of land in Simcoe County, Ontario, for services. His grandson, L.A. Hamilton, graduated from Military School of Instruction, 1870, was a civil engineer and land surveyor.

He was on the staff defining the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel boundary between Canada and U.S., from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies, 1872-3-4; selected twenty-five million acres of land for the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Canadian Northwest, and three million acres in British Columbia, selected sites of numberless towns on C.P.R. line including Vancouver, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Swift Current and Regina.

He laid out first street system of Vancouver, starting survey at post with nail in top at southwest corner of Hamilton and Hastings streets. He was General Land Commissioner, C.P.R., senior alderman on First City Council of Vancouver, 1886 and 1887; in 1934 was only surviving alderman of this council. Among other numerous associations of consequence was his selection of Vancouver’s first park, the Cambie Street grounds.

During Great War he was chairman of Canadian Red Cross Society at Toronto, also Patriotic Society and Judge under Conscription Act. Is still treasurer of Anglican Synod of Canada, Toronto.

Owner of a large fruit farm and golf links at Lorne Park, Ontario, and also 640 acres farm and golf links at “Oak Tree House,” Kissimmee, Florida.

He married (first) Isobel Leask at Toronto, September 1879, sister of John Leask, first City Auditor of Vancouver; one child, Isobel Ogilvie Hamilton, born at Ottawa, 3 October 1880. And (secondly) Constance Bodington, daughter of Dr. George Bodington, M.D., at St. James’ Church, Vancouver, 10 April 1888.

His sister, Isabelle J. Hamilton, married John Leask (born Toronto, 18 September 1848, son of James and Joan Leask) at St. James' Church, Vancouver, 28 August 1888, and their daughter Isobel Jessie, married Chas. Thompson. She died 1913, leaving one son, Charles Hamilton Thompson, of Collingwood, Ontario, where he still resides. Mr. Leask was C.P.R. accountant, and first City Auditor of Vancouver. Mrs. Leask became the first Alderwoman of Toronto.

Lorne Park,  
3<sup>rd</sup> Oct., 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

Yours of the 19<sup>th</sup> inst. received. I would have answered it sooner but for the fact that I was away from home attending the meeting of the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada. You may possibly have seen that I resigned my position of Treasurer of the Synod after having filled that position for 17 years. It will give you some idea of the progress, in a financial way, of the Church of England in Canada when I say that during my term of Office the General Funds of the Church increased from \$1700 to the large sum of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$2,750,000). To mark the appreciation of my work I was presented with a gold watch suitably engraved, on my 82<sup>nd</sup> Birthday, 20 September. The presentation was the first official act of the newly elected Archbishop Owen of Toronto to the highest position in the Church, the Private of the C. of E. in Canada.

You ask me as to the naming of Beatty Street. This was named after Henry Beatty, father of the President and Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Beatty and I were appointed by the company to proceed to Vancouver and Victoria and there to compute all matters pending between the Govt. of B.C. and Canadian Pacific R.R. Owing to the opposition in the Provincial Parliament, a long delay took place. Mr. Beatty, after remaining some time, was obliged to return to Montreal, leaving me behind to conclude the terms of settlement not only with the Govt. but with private citizens of Victoria that owned property on each side of the Government reserve. Final settlement was hung up by reason of the 85 acres lying between the Granville Place and the Hastings sawmill property not being included in the settlement. Hence the name of the "85 acre steal," as it was commonly known at that time. Finally, after 6 months delay, this tract was included in the deal on the same terms as were agreed upon for the remaining properties owned by private individuals.

I may say that Mr. Beatty was one of the owners of the Beatty steamship company, was considered an expert on matters of ship building and navigation. For this reason he was appointed by the C.P.R. as manager of their steamship interests. He was well known in the early days of the gold mining excitement in Cariboo, having gone into the country with a hardware supply, also because owner of a valuable claim in the gold fields which he sold for a good figure. In the properties laid out for the C.P.R. south of False Creek, I gave the avenues numbers and called the streets after the various trees of Canada. No doubt this system was extended to the subdivisions east of the company's property. If you could see the large plan which I made under the contract between the Government of B.C. and the C.P.R., you will see how the streets were named and numbered. This plan which formed the foundation for the City of Vancouver was registered in the Registry Office in Victoria. This is the plan as authorized under the contract between the Govt. and C.P.R., and is the one which no doubt all later plans were based on. A copy of this ought to be in the Archivist's Office as it is really the foundation of the city.

Yours truly,

L.A. Hamilton.

30 St. Joseph St.,  
Toronto.  
12<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

Pardon the delay in not answering your letter of Nov. 3 much before this. Delay was due to our breaking up the house in the Country and moving into Toronto.

#### **NAMING OF FAIRVIEW AND MOUNT PLEASANT. EARLY C.P.R. OFFICES.**

I am afraid I cannot give you any answer as to the naming of Fairview and Mount Pleasant as the naming of those subdivisions took place after I left Vancouver. As to the plans, we had two offices, one at Port Moody and one at Vancouver. The former in charge of H. Abbott and the latter controlled by myself. The big plan you refer to was no doubt made at Port Moody; it had to do with certain formalities in connection with the right of way and the water front lands that the Co. secured under their contract with the Canadian Government.

#### **FIRST MAP OF VANCOUVER.**

The large plan of the City was prepared by myself in the Office of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. Mr. Dunsmuir, the head of that Corporation, was good enough to give me room in their Victoria Office. Preliminary plans dealing with the laying out of the streets and blocks were made partially in the Ferguson Block but were all destroyed in the fire.

#### **THE GREAT FIRE.**

I lost in that fire all the photographs that I had taken previous to the fire. The heat was so great when I escaped from the building that a number of valuable documents were burnt in my arm, and all glasses in the levels were cracked in the surveying instrument I was carrying over my shoulder.

As I explained in my previous letter the final plan, as approved by the Company of the city was deposited in the Registry Office in Victoria.

I am looking up some water color sketches stowed away here and intend to send them on to you by mail. They are not highly artistic and were made under difficulties at the time but they will give an impression of the Country as it was when I commenced to make the first survey of the city.

Sincerely yours,

L.A. Hamilton.

#### **SURVEY OF VANCOUVER, C.P.R., 1885.**

Hotel Vancouver  
Vancouver, B.C.  
4<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1929.

J. Alex Walker Esq.,  
Town Planning Commission,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Mr. Walker:

I was most gratified in returning to the store to find your note and the Book "of a Plan for the City of Vancouver."

I am sorry that I have to leave tomorrow by 9 a.m. train as I know I would have enjoyed a chat with you. I cannot say that I am proud of the original planning of Vancouver. The work, however, was beset with many difficulties. The dense forest, the inlet on the north, and False Creek on the south, the receding in of the land at Carrall Street. A registered plan on the East and

one on the West. My first plan was based on the cancellation of the plan to the west of "Lot 185." I had a new plan drawn making great changes in it and so made that all the streets leading westerly from the C.P.R. property would run without any jog with those in Lot 185. There were a number of owners, in fact, all but one consented to it. A Mr. Pratt [*Spratt*], who owned 4 lots on the waterfront, where the lofty Marine building is now being erected, had had a disagreement with the other land owners and was determined to fight through the courts to prevent us altering the original plan. As we could not wait, I had to adapt my plans as nearly as possible with the old plan, but in doing this was only able to give a continuous line for the alternate streets. You can understand that I was obliged to switch my plan so as to have the principal streets to run northerly and southerly, inasmuch as they would thus lead to the large block of land belonging to the C.P.R. south of False Creek. Expressing my regret at not being able to meet you, I am Yours very truly,

L.A. Hamilton.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN W. STEWART, C.B., ETC., AT HIS OFFICE (STEWART AND WELCH), 425 HOWE STREET, VANCOUVER, 28 DECEMBER 1933.**

**GRANVILLE STREET.**

At my request, General Stewart received me. I called at his office, and found a picture of health and activity seated at his desk within a hundred yards of a noisy, busy artery of traffic, Granville Street, which must hold entrancing memories for a man who first saw it as a peep hole through an evergreen mass of dark, damp forest. He said:

**SURVEY OF STREETS, VANCOUVER, 1885.**

"No, I don't recall the stake from which the survey of Vancouver commenced, being driven. What I do recall is that we camped on the other side of False Creek; about the site of the sawmill" (Hanbury's, just west of Granville at Fourth Avenue.) "There was no mill there then; they were dumping logs into the water." (See many references to this skid road.) (Rowling.)

**FALSE CREEK TO BURRARD INLET IN THREE DAYS.**

"And I remember it took *three days* to cut a line from False Creek" (north side) "to Burrard Inlet for Granville Street; the timber was so heavy." (See McWhinney, Myers, Rowling.) "That was in the winter of 1885-1886." (Cambie Map of right of way was signed by Abbott 22 February 1886.)

"You see, I was here six months only; then I went east up the line on other survey work, and did not return for twenty years; consequently my recollections are not particularly vivid. Other than Mr. L.A. Hamilton, I do not recall who was on the survey party. I do recall that, on the day of the Fire of 13<sup>th</sup> June, 1886, we were camped at Hastings."

**H.B. SMITH'S MAP OF VANCOUVER, 1886.**

"H.B. Smith was not on the party I was on." (The lithographed map, "adopted by the Mayor and Council of Vancouver," and signed by Mayor MacLean and City Clerk McGuigan, bears "H.B. Smith.")

**REFERENCES – *EARLY VANCOUVER*, VOL. 2.**

"Hamilton told me he started the survey from the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets, using a nail driven in a wooden post as a starting point." – Findley.

"The corner post from which the survey started was placed with a certain amount of ceremony at the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets. The only ones I can remember were members of the party were Charlie Johnson, John Leask, Jack Stewart, and Louis, chief axeman, the son of an English canon whose name I cannot recall." – Hamilton letter.

"Jack Leask, whilst blazing survey lines between Carrall Street and Westminster Avenue, got lost, and the party spent all afternoon searching for him" – Mrs. D.R. Reid.

**EXCERPT FROM *THE WEST SHORE*, A JOURNAL PUBLISHED IN PORTLAND, OREGON, JUNE 1881. (FROM PAGE 155.)**

**ADMIRAL RICHARDS. C.P.R. TERMINUS. BURRARD INLET.**

"When directly appealed to by the Imperial Government, Admiral Richards emphatically replied: 'English Bay is the natural terminus on the Pacific Shore.' And he significantly added, 'Much indeed might be profitably sacrificed on the land route to secure this good anchorage, convenient in all respects.'"

The article concludes: "It is safely accepted, as a foregone conclusion, that the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through New Westminster, shall find its ultimate terminus on a tongue of land separating English Bay from Coal Harbor."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH W.E. GRAVELEY, 22 OCTOBER 1934.**

**THE "85 ACRE STEAL."**

Query: I got a letter from L.A. Hamilton in which he mentions the "85 acre steal"; what does he mean?

Mr. Graveley: "Oh, that! That's part of D.L. 196 between Gore Avenue and Carrall Street. Major Dupont, Dr. Powell, and Oppenheimer, 'put it over' the Syndicate; that's why they called it the '85 acre steal.'"

Query: How did they do it?

Mr. Graveley: "Oh, I don't know."

**FAIRVIEW. MOUNT PLEASANT.**

Query: Did Hamilton name Fairview and Mount Pleasant?

Mr. Graveley: "No. He had nothing to do with that."

**TERMINAL STEAMSHIP CO. S.S. *BRITANNIA* (CAPTAIN J.A. CATES), 24 AUGUST 1934.**

The Captain said she was built in his brother's shipyard at the foot of Burrard Street; the engines came from the Old Country. The furnishings came from Chicago.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH HENRY S. ROWLING, SEPTEMBER 1933.**

**SAPPERTON.**

"In the old days, Sapperton was never called Sapperton. It was 'we are going out to "The Camp,"' or 'he's just come in from "The Camp."' I don't know who started the 'Sapperton' name."

**S.S. *ISLANDER*.**

First arrived in Vancouver on 30 December 1888.

**THE "EIGHTY-FIVE ACRES."**

Excerpt from letter, J.W. Stewart (now Major-General), Rogers Pass, 24 September 1886.

"Sept. 24, 1886. The people up here have great faith in Vancouver's future, and a great many of them will go to Vancouver as soon as they get through. I believe Vancouver will be crowded this winter. Glad to hear they are clearing the 85 acres."

Remark by W.E. Graveley: "Dr. Israel Wood Powell and his associates had the eighty-five acres which were reserved." (Commonly called the "85 acre steal.")

### **SITE OF FIRST CITY HALL.**

Dr. Israel Wood Powell gave the lots on which the first City Hall stood on Powell Street. Then, when the City Hall was moved away, there was a lawsuit; he wanted the land back. He claimed he had given it for the a site for a City Hall, but the deed was not explicit, and he lost the lawsuit.

### **CLARK PARK.**

Clark Park, dedicated as a park in 1889, was given to the city by Mr. E.J. Clark. (Woodland, Commercial Drive, and 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> avenues.)

### **JERICHO.**

Excerpt from Genealogy Form, Jeremiah Rogers, 31 August 1934, signed by his daughter, Mrs. S.S. Monahan.

“Jericho was reserved for the Admiralty of Great Britain about 1862. J. Rogers applied to the Admiralty twenty seven (27) acres, and in due course of time received deed.”

### **JERICHO. JERRY ROGERS.**

(According to W.R. Lord.) “Jerry Rogers was one of at least three brothers; one was William. William had two sons, William and James. The third brother’s son was Captain Perry Rogers.

“Jerry had a son, Lincoln, who, before his death, was head of the Coast Steamship Co., and had a sister who was a nun. Jerry’s sister was the late Mrs. Strang; her daughter is Mrs. Furniss, now of the Vancouver Cannery, Sea Island, a relative of J.F. Strang, 5849 Cartier Avenue.”

### **CONVERSATION WITH W.H. GALLAGHER, FORMER ALDERMAN AT HIS OFFICE, SOUTHEAST CORNER OF PENDER STREET WEST AND RICHARDS STREET, 28 JUNE 1933.**

I told Mr. Gallagher that I was preparing material for John Innes to paint a picture of the first meeting of the City Council, and wanted more detail than he had given me previously.

### **THE OLD COURT HOUSE. WATER STREET. GRANVILLE.**

“The old Court House on Water Street, where the voting for the first election of the City Council of Vancouver took place, and also where the first meeting of the City Council took place, was a little, low building spread all across the lot, and stood back a few feet—a foot or so, perhaps more, perhaps it was the sidewalk which was wider there. Water Street was planked; it was our only street; the planking was burned in the fire and afterwards replaced, but at the time of the election it was planked, bridged as it were over the old beach which curved in to the alley behind; I believe they have trouble even today with the water seeping into the basements of buildings there, but, as I said, Water Street was our only street. You could get along Water Street to just a little beyond Abbott Street, and you could go down Carrall about as far as where Hastings Street is now; beyond that on both streets was just a pathway. Cordova Street was not opened up, nor was Hastings Street.

“The little court house was a little, low building; there was no entrance from Water Street; a passageway ran down the east side, and the entrance to the court room was from that passageway—a door on the east side of the building and about the centre of it.” (On other occasions, Mr. Gallagher has said that the entrance was straight off Water Street; others have said same thing. The story, at present, is confusing. See other accounts—Geo. R. Gordon, W.R. Lord, H.E. Ridley.) “At the opposite end of the court room was the exit door, and another passageway to Water Street on the west side of the building. On the inlet side of the court room, which was just a bit of a room about the size of a large sitting room, say ten or twelve feet by twenty feet, were two or three small rooms, from which windows looked out over the inlet. One was where the judge robed or disrobed, and left his things; the others were offices. On the opposite side of the court room were three or four cells where the prisoners were put; the doors to these cells were not barred with iron” (?) “but I think had keyholes in them. Just how they were lighted I do not know, was never in them, nor can I just recall how the court room was lighted. The court room walls were plan V-

joint; it may have been varnished, but was discoloured with age or smoke from the stove, a long horizontal box stove with the door in one end, into which fairly long slabs of wood were pushed, a pioneer box stove, and stove pipes. Probably there were a few lumps of cord wood in the corner, I don't remember. In the centre was plain table, say three feet wide and about eight or ten feet long, and in the northwest corner of the room was tall desk on high legs, with a lift top which lifted up, and in this top beneath the lid, the court bible and police records were kept, and out of it Mr. Johnson got the bible when he administered the oath to Mr. MacLean. Above it were a lot of pigeon holes, where Constable Miller kept summonses. I forget whether the lamps were hanging or not; the whole thing was primitive and small."

#### **JAIL.**

"At the back there was a jail yard, reached by a passageway from inside the court room; a passageway at the east end, through a door."

#### **FIRST ELECTION, VOTING. C. GARDNER JOHNSON. JONATHAN MILLER.**

"On the day of the voting there was a crowd of interested men congregated just outside in the passageway by the east door. The voting was 'open.' The voters entered the court room, voted, and passed out through the west door, where there was another crowd of men gathered in that passageway too. Charlie Johnson, who was deputy returning officer, stood with his clerk at the high desk at their clerical duties all day, but for convenience had moved it to the west end of the table. Charlie Johnson attended to all arrangements himself; it was he who, in the afternoon, fixed me up with a little table on the south side of the room where I could prepare the voters' certificates of residence for submission to him. I was acting for Mr. MacLean. Jonathan Miller may have been returning officer, but I did not see him about; Charlie attended to all the details, had all the 'say.' I was there all day and saw the thing from the beginning to the opening of the ballot box. The voting went on all day, voters coming in one door and going out the other at the opposite end. Outside both doors was a crowd of men."

#### **CITY COUNCIL, FIRST MEETING.**

"The first meeting of the council took place in daylight. Mr. Johnson" (Charles Gardner Johnson) "himself swore in Mr. MacLean as mayor, not Jonathan Miller. I was there, and saw all that went on; up to that time, Mr. MacLean had been mayor-elect, not mayor; the small room was full of aldermen-elect and others; all who could crowd in, only a few in all, 15 or 20 men, a stove, a desk, a long table, and the chairs made a good room full for a room say twelve by twenty or less. How many of those assembled in the room were smoking? I expect some of them were, for in those days most of them smoked a pipe."

#### **MAYOR MACLEAN. ALDERMEN.**

"Charlie Johnson got the bible off the top of the high desk and administered the oath of office to Mr. MacLean. Then Mr. MacLean, as mayor, swore in the aldermen. The aldermen-elect were standing up on both sides of the table, lined up on both sides, with arm and hand raised; each gentleman repeated his name, and then Mr. MacLean administered the oath to them collectively all at one time.

"There were insufficient chairs. Charlie Johnson found some in the prisoners' cells and passed them out into the court room; there was some agitation, some shuffling about; Mayor MacLean was standing at the head of the table. Then he sat down, and was the only man sitting down when he called the meeting to order. His Worship was very business-like and prompt. Then all sat down. Tom McGuigan, afterwards, for many years, city clerk, took a seat on the corner of the table at the left of the mayor.

"Charlie Johnson, who up to that time had been master of ceremonies all day, whispered to me, 'What do we do next?' I was a young man, it is true, but I had once been through a similar experience in Wolseley, Manitoba, and had a general idea of the procedure. I replied, 'If you'll wait a moment, I'll show you,' and I went out into the street and around to Tilley's Stationery store, bought a pen, a bottle of ink, a pad of paper, and, returning, wrote down on the head of the first sheet, 'City of Vancouver.'

"Then I said to Charlie Johnson, 'Better elect a city clerk.' Then I wrote something brief about 'Meeting of City Council,' 'sworn in by Chas. Gardner Johnson,' and pushed the pad in front of Tom McGuigan."

### **CITY CLERK.**

Query: Mr. Gallagher, the *Vancouver Advertiser* says that the proceedings were opened with the appointment of J. Huntly as City Clerk, pro tem, and that afterwards J. Rooney was appointed permanently at the first council meeting. (See *Vancouver Advertiser*, Vol. 1, No. 3, Tuesday, 11 May 1886.)

Mr. Gallagher: (continuing with some heat) "That's wrong. Rooney was postmaster, he resigned, and Jonathan Miller quit as policeman just about that time, and was appointed postmaster. Do you believe everything you read in the newspapers? That newspaper was the *Advertiser*, I doubt if McDougall" (the editor) "was there; he was probably drunk in any case. Get hold of the *Weekly Herald*, see what they say; you will probably find a more accurate account in the *Herald*."

"I myself wrote the resolution appointing Tom McGuigan City Clerk, and as soon as the resolution passed, pushed the pad in front of Tom McGuigan."

"The next resolution was the appointment of Chief of Police, Jack Stewart." (See Inaugural meeting, first City Council, also below and next page.)

### **DAVID OPPENHEIMER. CAPILANO WATER.**

"I don't know about Bill Findlay's" (the late Mr. Wm. F. Findlay) "remarks re the conversation he overheard between David Oppenheimer and his uncle Lewis Carter" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "about bringing the water over the Narrows in a tunnel. Lewis Carter was a brainy man. The charter for the Coquitlam and the Capilano Water Works systems were granted before, or at the same time, as the city was incorporated; they all passed the legislative assembly together. Oppenheimer was heavily interested in the Vancouver Improvement Company. He built miles of sidewalk out in the east end which led to nowhere; there were no houses near them."

### **STATUE TO MAYOR MACLEAN.**

"It is not Oppenheimer's monument which should be at the entrance to Stanley Park; it should be MacLean's. Oppenheimer was not the statesman that MacLean was."

### **EXCERPT FROM MINUTES IN ORIGINAL MINUTE BOOK OF PROCEEDINGS OF FIRST CITY COUNCIL AT ITS SECOND MEETING, 12 MAY 1886, AT 7.30 P.M.**

(The first meeting was at 2 p.m. on the 10<sup>th</sup>.)

#### **Stanley Park.**

"Communication from A.W. Ross was read requesting the council to petition the Dominion Government to grant reserve at First Narrows for city park."

#### **City Clerk.**

"The Mayor stated that J. Rooney had declined the office of City Clerk."

"Moved by Alderman Hemlow, seconded by Alderman Griffiths, that T.F. McGuigan be appointed City Clerk. Yeas 6, neas 4, carried."

(Note: the minutes of both meetings, 10<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup>, are in the handwriting of T.F. McGuigan; even the "signature," "J. Rooney, City Clerk pro. tem.," seems to be in McGuigan's handwriting. It would seem that J. Rooney was appointed in his absence, or otherwise, had he been present, he would probably have declined at once. The *Vancouver Advertiser*, Vol. 1, No. 3, 11<sup>th</sup> May, says J. Huntly (Jonathan Miller's son-in-law) was appointed City Clerk pro tem, and J. Rooney appointed permanently. This whole question has been investigated in consequence of the painting by John Innes, 1934, of the meeting of the first City Council.)

### **CONVERSATION WITH W.H. GALLAGHER IN MR. INNES' OFFICE, 10 AUGUST 1934, MR. INNES PRESENT, AND UPON ABOVE BEING READ TO HIM.**

Mr. Gallagher: (with some heat) "Rooney wasn't even present. He had wanted the position, but his crowd were beaten—he was an Alexander follower. Baldwin was sent out to find him. Baldwin was a quiet, gentlemanly chap, so they sent him to find Rooney, but he came back without him. Rooney had given

some sort of surly answer. I wouldn't be surprised if it happened that the minutes in the Minute Book were not actually written up for a week after the meeting."

## **W.H. GALLAGHER, SEPTEMBER 1933 – OUR FIRST CIVIC ELECTION.**

### **CHINESE.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, volumes 1 and 2, etc.)

"The Victoria boat came in whistling, and the band on board playing 'Hail to the Chief'—only they played 'hail' to the wrong chief from their point of view.

"Soon after that the Hastings Sawmill people collected together their Chinese employees and sent them up to vote. It was perfectly legitimate, they were bona fide residents; there was no law against it; there was nothing you could say why they could not vote; it was open voting too, and mighty little qualification necessary; no voters list.

"The Chinamen—and their pigtails—came on up Hastings Road, lined on both sides with bushes, came on up in twos and threes, some on the road, some on the two-plank sidewalk. Then someone shouted, 'Here's the Chinamen,' and that started it.

"There were a lot of navvies around Granville for election day; rough customers from the railroad gangs and bush fellers from the C.P.R. clearing" (West End), "and they shouted at the approaching Chinamen, and began to move towards them. Then one or two of the Chinamen decided, I suppose, that they did not like the look of things, and that they did not want to vote anyhow, and turned around; then one or two more came to a standstill, the rest came on up, until there was a little crowd of them, standing, and the white men advancing towards them. The white men shouted at the Chinamen and the Chinamen turned tail and ran.

"Charlie Queen, who drove stage and was drowned up north afterwards, was sitting on his seat on his stage—up on the driver's seat. He shouted too, then whipped up his four horse, and roars, and takes off after the Chinamen, stage horses and all, roaring as he went. There was a mighty clatter with Charlie roaring and the stage rattling down the road—a terrific noise, and the Chinamen went faster; so did Charlie and his stage. He chased them all the way to the Hastings Mill, and the Chinamen never stopped running 'til they got there."

(Then Mr. Gallagher laughed at the recollection of it—almost fifty years ago.)

### **FIRST COUNCIL MEETING.**

"Alderman Balfour was from Winnipeg. He built the bridge over the Red River at Emerson, Manitoba. Dr. McGuigan and Tom McGuigan were also from Winnipeg. MacLean had his Winnipeg friends around him. Alexander's crowd, and the Victoria bunch, were beaten and stayed out of sight."

## **27 JUNE 1934 – MAYOR MACLEAN.**

Geo. Bartley, printer on old *World* newspaper, remarks, "We called him 'Squire MacLean'; his hair was, well, not red; it was a brown, part grey."

Miss MacLean, his eldest daughter: "Father was a typical Highlander; light blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and his hair was white; his hair had turned white about thirty; he belonged to a family whose hair turned at an early age."

Miss MacLean, his youngest daughter: "Blue eyes, glowing complexion, not all over his face, but in parts; a Highlander's complexion, and his hair grey, went grey early, and a darker colour."

These answers made to John Innes, now painting first meeting of first City Council of Vancouver.

**THE BURIAL OF MRS. M.A. MACLEAN, FIRST MAYORESS OF VANCOUVER, MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY, 5 JULY 1934.**

Mrs. MacLean died on 4 July; she had been ailing for several years. About four days before her death, she fell and cut her head. The doctor put in stitches. She was frail and feeble, and then after the shock of falling, she did not take nourishment, and passed away without pain. The funeral was private, and was held from Nunn and Thompson's undertaking establishment on South Cambie Street at 10.30 a.m., 5 July 1934. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Dr. E.D. McLaren, the first minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and one who still remains Presbyterian; did not join the United Church. The mourners numbered about 30; largely pioneer ladies; there were nineteen wreaths, including one from the Mayor and Council of Vancouver. In the absence of His Worship Mayor Taylor in Seattle, the city was represented by Major J.S. Matthews, V.D. Burial was in the family plot in the old section of Mountain View Cemetery, beside the grave of her husband, who had predeceased her in 1895.

**MAYOR MACLEAN.**

The inscription on Mayor MacLean's tombstone, a granite Celtic cross, is:

In Loving Memory of  
Malcolm Alexander MacLean,  
First Mayor of Vancouver  
Born at Tiree, Scotland  
Died April 4<sup>th</sup>, 1895, Aged 51 years

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

(Compare with *Hamlet*.)

**EXCERPTS FROM EARLY NEWSPAPERS, 1886.**

**INAUGURAL MEETING, FIRST CITY COUNCIL.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, Vol. 1, No. 3, Tuesday, 11 May 1886.

First meeting  
Of our City Council Characterized  
by Harmony and Intelligence.

The first meeting of the Vancouver City Council, reference to which was made in yesterday's issue, was held in the Court House at 2.30 p.m. There was a full attendance of the newly elected Aldermen, his Worship presiding. In another column we publish in full the inaugural address of the presiding officer, and it strikes the reader as such a fair, outspoken, and business like address that comment is unnecessary.

The proceedings were opened by the appointment of J. Huntly as City Clerk pro. tem. The applications for city clerk with their testimonials were then read by the city clerk. [*Note: it would seem this should have read "acting city clerk" or "city clerk pro. tem."*]

J. Rooney, John Pemberty (applied for city clerk and city engineer), Amas Morrison, Thos. F. McGuigan, Michael Picken (applied for clerk and assessor), O.D. Sweet (assessor, clerk and collector), Geo. F. Baldwin.

**ABRIDGED PROCEEDINGS FROM REMAINDER OF NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.**

Moved by Coun. Dunn that "a clerk be appointed temporarily."

Moved by Coun. Balfour that "G.F. Baldwin be appointed temporary City Clerk."

Moved by Coun. Northcott that J. Rooney be "appointed temporary City Clerk."

Moved by Coun. Hemlow that Thos. F. McGuigan be "appointed temporary City Clerk."

Coun. Northcott's amendment carried. J. Rooney appointed.

A discussion re power of City Clerk to act as one of City Commissioners followed.

Moved by Coun. Balfour that the appointment of City Clerk be reconsidered, and a permanent appointment made.

Moved by Coun. L.A. Hamilton that the salary of City be \$75 [*per mo.*] for this year.

The reconsidered motions were put and J. Rooney was appointed City Clerk permanently.  
[*Important: see W.H. Gallagher.*]

Applications not considered, as Mr. John Boulton volunteered to act as police magistrate without salary.

Moved by Coun. E.P. Hamilton, seconder Coun. Cordner, that J.P. Lawson be appointed engineer and assessment commissioner. Carried on the Mayor's casting vote.

Moved by Coun. L.A. Hamilton, seconded Coun. Northcott, that all applications for Chief of Police be referred to the license commissioners. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Caldwell, second Coun. Cordner, that as Mr. J. Huntly has kindly offered the use of two rooms adjoining the Court House, that the Council accept the same. Carried.

The proceedings throughout were characterized by good feeling, and a large amount of work was accomplished for the first meeting.

Report Ends.

## **EARLY NEWSPAPERS.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, Vol. 1, No. 3, Tuesday, 11 May 1886, is the first copy in the bound volume of this newspaper in the shelves of the Library, University of British Columbia. Nos. 1 and 2 are missing.

## **HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, Vol. 1, No. 3, Tuesday, 11 May 1886.

### Advertisement

"C.P.R."

Terminal City

Vancouver

Lots 181 and 196, known as the Hastings Sawmill  
property, are now being cleared and streets opened.  
etc. etc.

ROBERTSON & CO.

Real Estate Agents.

(See panorama photo.)

## **FIRST COUNCIL. MAYOR MACLEAN.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*. Published every afternoon except Sunday. Vol. 1, No. 3, Tuesday, 11 May 1886. W.B. McDougall, Editor and Manager. Vancouver, Burrard, Inlet, B.C.

### THE FIRST CIVIC SPIKE

Driven Home by His Worship the Mayor.  
Inaugural Address by the Chief Magistrate  
of the City of Vancouver

(A long address follows detailing with the appointment of officials and other matters.)

## **FIRST DOMINION DAY.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, 14 May 1886.

"A public meeting called by His Worship the Mayor for last evening at Blair's Hall to appoint a committee and make arrangements for the celebration of Dominion Day in this city was largely attended."

## **PORT MOODY WHARF.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, Monday, 15 May 1886.

### **CURRENT COMMENT**

Can any person tell why the iron piles for Port Moody wharf are being unloaded at Victoria instead of Port Moody. There is nothing to hinder the ship reaching Port Moody with the piles.

(Victoria *Times* says ship *Titania* has sailed from Port Moody with piles.)

Note: see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, Matthews, 1931, re Dr. H.E. Langis' reference to these piles, included in the great "Pacific Scandal" which contributed to Sir John A. Macdonald's defeat, lying in heaps on the dock at Port Moody. In brief, he remarks up on the lack of sense, or "graft," in shipping piles for a wharf all away around the Horn from England to a country which produced piles within half a mile of where the wharf was to be built.

## **LEAMY AND KYLE'S SAWMILL, FALSE CREEK.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, 17 May 1886.

"The last shipment of 200 tons of machinery was delivered at False Creek by Mr. Angus Fraser for Leamy and Kyle's mill. The material came from Port Moody."

## **STANLEY PARK.**

*Vancouver Daily Advertiser*, 19 May 1886.

### **CITY COUNCIL MEETING 18<sup>th</sup> May, 1886**

To His Excellency The Most Honourable Sir Henry Charles Keith, Marquis of Lansdowne,  
Governor-General of Canada.

The Petition of the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Vancouver in the Province of British Columbia.

Whereas an act has been passed by the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia incorporating the City of Vancouver and:

Whereas there is within our city limits a portion of land known as the Dominion Government Military Reserve, near the First Narrows, and is bounded on the west by English Bay, and on the east by Burrard Inlet, and:

Whereas it is advisable that permission should be given to the Mayor and Council of said City of Vancouver to have control of said reserve in order that it may be used by the inhabitants of the City of Vancouver as a park.

Your petitioners therefore pray that said Reserve should be handed over to the said corporation to be used by them subject to such restrictions as your Excellency may seem right, and to be held by them as a Public Park.

### **FIRST C.P.R. DOCK IN VANCOUVER.**

*The Vancouver News*, Vol. 1, No. 29, 26 July 1886.

"Every effort is to be made to complete the C.P.R. Wharf and the thirty feet approach by Saturday next, which is the last day of the month.

"The engineer and his assistants are very busy straining every nerve to get the work finished before Mr. (Van) "Horne's arrival."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE WILBY OF THE COMPOSING ROOM OF THE SUN NEWSPAPER, VANCOUVER, 10 OCTOBER 1934.**

#### **VANCOUVER'S FIRST CITY CHARTER.**

"Yes. It is quite true that I helped to set up the type for printing the first charter of our city. I was working for Monroe Miller, job printer, in Victoria. In addition to the copies of the charter printed in the Government printing office, copies were required for private circulation, and as apparently there was no printing office in Vancouver capable of doing the work, it was done in Victoria. That must have been in 1886, or early in 1887."

#### **BOOM TOWNS.**

"In addition to printing the charter for the new city of Vancouver, I also helped to print charters for boom towns whose boom was short; for instance, the town of Emory" (Emory's Bar) "below Yale; that was supposed to be the western railway terminus and head of navigable water on the Fraser River. Then there was Port Haney and Port Hammond; I think we printed charters for one or both, I am not quite sure."

#### **THE WILBY FAMILY.**

"I was born at Esquimalt in 1867. My father and Harry Edward Wilby, born in Portugal of English parents, and when about 25 years old, he, together with his prospective brother-in-law, bought a sailing barque in Portugal, engaged a sailing master, Captain Bannister, and with a cargo of general merchandise and products of Portugal" (wines, etc.) "sent by merchants there for sale on commission, and two or three passengers, set sail in October 1849 from Lisbon for California, where they arrived in 1850, nine months later. They had a rough time coming around the Horn; the ship was nearly dismasted; indeed I believe one of the top masts did come down, and sail blown to tatters.

"On arrival at San Francisco, they started off for the gold fields, struck nothing, and returned to San Francisco. The crew, being paid off, went to the mines, so the ship was used as a floating warehouse. There were a whole row of ships similarly employed; they were anchored in a portion of the bay which has since been filled in, and the site is now several blocks inland from the waterfront. It was safer to store goods in this way than in the wooden shacks along the shore where they were liable to destruction by fire.

"In 1853 my mother" (Eliza A. Searle) "and Miss Laidley, fiancées of the two partners, arrived in San Francisco; they came by way of New York and Aspinwall by steamer. The Panama railway was then completed only halfway across the isthmus, and they travelled the rest of the way to Panama over mountain roads on mule back. They were exposed to torrential rains alternatively with tropical sunshine which caused their soaked garments to steam. When they arrived at Panama City, Mother was stricken with tropical fever and nearly died. When able to travel again they proceeded by steamer to San Francisco, and on arrival the captain of the liner performed a double wedding ceremony aboard the steamer.

"After his marriage my father moved ashore and opened a commission business, and also tried sheep raising which was not a success."

#### **MOVE TO VICTORIA.**

"Again following the gold rush, this time to B.C., he arrived at Victoria on the steamer *Otter*" (H.B. Co.), "Captain Mouat. At Victoria he engaged in different ventures, including commission sales, general store,

acting as vice-consul for Portugal, and driving an express to Esquimalt, then the port of call for the San Francisco steamers, which could not get into Victoria harbour on account of obstructions" (rocks) "which have since been removed. Later he moved to Esquimalt to live, and there I was born. I have two brothers, William and James, and sister, Mrs. M.A. Higgins, still living in Victoria. I have two sons living here in Vancouver."

### **THE *WORLD* NEWSPAPER.**

"J.C. McLagan, the first owner and editor of the old *World* newspaper, now perpetuated in the *Sun* newspaper, was originally in Victoria where I had known him, and when I came over to Vancouver in 1895 he employed me, so that I have been now 39 years in the employ of this newspaper."

Query: Mr. Wilby. Would you explain how it was that the *World* newspaper, started in Vancouver as a large evening newspaper many years before the *Province*, permitted the latter newspaper to establish itself in 1898, and subsequently grow to such an important journal? It seem strange that a newspaper with such a good start and powerful connections as the *World* had should not have overwhelmed the field.

Mr. Wilby: "J.C. McLagan's personality carried that newspaper, and when he died, Mrs. McLagan and her brother, Fred McClure, of the family at Matsqui, who was business manager, took it over. Mr. McLagan's personal supervision and his standing made the paper, and when he died about the time of the death of Queen Victoria, that influence was lost. Even when he was dying he would have the correspondence sent to his bedside; he would allow nothing to escape him.

"Then Mr. O'Brien, who had been editorial writer for some years, continued in that capacity until L.D. Taylor, now Mayor of Vancouver, who, when he first came here, was working for the *Province* as circulation manager, bought out the McLagan interest with Victor Odum as partner.

"Odum was a very young man and I think the money must have come from his father, Professor Odum, for it was young Odum's first venture into business; he had just come back from the Boer War where he had been a private soldier in a Vancouver contingent. Later Odum dropped out of the *World* newspaper and went up country.

"Disaster overtook the *World* when they built the towering 'World Building,' now the Bekins Building, at the southeast corner of Beatty and Pender streets, at the time supposed to be the tallest office building in the British Empire, about 1911. Why they ever built it there I cannot tell, it was a poor location; in the end the mortgages got it."

### **CITY HALL, POWELL STREET.**

"In 1895 they were still using the old wooden City Hall on Powell Street—as a Court House and also as a water works office—I am not sure what year they discontinued to use it as a city hall, but they did [use] it for other civic offices long after they moved to the Market Hall on Westminster Avenue; still later it was used as a refuge for unemployed, December 1907. The Powell Street property was donated to the city for City Hall purposes by Dr. Powell, and when the city offices were moved to Westminster Avenue, the executors claimed it was a breach of the deed of gift."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. BRYDONE-JACK, PIONEER MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, NOW CORONER, AT ACACIA MASONIC LODGE, 5 OCTOBER 1934.**

**EARLY STREET CARS.**

"I used to live on Westminster Avenue" (about corner of 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue) "just above the old car barn down near Dufferin Street, where the first car line stopped, and, if I got a night call, I used to take a car out of the barn, and drive myself downtown. The motormen had shown me how to run the car; I just hopped on, and went off; oh, just perhaps as far as Cordova Street or Carrall Street; I was motorman, conductor and only passenger all in one; little open end street cars, open both ends."

**FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT STATION.**

The first electric light steam power house was a low, one-storey shed, perhaps 50' by 60', on the south side of the lane between Pender Street and Hastings Street, and about fifty feet east of Abbott Street; it had a wide door facing Hastings Street—vacant land between Hastings Street and lane, and a very tall narrow black smokestack. (See *World* newspaper illustrated panorama of Vancouver, 1890, and photo No. ?—Bailey—of Peter Claire's garden on Cordova Street, showing power house in background; also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

The second steam power house was built on the same ground, but it was of brick, and still stands, 1934.

**12 FEBRUARY 1935 – HIS WORSHIP L.D. TAYLOR (LATE MAYOR OF VANCOUVER). THE WORLD NEWSPAPER. BRIGADIER-GENERAL VICTOR W. ODLUM, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.**

His Worship: "No. Victor Odlum did not put up any money, nor his father, when he joined me in taking over the *World* newspaper about thirty years ago. He promised to put up half, and on the strength of that I gave him a five year contract to employ him; he was just a young fellow then. At the end of two years I got sick of him. He had not put up any money, left me to carry the whole load; I had to find security, and every time I went away he would change the policy of the editorials. So I told him I wanted his resignation. He replied that he had a contract and said, 'I've three years to go.' I said that didn't matter, I wanted his resignation and was going to have it. I got it. I was afraid he would go around saying that I had gypped him; he was a Methodist. So I signed an agreement to pay him \$35 a week for three years and he got it, and then he left the *World*."

**CONVERSATION WITH MR. J.W. SENTELL OF SENTELL BROS. ON BOARD PRINCESS JOAN PROCEEDING WITH 295 PASSENGERS, PIONEERS AND CHILDREN OF PIONEERS, TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND FOR THE ANNUAL PICNIC, 14 JUNE 1933.**

Mr. Sentell is now aged 75, and lives at 1908 West 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue.

**FIRST CITY HALL (1886).**

Major Matthews: Is that story that you would not let the city occupy the City Hall on Powell Street, after it was finished, true, Mr. Sentell? When did you start to build it?

Mr. Sentell (who is up from California for a visit): "Well, yes, it is true; I kept them out for about two weeks after it was finished. I started to built it about August 24 after 'the fire,' and had it finished about the end of September or first few days of October. The contract price was \$1,200, and there were to be a lot of extras, but when it came to getting my money for it there seemed to be a bit of a hitch somewhere. I only had \$2,000, and to tie up my money at that time would have crippled my activities; I couldn't afford to loan the city \$1,200. So I went up to James C. Keith, who was the manager of the bank" (Bank of B.C.) "down opposite the C.P.R. offices, and saw him once or twice, and finally he made me promise I would not tell if he told me, and I promised I would not, and never have. He said that the city hadn't the money to pay; so I would not let them in; only old John Clough, the jailer, I let him in. I kept them out of it for about, say, two weeks. They never forgave me for that."

"Some time afterwards they built an addition to the old wooden city hall. The City Hall I built was about twenty-five feet wide by sixty feet long; no basement, a plain building set back from the street a few feet, and with a verandah or porch along a portion of the front of it, on which John Clough used to sit most of the time. Upstairs was where the aldermen held their meetings; downstairs was for offices, city clerk, and so forth.

"I don't know about Bob Hemphill's story of driving the cows through the corridor into the jail yard behind. Bob is getting old, always did like to have a joke; his memory cannot be as good as it was; he might be beginning to believe it true; anyway, I know nothing about it. Whenever we used to hear a noise on Hastings Street late at night, we usually said, 'There's Bob Hemphill going home.'

"I have told you previously about my experiences in Winnipeg and Brandon. Well, we were working on the Stoney Creek Bridge, C.P.R. line." (Note: the Stoney Creek Bridge was a wonder, a structure 296 feet high built entirely of wood.) "One of our companions there was Mr. Whitehead; his father was fireman for the famous Robert Stephenson, on the first railway engine in the world. Of course, if fire got in about that bridge there would have been the dickens to pay; so my job was to clear away the forest below and about, so that if fire did start it would not get into the chips from the bridge construction; then, when the construction had reached 250 feet high, I decided to clear out for the west, and walked across the single stringer, about three feet wide, 250 feet in the air, no railing, etc., and went west.

"They told me that Port Moody was doomed, that the end of the railway was not going to be there, so I decided not to go there, but got the contract building a bridge across the Tulameen River at Granite Creek, a bridge into Granite Creek."

#### **CITY HALL, 1886. COURT ROOM.**

"Then I came to Vancouver, and three days after arrival here, got the contract to build the first City Hall and Court Room, the one on the north side of Powell Street between Westminster Avenue and Columbia Street; it was about twenty-five feet wide and sixty feet deep; narrow side facing Powell Street; the contract price was \$1,290 and I had to put up a deposit of good faith of fifty dollars. I commenced construction about the first of September in 1886, and it was finished in thirty days."

#### **ALDERMAN E.P. HAMILTON.**

"Alderman E.P. Hamilton—no relation to Alderman L.A. Hamilton, who was a good fellow—was the alderman in charge of the building committee, and I have very unpleasant memories of him. He was a contractor, too, which may account for some of the disagreeable things which happened. There were a good many extras wanted; I put them in at my own expense, but Alderman Hamilton said to me one day that there was a clause in the contract which said that the extras were to be put in without extra cost, and I replied, somewhat heatedly, 'Is that so!' Hamilton said one day, before the building was constructed, 'If a man puts his head in a noose, he deserves to have the rope pulled.' I did not forget that remark. Finally, when we had nearly finished, he wanted a threshold put to the front door step. I told him thresholds were out of date, but he insisted, and said, 'This building is going to have a threshold,' and I replied, 'All right,' and that was the last thing we put in."

#### **CITY CLERK. T.F. MCGUIGAN.**

"Then, when the building was finished, Hamilton and I and Tom McGuigan, the city clerk, [were] inside it one day, and Hamilton said to Tom, 'They've got the building finished, better give them a certificate; write out a certificate and I'll sign it, and, at the same time, you might as well give him his fifty dollars back.'

"Well, Tom McGuigan gave me the certificate—Tom was a decent fellow; he did not like giving me the receipt, but Hamilton told him to, and afterwards Tom said to me, 'Better give that certificate to me for safekeeping.' I said, 'Oh, no, I think it will be safe with me.'

"So next thing I began to enquire about my money; somehow I found out that I was not likely to be paid; I only had \$2,000 and to tie up my money would have crippled my business, so I would not give up the keys.

"I said to Tom McGuigan, 'What about the money?' Tom says, 'We haven't got it.' Tom was a decent fellow. Then I saw Alderman E.P. Hamilton, and he said in his squeaky voice, 'They've been giving it to me for giving you that certificate.'"

### **BONDS AND DEBENTURES.**

"Tom McGuigan says, 'Why not give him debentures?' I said, 'I don't want debentures,' and then I got hot, and said, 'By gosh, I'll keep the building.' Hamilton said, 'I'll put a dozen men to work and pull the building down.'

"As I was coming down I met Sergeant McLaren" (of the Police force) "and he says, 'Did you get your pay?' I said, 'No,' and McLaren says, 'I've got the keys; I've got the Police installed down there.' I says, 'What right have you to take the keys?' So McLaren gave me the keys back. And McLaren says, 'Here's that man tells McGuigan to give you a certificate and now he says he's going to put twelve men in to pull it to pieces; damn shame; here's your keys,' and he threw the keys over to me.

"Hamilton came to me after business hours, and asked, would I take Tom Dunn's cheque? I said, 'Yes; get J.C. Keith to mark it first.'" (J.C. Keith, manager, Bank of B.C.) "But Keith either wouldn't or didn't mark it, whether he refused or not I do not know; you see, I was not such a softie after all. So Hamilton said, 'If you let us in, everything will be all right, and we won't tear nothing to pieces.'

"Then I met old John Clough, with his one arm, and said to him, 'If I let you in here, you understand you have no authority in here; you're just looking after it for me.' And old John says, in his quiet way, 'All right, I won't take possession or anything; just stay in the building.' So John went in, and stayed there, and I kept them out for about a fortnight. Some of them wanted to go to law, but I said I didn't want any law. I'd hold the building, so I kept them out for a fortnight."

### **12% INTEREST.**

"I'd have taken the debentures if I could have got them cashed. Keith told me there was some woman down east—she would advance fifty per cent at 12% interest. We wanted our money in the worst way. Finally, I got the cheque on the bank of B.C.; Baldwin signed it himself; I said to Baldwin, 'There's a lot of extras in there I'm not getting paid for.' Baldwin said, 'It's a shame, Sentell, it's a shame.' Afterwards E.P. Hamilton 'skipped out'; Ferguson went down to Seattle to try to get him to come back."

### **CENTRAL SCHOOL. MOODY AND SANKEY.**

"At the time Dr. Moody of Moody and Sankey firm was here in the fall of 1888 there was no building large enough to accommodate the crowd, so we built a great big barracks of a barn on the site of the present Central School—facing Pender between Hamilton and Cambie streets; it stood there for three or four months afterwards, probably 'til about March 1889, when it was bought by a contractor and pulled down." (Note: Dr. Moody was in Victoria, too, 11-12 October 1888, holding evangelistic meetings.)

### **ORIGINS OF VANCOUVER PEOPLE.**

"Vancouver was peopled in the first place very largely by persons from Manitoba, and grew at the expense of the Maritime provinces. The old men you now see about Vancouver, and the men who have added lustre to the record of this city, were once the young men of eastern Canada in the spring time of their youth, full of ambition, full of ability; and what was Vancouver's gain was Eastern Canada's loss, especially so in the case of the Maritime provinces.

"The first representatives to the legislature from Vancouver city went in 1890. They follow like this:

"1890 F.L. Carter-Cotton; J.W. Horne.

"1894 Adolphus Williams, afterwards magistrate; Robert McPherson (no relation to R.G. McPherson, afterwards M.P., later postmaster); F.L. Carter-Cotton.

"1898 C.E. Tisdall; Robert McPherson; F.L. Carter-Cotton; Joseph Martin.

"1900 J.F.M. Garden; Joseph Martin; R.C. Tatlow; Hugh G. Gilmore."

### **F.W. SENTELL.**

Archivist's note: Mr. Sentell is still another instance of the wonderful physical vitality of our pioneers. He is active, alert, both in mind and body, is over 75, and drew, from memory, the pencil sketches he presents of the first City Hall and Court Room. His conversation is brilliant.

He was born 31 May 1858, at Loch Lomond, St. John, New Brunswick. His ancestors fought for England in War of Independence, and went to New Brunswick afterwards (V.E.L.). His mother was a daughter of John Jordon, physician, stipendiary magistrate, and member of Parliament, Fredericton, New Brunswick (died [of] pneumonia).

**CONVERSATION WITH MR. R. HEMPHILL, FIRST POUNDKEEPER OF CITY OF VANCOUVER, ON BOARD *PRINCESS JOAN* DURING VANCOUVER PIONEERS' PICNIC TO NEWCASTLE ISLAND, NANAIMO, WEDNESDAY, 14 JUNE 1933.**

Mr. Hemphill now spends the winters in Pasadena, California, and the summers in Vancouver. He is 81 years old today.

**POUNDKEEPER. CITY HALL. JAIL.**

Major Matthews: What's this story about your appointment as dogcatcher for the city of Vancouver, which Mr. W.H. Gallagher tells? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 1931.)

Mr. Hemphill: "Dogcatcher? Dogcatcher? Oh, poundkeeper! Oh, that was not until after the fire. I didn't know anything about it; they had to fill in the charter; there were certain offices to be filled; city solicitor, city clerk, and I suppose they had to have a poundkeeper, so they appointed me, but I knew nothing about it. I was just one of the boys around town, didn't care for anything or anybody just then—young, looking for fun or trouble, whichever came first; I didn't care which."

(Laughing) "Westminster Avenue across the bridge was awful up the hill; just a trail, and slippery, gosh, going up the hill you'd slip back further than you went up, so the city council ordered it planked, you know, about twelve feet wide; Jerry McGeer's father, Jim McGeer, had a ranch up there—milk ranch."

Major Matthews: Along Kingsway?

Mr. Hemphill: "Yes, off that way."

Major Matthews: As far as the Tea Swamp? (Fraser Avenue.)

Mr. Hemphill: "No-o-o-o! Not that far; just up there, on the top. Jim's cows got out, and came down the plank road, new planks, easy walking, came right down; came across the False Creek bridge, and you know Sentell's place?"

Major Matthews: Up by Grove Crescent? (South end Jackson Avenue and False Creek.)

Mr. Hemphill: "Sure, along the beach. The cows went along the beach, and got into Sentell's cabbages, and what they didn't do to those cabbages—oh, boy. I was working down by the Hastings Mill, and Sentell came running down, and said, 'Say, here, you, you're poundkeeper; you're not doing your duty,' and I said, 'Like hell I am,' and I took a swipe at him. I was big and strong. Anyway, I went down to the old City Hall on Powell Street, the one Sentell built, and old John Clough with his one arm was sitting out in front, just beside the door, with his old clay pipe stuck in a corner of his mouth, and I said to him, 'Who's poundkeeper around this town?' John said, 'You are, Bob,' kind of slow like. So I says, 'All right.' So off I go, and get my boy, and Stuart's boy—no, not Stewart, Stuart—Stuart that used to be purchasing agent for the city—and we rounds up the cows and takes them down to the City Hall. There wasn't no pound, no place to put them, so we put them in the jail" (yard.)

Major Matthews: However did you get them in?

Mr. Hemphill: "Get them in? Why, through the City Hall, and oh boy, didn't they make a mess. What with the cabbages and the parsnips and the running, say, lad, it was awful. We got all around them, and in through the door they went, and down the corridor, and out into the jail yard. Great big fence, sixteen foot high, around the jail yard, we put them in that, but, oh boy, what with the cows, and the cabbages and the running you ought to have seen that corridor after they had got through."

Major Matthew: How many?

Mr. Hemphill: "Nineteen. We'd just got them in nicely, and I was coming out of the door, when along comes Jim McGeer, madder than blazes. Jim says, 'You're poundkeeper, aren't you?' and I says, 'Looks that way,' and with that—Jim always carried a big black thorn, carried it under his arm like a sergeant-major—Jim whips out the black thorn, and wipes it across the back of my neck, and with that I go at him. Jim was a big fellow, too, bigger than me, but I was young and strong, and I knocked him into the gutter, and we went at it. Then I put him in a cell, and locked him up."

#### **MAYOR MACLEAN.**

"So then they went down to the Bodega" (saloon) "for" (Mayor) "MacLean, and up he comes, and Jack Boulton" (magistrate) "and J.J. Blake, city solicitor, with him. So MacLean starts to hold court right away. Jim McGeer wanted his cows. Jack Boulton defended Jim, and Blake acted as prosecutor. Jim was all covered with gore and dirt after the tussle in the gutter, but he admitted it all right, so MacLean draws himself up, pompous like, and says like a judge, very serious, 'I fine you twenty-five dollars for obstructing an officer of the la-a-a-w,' that's me, 'in the execution of his dooty, and two dollars each for the cows.'

"Jim up and say, 'All right, I'll pay, but I'll get even with you.' So Jim paid up, and we all went down to the Bodega and ginned up." (See J.W. Sentell's comment.)

#### **JIM MCGEER, FATHER OF "OUR OWN GERRY," G.G. (HIMSELF) MCGEER.**

The story goes that, as Jim stepped on the platform of the old People's Theatre, Pender and Howe streets, a big wooden barn of a place, to advocate the candidature of Geo. R. Maxwell, about 1900, for M.P., a peal of cowbells tolled to the measured time of "Old Strawberry's" leisured tread, accompanied by a few sonorous bawls imitative of an unhappy calf, greeted him. It was all very polite, subtle in its inference; the crowded audience chuckled.

#### **CITY POUNDKEEPER. FIRST CITY COUNCIL. OLD COURT HOUSE.**

"I don't know where the first meeting of the City Council took place. I was not there. I did not know anything about being appointed poundkeeper. I remember the little old court house on Water Street, no road in front of it, just dirt, part of the beach. I think there were a couple of little balsams in front of it; John Clough planted them, I believe; there might have been a bit of grass in front of it."

#### **HASTINGS MILL. GREAT FIRE.**

"You see, Goldie MacCullough of Galt, Ontario, sent me out here to help put new boilers in the Hastings Mill. We were doing that when the Great Fire came along, and tore down through the city 'til it *stopped at the ravine*." (This is the first time a reasonable explanation as to why it stopped where it did, has been given.) "I was just a young fellow, itching for devildom, and I wasn't interested in where they held the city council meetings or if they held them at all."

#### **FIRST CITY HALL. MARKET HALL.**

"I helped build the chimneys in the old wooden city hall; the chimneys were Hong Kong brick, so was the old City" (Market) "Hall. The bricks came over here as ballast in a sailing ship coming to the Hastings Sawmill for lumber, and we bought it for seventeen teals, that is about 97¢ per 1,000 brick; it cost me about \$1 a thousand by the time I had 'ginned up the crowd.'"

Major Matthews: Is it true that the chimneys in the old City Hall on Powell Street and the whole building known as the Market Hall were built out of Chinese bricks which came over as ballast in some sailing ship from Hong Kong, as Bob Hemphill says?

Mr. Sentell (who built the Powell Street City Hall): "I don't know."

Note: most, perhaps all, bricks came from the Bowen Island brickyard, owned by David Oppenheimer et al. See W.A. Grafton, and other narratives.

**CONVERSATION WITH MR. W.H. GRASSIE, PIONEER WATCHMAKER, CAMBIE STREET, OFFICIAL WATCHMAKER TO C.P.R. AND C.N.R.**

**BIG TREES.**

**Georgia Street Tree.**

"I came to Vancouver 4<sup>th</sup> July 1886; Mrs. Grassie" (née Charlotte Fowler) "came two weeks later. We were photographed—one on each side of the big tree stump—the following winter by one of the Bailey Bros." (See Bailey photo No. ? and note plank ditch at northeast corner, Granville and Georgia.)

This is the same tree as the "Vancouver Lots for Sale—Real Estate, J.W. Horne." Mr. and Mrs. Grassie both living in 1934.

**Princess Louise Tree.**

The Great Fire so injured this tree—about the foot of Gore Avenue—that it had to be cut down. J.S.M.

**THE BIGGEST TREE.**

**BY J.S. MATTHEWS.**

**UNPUBLISHED AS AT MAY 1934.**

Imagine a British Columbia Douglas fir tree 417 feet high, and 25 feet diameter. Such a giant is reputed to have been felled by George Cary in Lynn Valley, North Vancouver, in August 1895. Who can prove it?

A tree 417 feet tall would rise into the sky as high as the Marine Building, which is 304 feet about Hastings Street, and then tower on up above the equivalent of a ten-storey building; two motor cars, one behind the other, could stand upon its base of 25 feet. Did such a monster ever grow? Or is its story a myth?

J.A. Macdonald, in responding to "Lumberjack's" enquiry re big trees, quite correctly quotes the *Western Lumberman* has published a photograph and exact details of the great tree, and further, in October 1922, page 1081, the *Illustrated Canadian Forestry Journal* copied illustration and details, and so have several other journals of repute. The circumference was 77 feet, the first limb at 300 feet; at 207 feet its diameter 9 feet, and the bark 16 inches thick. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) The photograph indicates the tree was felled by sawing as well as chopping, and "George Cary, who is seen upon the ladder."

Diligent search by officials of the Provincial Forestry Department, by the Forest Laboratories, U.B.C., and others, have never established where, when, and by whom this tree was felled; old loggers scoff at the story. The late Duncan Macdonald, who arrived at Moodyville in 1873, worked in the woods for the Moodyville Sawmill Co. all his life, and who died two months ago, the oldest living white inhabitant of the North Shore, says he never heard of it, and that the biggest tree he ever saw was up the Lynn Valley, about ten miles; the stump of the tree probably there yet, and was nine feet diameter by careful measurement.

"I doubt if any such tree ever grew near Vancouver or anywhere else in B.C.," asserts James McWhinney, who logged on the site of our commercial section, and was for many years logging superintendent of the Moodyville Sawmill.

But the most severe rebuttal of all comes from George Cary himself. Mr. Cary arrived in "Gastown" in 1884, says he cut the first trail—about where Lonsdale Avenue is—back to the hills, says he never felled the tree, and that he is not the "George Cary seen upon the ladder." There are many "Carey's" in British Columbia, but few "Cary's," and only one George Cary.

The photograph shows it was felled by sawing; no ordinary cross-cut saw could cut far into wood which had a diameter of twenty-five feet. By what method would a log 25 feet high, 25 feet wide, as big as a house, be moved? Its weight would play havoc with a skid road; it would not pay. Assuming the smaller top sections only were taken out; the huge butt end left, then, where is the butt now, where can the stump be seen? All trace cannot surely have vanished, but no one seems to know. It is suggested that the illustration is of a California redwood, a tree of enormous base dimension.

"The biggest tree I have ever seen," says George Cary, "was the big tree on Georgia Street; it stood where the Strand Theatre now stands; the stump is probably under the theatre yet. I measured it many times. It was fourteen feet four inches at the widest part. It was cut up in sections; part went to Queen Victoria's Jubilee Exhibition in London, part to Toronto, and a piece stood on Hastings Street for years." (See A.W. Ross.) "Then when the clearing operations started they tried to burn the log, but it just burned the centre out, and left a shell in which J.W. Horne set up a show real estate office, just an advertising stunt, not a real office, depicted in the well-known photograph 'Vancouver Lots for Sale.'"

The Georgia Street big tree also has legendary dimensions; it was said to have been 325 feet high, taller than the Vancouver Block, but "The truth is," says Pat Myers, octogenarian, who logged on the Brighthouse estate (West End) and whose log dump was beside the bathhouse at English Bay, "The truth is that the top had broken off, and the giant stub was merely eighty feet high.

"When we were logging the West End we got over the line" (Burrard Street); "I 'skidded up to'" (built a skid road) "the big tree, but we decided the tree was too big, it would break up our skid road, so we left it." (See Vol. 3.)

Later, when clearing the stumps and debris off the land about Robson, Dunsmuir and Burrard streets, H.P. McCraney, who built our first street car lines, cleared the log away. To W.H. Gallagher, sole surviving witness in Canada of the meeting of our first City Council, we are indebted for the photograph of the great stump. All of these pioneers are still residents of Vancouver. (See W.H. Grassie.)

That a great fire swept through the forest between Vancouver and New Westminster some two or three hundred years ago is the interesting theory of Mr. Myers. He bases his assumption on the "patchiness" of the forest in certain sections; that of the West End and Shaughnessy having trees of enormous size and prolificacy, while that of parts of Hastings, Central Park, and near Ontario Street on the North Arm of the Fraser was "second growth stuff with pin knots." Mr. Myers declares that the fire not only destroyed the forest, but burned the land bare of humus. "You can see what I mean, even today, in that bit of forest at Central Park; those trees have grown up since the fire; poor bits of things, no humus in the soil, just bare stone and earth." The forest about Granville Street and the West End and Shaughnessy was one of the finest stands of timber in the world.

Support to this contention is given by a correspondent replying to "Lumberjack," who narrates that when clearing his lot in Hastings East, he removed a log embedded in the soil, overlain with moss and humus, and straddled with a stump three and one-half feet thick which had grown over it, and found the log beneath to be charred by fire.

## **14 DECEMBER 1933 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE CARY.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1933.) He came to Granville in 1884.

### **INDIAN VILLAGE IN STANLEY PARK.**

Major Matthews: What about that Indian village in Stanley Park, the one on the First Narrows?

Mr. Cary: "I don't think it was a permanent place; just a stopping place, to fish. You know, the Indians don't always stop at the same place as they go to fish." (See old charts.) "The same thing at Buccaneer Bay. I was along there one and there were ten or fifteen huts, but there was no Indians living there. I know it was that way; just temporary shelters when they came down to fish for dogfish.

"They had a little potlatch over there once; it was never much of a village; just a few shacks right there some place. They have put up some totem poles in Stanley Park, but that's not where the shacks I knew were."

Major Matthews: Well, there was a big village over there at one time; that's what the Indians say.

Mr. Cary: "May be; not in my time; the path along the shore up and down the shore of the Narrows was just wide enough to let one man through at a time; Indians always travel single file anyhow; I'm speaking now of the prairie Indian, not shore Indians; shore Indians don't travel much through woods. All these Indians here on this coast are canoe Indians. Shoes, what shoes? Oh, they sometimes wore moccasins, not bare feet always, but I must tell you about old Capilano, old Capilano Joe, the chief over there."

**CAPILANO JOE.**

"I see Capilano Joe" (Chief Joe Capilano) "one day at the corner of Water Street. Oh, that was a long time ago. He was standing with a blanket around him, and that was all he seemed to have on, excepting a necktie, and a plug hat, and bare feet, and ice and snow on the sidewalk; he was standing there barefooted on the sidewalk. As I passed he spoke quietly to me. He put his hand to his cheek, and said in his broken English, 'Your face cold?' The skin on his feet was, I'll bet, half an inch thick."

**STANLEY PARK.**

(See his narrative, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "I did not go clear around Stanley Park. I cut across about the pipe line road; I guess that was how it was. The Indians would have a trail into Beaver Lake; you can see the beaver dams there yet."

"Indian trails? Oh, Indians' trails always follow the easiest route. There was a trail down east from Sarnia to Niagara; I have seen parts of it; it took the easiest route; it was beaten so hard with Indian feet, you could see the steps they had taken, in some places six inches deep, one after another."

**COAST INDIANS.**

"But the Coast Indians don't walk; they canoe. I never saw an Indian trail in this country. The Coast Indians are like the Mexicans who go for a horse to ride across the street."

(Note: Mr. Cary spent his youth in Ontario with the Indians, fur trapping, and his remarks are sometimes, unconsciously, referring to them.)

**HASTINGS ROAD.**

"There are traces to old Hastings Road to be seen yet in Vancouver; just east of the sugar refinery, a few steps south of the railroad track."

**DEER IN VANCOUVER.**

"Dumps' Baker" (see Fred W. Alexander narrative) "had lots of dogs; he lived down by the sugar refinery in a shack; he had to get a lot of deer to keep his dogs; he was longshoring down at the Hastings Mill."

"Dumps' Baker would come down to the old Tremont Hotel" (near southeast corner Carrall and Powell) "which I was running, and one day I said to him, 'Dumps, what's the matter with giving me a dog? I'd like a dog.' He replied, 'Mr. Cary, I'd be only too glad, but I am running short of dogs; just now I've only got thirteen.' The dogs rustled for themselves, dug clams and mussels."

"George Black of Hastings used to run the deer down from the upper end of False Creek, and the deer used to cross over the land and ran into the upper end of the Inlet" (near Cedar cove) "where they took to the sea."

(Note: this refers to the use of dogs for getting deer for meat for the pioneers of Hastings, Hastings Mill and Granville, etc.)

**SUGAR REFINERY.**

"When they put up the sugar refinery, Dumps' shack was right in their way, on their property. We had an old isolation shack—we had had the small pox—so when they wanted his shack they give him the old isolation shack to get him out of his; it was away down there somewhere; there was no road to it. So I went down to see Dumps, and when I got near, I heard the dogs barking; I could tell where the shack in the woods was by the dogs barking. When they came out I threw my hat at them, and then they ran away, and went into a hole in the shack like a lot of rabbits. Dumps had knocked out one of the panels." (Note: one of the boards of a board and batten shack.)

**ELK.**

"About elk; why, elk travel in herds. About thirty years ago I heard them shooting over on Vancouver's Island. I told my pals they had better keep away; I knew enough to keep away" (protected by law); "they got a nice one; half a dozen shot at it and someone hit it, and they got a nice head. It was at the head of Cowichan Lake."

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE CARY, 18 JUNE 1934.**

### **SURVEYS. CAMBIE AND CORDOVA STREETS. SQUATTERS.**

"As I was telling you last year" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2), "J.J. Irwin lived in a shack on the northeast corner of Cambie and Cordova streets. He was one of the squatters of Granville. The C.P.R. were giving the squatters trouble. Irwin had squatted on the two lots, the corner and the next one." (Lots 9 and 10, Block 5, O.G.T.) "The C.P.R. wanted a slice off the corner lot in order to avoid a bad corner at the junction of Cambie and Cordova, so Irwin offered to compromise, and settle the dispute, offering to give them the corner lot so that they could straighten out the proposed street, and he would take the other inside lot and call the dispute off. The C.P.R. agreed to this, and addition gave him \$250 or \$300."

### **FISHERMAN'S COVE. CAPTAIN RICHARD GOSSE. LELAND HOTEL.**

"I was building the annex" (north side of Hastings Street), "Leland Hotel, 100 feet or so west of Granville on Hastings—the annex was across the street—when a young fellow, Rich Gosse, came to me asking for a job as carpenter, which I gave him. He was a tall, strong young man, and made a good workman. Then he went down on the Fraser River building canneries; got intimate with some of the cannery owners, and I soon found him building cottages in the West End. Then more canneries went up and he came to me asking for pointers re estimating their cost, and after that, he went right ahead; that was the start of his career in the cannery business, and his ultimate success as salmon canner." (Gosse-Millerd.) "Captain Westerland's wife's father lived around on Howe Sound just 'round Point Atkinson." (See Vol. 2. Also W.A. Grafton, Vol. 3.)

### **NAVY JACK.**

"Navy Jack married an Indian woman. His children live at North Vancouver."

(Note: August Khaatsalano says one daughter is Mrs. Henry Jack, another Mrs. Williams, and a third who married a foreigner. They live on the North Vancouver Indian Reserve.)

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE CARY, 21 JUNE 1934.**

### **COAL HARBOUR. LOST LAGOON.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "This photo" (No. 55, Dally Collection, Provincial Archives) "is in Lost Lagoon; I know by the lay of the land; there was a little gully just to the right. Old Mr. Tiffen used to hand split shingles down there, and Ostrander had a cabin down in Stanley Park nearby, but this looks like Indians. These are Indian canoes, six of them, and there are two long poles—fish poles, probably, with iron spear points." (See Calvert Simson, "Ostrander.")

### **BLASTING STUMPS ABOVE VICTORY SQUARE.**

"Yes, and at night, too." (*Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, after "when the gang quit at noon.")

### **BRUNSWICK RIFLE.**

(Rifle dated 1860 presented by Thos. Deasy of Saanich, June 1934.) "This round hole in the butt here is where the cloth grease patches were kept; your powder was in a flask over your shoulder. You put the little grease patch over the muzzle, then put the lead bullet on it, and then pulled out your ramrod and rammed it down, and by the time you had finished ramming I doubt if the bullet was still a round bullet."

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION TO MR. AND MRS. PATRICK J. MYERS, 1840 EAST 6<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE, GRANDVIEW, ABOUT APRIL, 1933.**

### **BIG TREE, GEORGIA STREET. LOGGING, SITE OF VANCOUVER.**

"The truth about that big tree on Georgia Street between Granville and Seymour streets, is that it was a stub; the top was broken off; anyone who says it was 325 feet high is talking rot; it was just a stub, not over 80 feet high. I was working for Phil McMahon and Hugh Carr; we were getting the timber off the Brighthouse estate west of Burrard Street; they sold most of those logs which came off the Brighthouse estate to Victoria mills. *I was about the last man to work around that tree to get ready, ready to handle it. I skidded up to it.*"

Query: What do you mean by “skidded”?

Mr. Myers: “Built a road. That was 1885 or 1886. But they told the chopper not to fell it; it would only break up our skid road; it wouldn’t pay to take it out; it was too big and heavy; the repair of the skid road would be too much work, so we left it. Then, too, we had got over the line, the big tree was on C.P.R. property, and Angus Fraser went and told the C.P.R., so it was left there. It stood right back of the Vancouver Block.”

Query: What do you think of the timber which stood on the site of the city of Vancouver?

Mr. Myers: “The greatest piece of timber that ever was grown; anybody’ll tell you that; you can tell by the stumps between here and New Westminster, and I’ve logged over most part of the coast, too.”

### **CENTRAL PARK.**

“You see, the only bit of timber left now is that bit out there they call Central Park, and that’s growed since the fire, not a fire of recent years, but 200 or 300 years ago. You see, fire has its feeding ground; I wouldn’t tell that to some of those university fellows, but fellows like John Hendry know all about it. All that land between here and Westminster was swept by fire two or three hundred years ago, and those trees at Central Park have grown since. All that land was burned bare, save for some hollow spots and patches where the fire missed. All that land was earth and stones, and trees won’t grow on that; all the moss and decayed vegetation was burned off some time long, long ago.

“There was beautiful timber out Kerrisdale and Shaughnessy way; no conky” (rotten timber) “stuff out there; just an odd one, here and there, where the fire had caught it. There was fine timber on Little Mountain.”

### **JOHN MORTON.**

Query: What do you suppose was the way John Morton came over from Westminster to Burrard Inlet in 1862? His son says he came with an Indian to the head of False Creek (Grandview).

Mr. Myers: “Nothing to stop him; nothing to stop a man going through that timber; walk through, it was like a park—a nice stand.”

### **STANLEY PARK. BRIGHOUSE ESTATE.**

“I logged all over the place around Vancouver. Charlie Dagget and Ivie Ferry logged in Stanley Park, and dumped their logs on the Coal Harbour side at the time I was logging in the “West End,” and had my log dump right at English Bay bathing beach; right where they bathe now, perhaps a little bit to the left; I logged all over the Brighthouse estate, except for a little bit, perhaps, down by the Government Reserve” (Stanley Park) “boundary. We had no horses, logged entirely with oxen; that was two years after the fire of 1886. We never pulled cedar logs; never cut it.” (See Jim Franks in *Early Vancouver*, 1932.) “What was the use? Nobody wanted it. There was no cedar at all sold here until, say, 1900.” (See J.B. Henderson.)

“I dumped my logs into English Bay, and they were towed up False Creek to the mills. I sold a few to Leamy and Kyle mill at what is now Cambie Street, but most of them went to the Royal City Planing Mills at Carrall Street. That was up to two years after the fire.

“I hauled logs out of the woods on Prior Street in 1888 and afterwards Campbell Avenue too—just shingle logs on Campbell Avenue.”

### **GREER’S BEACH. JOHN SCOTT. SAM GREER.**

“John Scott built the cabin which Sam Greer afterwards occupied; he built it to winter in. I came out here in the spring of 1883 and worked with him that winter, and then went back east, and the winter of 1884 I worked for the Hastings Sawmill at Point Grey—not Jericho, Point Grey—and they all said out at the camp there that John Scott built that cabin. He deserted it, and the Indians took possession and Sam Greer came along and drove them out. I was one of the men who built the C.P.R. line out to English Bay.

“Sam Greer was a hard one; damned old rascal. Why, one Sunday evening I went to his beach in a canoe and pulled it up on the sand and when I got back the canoe was gone. Greer said a young fellow had stolen it from him—I don’t know whose canoe it was. Sam jumped one man’s preemption at

Chilliwack, and was responsible for two men's deaths up the Cariboo. He jumped their claim and the judge gave it to him, and the two young fellows went down river and were drowned."

#### **PORTUGUESE JOE.**

"Portuguese Joe had no store in Gastown in my day; his family is up at Pender Harbour now."

#### **NAVY JACK.**

"Navy Jack was a bartender in Robertson's Saloon."

#### **INDIAN CHURCH, GRANVILLE.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "I remember the little old Indian church, just a bit of a place about twenty-four feet wide and forty long; bell on top; oh, that would be 1884 or 1885. Out Coal Harbour way the Siwashes had a little path; they used to drag their canoes across from English Bay" (into Lost Lagoon); "dragged them across in bad weather. Then around the shore they had a nice little orchard, two or three acres."

"My father was Irish, so was my grandfather; I was born in New York; been married 59 years now" (Mrs. Myers was seated nearby) "and her lips are just as sweet today as they were fifty-nine years ago."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. WALTER E. GRAVELEY, 8 JUNE 1933.**

(See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"You see, when I left Winnipeg in the summer of 1883, I went to Victoria. It happened that at the time matters concerning confederation terms were under discussion in the House; the building of the dry dock at Esquimalt; and the building of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway; they all said it would make work, and there would be a real estate boom, and I thought I would make a bit of money in real estate. I came with just \$4,000, all I had."

"So I got interested in a piece of land owned by the Hudson's Bay Co., twenty acres, and asked them what they wanted for it; \$400 an acre, that is, \$8,000. E.V. Bodwell was in on it with me, half shares, but I had only \$4,000 and they wanted \$8,000 cash. So I asked the Hudson's Bay Co. how long it would take to get the deed, and they said, 'Six weeks to two months.' So I countered with, 'Would you take half cash, and the balance when the deeds arrive?' They said, 'Yes, that would be all right,' so I paid over all I had."

"Then I got the property surveyed, into lots, and some little dodgers printed, just little pieces of paper with a map of the property, and terms, \$3,000 a lot, \$25 down, and the balance without interest, and had them folded in with the daily newspaper, so that everybody got one. Before the deed arrived, I had the money to make the second payment."

"Ultimately, Bodwell took the unsold lots, and we, Innes and Graveley, got out, got from under. We had had one experience in Winnipeg, and did not want another. F.C. Innes and Co." (Innes, Richards and Ackroyd.) "F.C. Innes was a partner of mine in Winnipeg, and afterwards in Victoria in 1883 and 1884, and then we dissolved partnership, and Innes came over the Granville and had his first real estate office on Carrall Street. I came over later. Then Innes took in Richards, and afterwards Ackroyd, and finally Gall."

#### **TERMINUS OF C.P.R. COAL HARBOUR. A.W. ROSS. WM. VAN HORNE.**

"A.W. Ross, as you know, was a brother to Mrs. MacLean, wife of our first mayor, and had been in the real estate business in Winnipeg. He came to me one day with a letter. He made me promise that, whether or no the contents of it led to business, I would tell no one of its contents. The letter was from Van Horne. I read it. It was to the effect that the terminus was to be at Coal Harbour, not Port Moody."

#### **HASTINGS MILL LAND. GRANDVIEW.**

"The Hastings Mill people owned all that land, 264 A, at the head of False Creek, Grandview now; the Hastings Mill was practically owned by San Francisco people, Victoria and San Francisco anyhow. Ross got an option on a lot of that property for Powell, Oppenheimer, Dupont and ourselves, Innes and Graveley; Ross had no money, but was given one fifth interest. What about J.C. McLagan and the

property placed in Ross's name in trust for us? 'Us' was J.C. McLagan and Gideon Robertson; we had all known each other in Winnipeg.

"Then one day Van Horne got off the steamer from Tacoma at Victoria and A.W. Ross was with him. A sheriff tapped Ross on the shoulder as soon as he touched the wharf. It was a most awkward situation for Ross; he had come up on the boat with Van Horne and here he was under arrest as soon as he landed. Some clergyman in Australia had entrusted some funds to him for which it was said he had not accounted. It was a week or so before we found out. When we did we went to a lawyer, had him draw up an assignment—I have the document yet—and conveyed to us his interest. The outcome was that Oppenheimer and Dupont got out of the trouble, but in getting out, Ross gave our property, 1,400 or 1,500 acres in what is now Grandview, as security for their advances to him personally."

#### **POST OFFICE. A.W. ROSS, M.P.**

(Looking at Ridley photo of Maple Tree and Gastown.) "A.W. Ross, the M.P., used to come up the two-plank sidewalk from the Hastings Mill with the mail bag slung over one shoulder, walk into the Granville Hotel, and dump it on the counter; then everybody would help themselves to their letters." (This was before the Fire.)

Archivist's note: In more recent years, probably 1888-1890, A.W. Ross' office, with section of big Georgia Street tree beside it, stood on the south side (see photo No. ?) of Hastings Street, between Hamilton and Homer streets, about present DeBeck Block. Later the firm was Ross and Ceperley, now Ceperley, Rounsefell and Co.

#### **EXCERPT, *PORT MOODY GAZETTE*, SATURDAY, 16 MAY 1885, PAGE 3, COLUMN 1.**

##### **THE COAL HARBOUR LAND SYNDICATE.**

As considerable interest attaches to the above firm on account of the grievous harm that has resulted from it, not alone to Port Moody, but, we think we may truly say, to the Province at large, we have taken pains to secure the names of the original stock holders. If there are any mistakes in the names or the number of shares originally held by the gentlemen respectively, we are open to correction.

Oppenheimer Bros.	3 shares
Messrs. Mara and Barnard	3 shares
Dr. Powell	3 shares
Messrs. Hugh and Geo. Keefers	3 shares
Mr. Strous	2 shares
E.G. Pryor	1 share
R.E. Jackson	1 share
D. Harris	1 share
Wm. Powers	1 share
Dupont	1 share
Messrs. Hawks and Dunlevy	1 share

Each share represents \$17,500 x 20, the number of shares - \$350,000, total amount of stock."

#### **STREET NAMES.**

Archivist's note: The above is interesting as revealing the source from which some of our street names in that area was derived.

#### **CONVERSATION WITH WALTER EDWARD GRAVELEY (CONTINUED).**

##### **FIRST SALE OF LAND, C.P.R. THE NAME VANCOUVER.**

"I bought the first piece of land the C.P.R. sold in Vancouver" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2), "that is, on 6<sup>th</sup> March 1886. Here is the receipt on which you will see is printed Vancouver, B.C., and it is dated 6<sup>th</sup> March 1886, which is a month before Vancouver became Vancouver officially, and it is for parts of Lots 1, 2 and

3, Block 8, D.L. 196, on the southeast corner of Carrall and Oppenheimer streets. It is, as you see, for \$233.33 paid down; total price to be \$700. I have it yet." (See previous conversation.)

### **BIG TREES.**

"John Melton French Stiles, to whom Henry Mutrie of Port Moody leased a store on the *fifteenth of December 1885*, in the 'City of Vancouver' is the man standing on top of the big tree on Georgia Street, famous for the real estate sign, 'J.W. Horne,' lots for sale. He is on top of the log with his arms folded. He came from San Francisco, and committed suicide."

### **PUBLIC SALE, C.P.R. LAND.**

"When afterwards the C.P.R. opened up their property for public sale, the sale took place at L.A. Hamilton's, Land Commissioner's office, in the wooden Ferguson Block, southeast corner Carrall and Powell streets; it was burned in the Great Fire. Ferguson and ? sat up around the stove most of the night, and long before Hamilton's office opened at 9 a.m., Ferguson had his hand on the door knob to hold his place as first in the line; I was fifth or sixth in the line. We just walked up to the counter, said what we wanted, paid our money, and were given an interim receipt."

### **L.A. HAMILTON. C.P.R. AUCTION SALE OF LOTS.**

(Remark by Geo. R. Cordon, September, 1933. "L.A. Hamilton had his office in the Ferguson Block—over Hartney's store on the southeast corner Carrall and Powell streets; it was in his office that the C.P.R. held the first auction sale of lots.")

### **VANCOUVER IMPROVEMENT CO. HASTINGS SAWMILL.**

"The Heatley and Co. people of London once owned the Hastings Sawmill. Those in the Syndicate? There were A.W. Ross, who formed the syndicate, Dr. Israel Wood Powell, Major Dupont, David Oppenheimer, Gideon Robertson and myself—streets are named after most of them. The syndicate bought the land from Peter Curran Dunlevy, owner of much property in D.L. 184, and to get our deeds we divided up."

### **GRAVELEY STREET.**

"Yes, Graveley Street is named after me. I had a lot of property in D.L. 195, 264A and 200A. Odium Drive is named after Professor Edward Odium, Grant Street—after John Grant, well-known business man of Victoria whose brother lived in Melville Street."

### **GREAT FIRE. REFUGEE BIVOUAC. MAIN STREET.**

"This photo" (No. ?) "of the bivouac of some of the Vancouver citizens who fled—from the Great Fire of June 13, 1886—down towards False Creek, and stopped at the first point of safety, just across the bridge, was taken on the Monday morning of June 14, the morning after the Fire. The bivouac was beside the road, Westminster Avenue, east side, just across from what was afterwards Front Street, now First Avenue West. Bob Spinks, my partner in Graveley and Spinks, had a house on piles opposite. We sold him the land before the fire for \$200 and he built the house you see here" (pointing to a building west of stables in photo No. ? by Bailey Bros—on extreme right of picture. The people in the bivouac photo are: 1. Robert Robertson, 2. ? , 3. ? , 4. W.E. Graveley, lying down.)

### **SPRATT'S OILERY.**

"This photo is of Burdis and Jones, boat house. It was at the foot of ? Street, West End. Burdis died early this year" (1933); "Captain W.D. Jones was afterwards for thirty-five years or more, lighthouse keeper at Brockton Point. It was he who converted with his own hands that point into the floral wonder. He must have moved tons of stone and earth to do it."

"This wharf is the wharf of Spratt's Oilery, the first real wharf—outside of Hastings Sawmill—in Vancouver. The frames beyond are the net drying racks for the nets." (See W.R. Lord.)

### **DEAD WHALE.**

"I recall an amusing thing about that oilery. Somehow or other, a dead whale was found out in the gulf. Burdis and Jones, or someone, had it towed in, and they tried to make some money by charging people two bits to view it, but it smelt so high they had to tow it out again."

**WEST END, EARLY HOMES. H.J. CAMBIE.**

"The first house to the west of Granville Street was built by Mr. H.J. Cambie, C.P.R. engineer. It stood on the southeast corner of Georgia and Thurlow streets. The second house was built by Mr. Wilgress, another C.P.R. official, on Georgia Street. I built the third house—it was on the west side of Burrard Street—between Georgia and Robson. Afterwards they put a garage there, and it was moved to Melville Street where it now is."

**ST. ALICE HOTEL. HARRISON LAKE.**

"The St. Alice Hotel at Harrison Lake was built by Fred and Jack Brown. One of them married Miss Agassiz of Agassiz, B.C. The first time I ever saw it, about 1889 or 1890, was when we went up the Fraser River in a steam launch on a fishing trip. We went up the Harrison River, and slept in the Hotel; there were a lot of workers, carpenters, plasterers, etc., at work, and just in front of the Hotel we caught so many trout we kept them all eating trout."

**COMMERCIAL BLOCK. COLUMBIA STREET.**

(See photo No. ?) "The Commercial Block was built and owned by D.E. Brown, brother to Sir George McL. Brown, now European agent in London for the C.P.R."

**WHEELBARROW RACE ON CORDOVA STREET.**

"I remember this. Dave Douglas was brother to C.S. Douglas, afterwards mayor. This old gentleman with big beard is old Captain Mellon who, together with Mrs. Mellon, started the Art, Historical and Scientific Society, now the City Museum." (See photo No. ?)

**MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH WALTER E. GRAVELEY, 17 APRIL 1934.****CITY HALL IN TENT. FIRST POLICE COURTS. JAIL.**

"You know that photograph of the City Hall in the tent. Just in front of it is a telegraph post. They used to tack notices on to it, and around the post was a logging chain they used to handcuff the prisoners to; the prisoners sat on the ground. They used to chew tobacco and wiled away the time by squirting tobacco juice to hit a fly on the notices on the post—which they often did; they were 'experts' in those days. There was a big long slit in the tent, and sometimes, when there was no fly in sight, they had a 'shot' at that slit instead. The tent had a splash of brown tobacco stains on both sides of the slit, where they had missed. Of course, if Magistrate Boulton was inside trying a case, probably some old drunk, well, it was just 'too bad' for magistrate and prisoner."

**CAPTAIN WILLIAM WEBSTER. UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF B.C.**

"I don't know very much about him. He was a big man. He has a wife, I think. My partner, Charles E. Hope, 3900 Heather Street, had something to do with the settling up of his estate."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH ANDY LINTON—NOW STOPPING AT THE IVANHOE HOTEL, VANCOUVER—AT CITY HALL, 20 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

He spends each winter in California.

**BOAT RACES**

Major Matthews: (showing him Bailey Bros. photo No. ? of his old floating boat house at the foot of Carrall Street, the old City Wharf, and four sailboats with sails set) What's this about?

Mr. Linton: (pointing to the largest) "That's the *May*. I owned and built her; right here on the float. In one year I won over \$500 cold cash with that boat right there on the inlet. I won \$100 in the first race, yes, Dominion Day sports; that's the best picture I have seen; looks familiar doesn't it? That hulk out there by Deadman's Island is the old *Robert Ker*; that's where the races used to be, every night; from my boat house around the *Robert Ker* and back; outrigger racing boats, every night."

Major Matthews: Alex MacLean and Bob Johnson? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

## **UNION STEAMSHIPS CO.**

Mr. Linton: "Yes, MacLean; Bob Johnson came later. That's the old Union wharf, foot of Carrall Street; well, no, not exactly old Union wharf, but, well, let's see, five or six men, our early men about the city, built it, and it fell down; they loaded it with brick" (see Geo. L. Allen, Vol. 2) "and it fell down. Then some of them dropped out of the bunch, and then David Oppenheimer bought it, and gave it to the City; we used to call it the City Wharf until the C.P.R. took it." (See old maps, foot of Carrall Street.)

## **CARRALL STREET.**

Major Matthews: What are all these piles floating about?

Mr. Linton: "Piles!! Piles!!!! There was always piles floating around. That's the old beach where those piles are tied; about where the Evans, Coleman, Evans wharf is now; there was always piles floating about; fellows would go and pick them up and bring them in. Firewood? Yes."

## **YACHTS.**

"These are the four boats I had in the races. The *May* was the largest, and the *St. Patrick* next, the *Laurleen* and then the little cat boat. I did not name them; I had a painter, and he used to paint a name on them; the *St. Patrick* was launched on St. Patrick's Day, so he called her that; don't know where he got the name *Laurleen*. I won \$275. I won the first prize with the *May*, the first prize in the second race with the *Laurleen*; I'd have done better, but they had a greasy pig catching competition on the shore, and that attracted the attention of those sailing the boats. Walter Graveley sailed the *May* the first time she raced. This" (Burrard Inlet) "is the quietest harbour in the world. Why, sometimes for a whole three months we would never put a reef in those sails; and another thing, we have the prettiest rain in the world in Vancouver; straight down; nice softly falling rain; some places it blows slanting and strikes you.

"You see those mountains" (towards Indian River and Lake Beautiful.) "Lots of snow on top in summer; for ten years the snow never left those mountains in the summer; then we had a big Chinook, and it all went. There is about a month of warmer weather here in Vancouver now than we had in 1884; it's getting warmer all the time; why it used to freeze across up at Port Moody and so did the Fraser River." (Mr. Linton spends his winters in California with relatives.)

Mr. Linton: (continuing—looking at photo of steamer beside wharf—Bailey Bros. photo No. ?) "That's the same old wharf as in the other picture—afterwards Union Steamship wharf—and the old *Skidegate*—I built her boat there" (pointing to her upper works.) "I think she went down in False Creek, left her bones there; I heard she did; don't know just where. And that's the old *Senator*. Where did the passengers go? Why, anywhere they could get; inside in the captain's cabin here in the front, and in the cabin at the stern."

## **INDIAN CANOES.**

Major Matthews: Who is this Indian in the swell uniform in this canoe? (Bailey photo No. ?)

Mr. Linton: "Don't know; some racing day; probably Dominion Day sometime; it might be Jimmy Harry of North Vancouver—he was chief, or something, of the Seymour Creek Indians, I think. We had some great Indian races; Indians came from all over the Coast; they got cash for prizes, but I never too much interest in canoes; I had too much to do. The float was a busy place on those days; everyone in town was crowding on to it or about it; after the Fire it was the only landing place, except the Hastings Sawmill."

Major Matthews: When did you come here, Mr. Linton? Why?

## **ANDY LINTON'S BOAT HOUSE.**

Mr. Linton: "In 1884. I was the oldest of the family; raised on a ranch, born in New Brunswick, near St. Andrews, on farm; learned boat building; if you are any good you never learn all about boat building. I have no relatives here in Vancouver; all in California, one brother and the families of four sisters; Humbolt Bay, Eureka, California; I'm over 82 now. I had travelled all over the coast, 'worked' all the way up the coast from San Francisco, was over at Moodyville working; then I took chances. I realised that if I wanted to do something, I'd got to take chances, so I came over to 'Gastown' and started to build boats. Then I built the float, and then after the Fire, the people did not build their boats again; the float did not burn; it was the only landing place after the Fire except the Hastings Sawmill; there was a new 18-foot boat on

the float, and when the fire started, a policeman—I will tell you more about him presently—and I launched the boat. There was a lot of cedar planks for culverts laying about, and the people crushed and crowded on to my float and pushed off; there was a scow outside. You see, the day of the fire was a beautiful day; there was a potlatch or something over at The Mission” (North Vancouver) “and all my boats were out over there. I had about half a dozen sailboats, and the people saw the fire, and came back from The Mission, and the greatest powwow of” (Indian) “canoes all came over. The wind was so strong it blew the sailboats down the inlet; they landed all the way down to Cedar Cove, wind blew them down there. Then they jumped out and” (indignantly) “left my boats; just jumped out and left them.”

### **THE GREAT FIRE.**

“While the fire was going on a great big canoe with five men and a Chinaman were crossing from Jervis Inlet on their way to Victoria, and the storm blew them into English Bay, and they came on in through the Narrows and landed at my float. They had been from Victoria to Jervis Inlet in a cabin dugout, to look at a copper mine up Jervis Inlet, and had eaten all their groceries and landed at my float with a whole camp outfit, axes, spades; they had been starting the mine in a small way. Then when they landed at my float they said, ‘No use taking all this “junk” back to Victoria; better get rid of it.’ So I told them the first thing they had better do was put a price on it. I got the cooking stove.”

### **WHISKY.**

“Then that night, when the fire and things had calmed down a bit, I went up to the Hastings Sawmill Store, and got some supplies; I had had nothing to eat; I had to go up; so I got \$9.30 worth of supplies, got the cook stove going on the float, and there was free feed for everybody there for eight days; I had quite a queue waiting in line; then the restaurants were going and I stopped; but just next morning after the fire, two policemen—never mind who they were—but one was the one who helped me launch the eighteen-foot boat when the fire started—well, the two policemen came along and said I could sell whisky free on my float; it would be ‘all right,’ but I said, ‘Nothing doing.’” (Shake of head to indicate too much trouble and grief would follow from inebriated men on a float.)

### **WATER WORKS. ICE.**

“There was no water; no water in town when the fire was over. A brother of mine had gone over to False Creek; I thought he was lost; so after the fire—just as soon as the ground had cooled so that you could stand on it—I started out to find my brother, to see if I could see him anywhere. I climbed a little mound, at the foot of Carrall Street, but, to my surprise and alarm, I slipped off it; I was standing on ice; I was on top of what had been the ice house. So I went back to the float and got a couple of tin buckets, and those two tin buckets full of water were the first water works in Vancouver after the fire; then after a bit we dug holes and later on water came in on scows. There wasn’t much water—there was too much drinking” (whisky.) “The old ice house had been near where the Deighton House was.

“That night” (Sunday) “there was a great pow-wow. The” (C.P.R.) “railroad was graded in patches up the inlet” (towards Port Moody) “and those fellows working up there came to town to see what the fire had done—it was Sunday anyhow—and, you know, there was a bit of a spit ran out into the water—bare patch; no timber on it—run out in the water between Carrall Street and what is now the Evans Coleman Dock, at the foot of Columbia Street, and there was a barrel of whisky there, and no water in town, and the Indians and everywhere were there and they were ladling it out by the pail; pure stuff.”

### **ALDERMAN JOSEPH HUMPHRIES.**

“It was dusk or nearly dark, and Joe Humphries, he was an old Cariboo miner, and an old man then, with long flowing whiskers—he was alderman, and the town was black, and the night dark—no light anywhere, and I don’t know just how he arranged it all, but he arranged it—with a young fellow; the two of them; they just sneaked up in the dark, and the Indians and fellows on the bare bit of spit could not see them coming in the dark. Then the young fellow just waltzed in on the party with the axe and stove in the head, of the whisky barrel, and then upset it, dumped it on the ground. Oh, ho, but wasn’t there a pow-wow” (hullabaloo) “then. No, nothing happened; whisky all gone.”

### **SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

“The old Sunnyside—the one which was burned—was out on the street, a whole ten feet or more out on the street; there was basement in it; the bottom” (floor) “of the Sunnyside was just a little above high

water. Harry Hemlow was keeping it then. He had just got in a boat load of supplies from Victoria; it was landed at the Hastings Sawmill from the Victoria boat, and he had gone over to the mill store and got it, and brought over the most valuable stuff first, and put it all in the basement. The old building was really a new building; it had not been painted yet, and was dry as a bone; just now, and say, didn't she go" (burn), "all the bottles popping. I was on the float and could hear them; don't know just what it was that did it, but it would just take a piece of the building and blow it right out in the air, more like a blast. Out on my float the miners were taking shovels and scooping up water out of the inlet and throwing it on the boat house." (See W.E. Graveley narrative re recovery package of deeds including one of first lot sold by C.P.R., blown out of Sunnyside and recovered on beach next day.)

### **GREAT FIRE.**

"Just to show you what the heat was like. In the basement was a two-wheel warehouse truck; it melted the cast iron in the wheels, and there was a fellow had some jack screws in the basement; it melted the iron in the jack screws which he had.

"Just a bit after the fire was over a sloop came up to off where the Sunnyside had been, a sloop from Birch Bay, down the" (Puget) "Sound, loaded with potatoes, stores, and new stuff—and there was always whisky and coal oil in barrels about, and the sloop anchored off the Sunnyside and it was dark and they were singing, and the barrel of whisky was on the dock outside. Along came some Indians in a big canoe and sneaked up whilst they were singing; the Indians crept up slowly, and quietly, and the crowd on the sloops were singing, and the Indians were getting closer, and I was watching, and the sloop crowd singing. The Indians pretty near got that barrel off the deck" (in the dark) "but they tried three or four times but did not get it. All they had to do was tip it off the deck into the water, and they would have got it, but the sloop's crew was too smart."

### **DRUG STORE.**

"The drug store business started on my float after the fire. Dr. Beckingsdale carried down all his stuff to my float as he cleared out when the fire came down on us; he set up in the middle of my boat house." (See W.H. Gallagher, Vol. 1, 1931.)

"Next morning I came up from my float to Carrall Street, and there on a log, right there in the square" (Maple Tree Square) "—there was always logs around; you had to have them; saw them up for firewood—was Cordiner and Griffiths of the Sunnyside, and some other fellow sitting on a log. I said to them, 'You fellows got to get busy; you want to get right to work and fix things up, or if you don't the trade will all go up Cordova Street.' They said, 'We've got no money.'

"I said, 'Coldwell'—he was foreman down at the Hastings Mill—"told me there was seven million feet of lumber down there, culls, piled up there down on the" (Hastings) "wharf, but could be got for \$2.50 a thousand." (Significantly.) "You would not call it 'culls' these days."

(Note: the lumber trade of Burrard Inlet was entirely foreign; the lumber shipped was of exceptional high grade, such as to establish the fame of 'Oregon pine' throughout the world; the finest trees only were cut in those days, and naturally 'culls' to an immense amount would follow; the Hastings Sawmill fire dump burned for thirty-five years without cessation—the Hastings Mill fire burning was a landmark which was always distinctive on the landscape of the inlet shore, even to the day it ceased to operate.)

### **BONDS AND DEBENTURES.**

"They repeated, 'We've no money.' I said, 'You don't need money; there's some way they have down in San Francisco, I've heard of where they have a frontage tax or something.' I said, 'You go down and see Alexander at the Mill.' So they went down, and Alexander sent them over to Judge Bole in New Westminster—before they leased the ground. Anyway they got what they wanted. I was the one who first suggested putting the town" (Vancouver) "in soak" (borrowing) "and they've never let up keeping it in soak ever since, but it kept the sports and business down in that part of the town" (Water and Carrall streets) "for five or six years."

### **THE OLD SUNNYSIDE. THE NEW SUNNYSIDE (BEFORE THE FIRE).**

"They built the new Sunnyside right over the top of the old Sunnyside, and the new Sunnyside wasn't quite finished when it was destroyed in the fire; they had not painted it. There was the *small* Sunnyside

when I came here in September 1884; it belonged to Joe Griffiths, he built it; he died. Joe Griffiths was an old lumberman. MacInnes and Mrs. MacInnes were keeping the old hotel when I first came.” (Note: Dr. D.F. MacInnes of Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, is a son; Mrs. MacInnes still lives in Cape Breton, 1933.) “MacInnes’ lease was up or something; I think there was an auction sale, and F.W. Hart” (see F.W. Hart) “bought all the ‘junk’ when they started in to renovate the hotel; then Frank Hart went down to the Hastings Sawmill and got some lumber and brought it up in a boat and started in to make furniture. That” (pointing to Bailey Bros. photo No. ? of Stanley Park Stables, Georgia Street, with hearse in front) “is Frank Hart’s hearse; he was the first undertaker, wasn’t he? I think he was; yes. Griffiths took the Sunnyside back, and I’m not sure, but I think Harry Hemlow was the next leaser. The Sunnyside was almost finished at the time of the fire.

“The contractors for the rebuilding of the Sunnyside ‘skipped out,’ and neglected to pay their men and accounts.” (Note: the photo “Granville,” December 1885 or January 1886, donated by Mrs. A.W. Ross to the Native Daughters, Post No. 1, Vancouver, and now well known, shows scaffolding around the enlarged Sunnyside.)

### **BELLINGHAM.**

“They hired a boat from me; said they were going to the North Arm of the Fraser to see about putting up a barn, and neglected to come back. We followed them to Seattle after our boat. We walked to New Westminster, then to Blaine, walked all along the beach, climbed over logs, and worst walk I never had; never forget that; then we had to wait until the ferry started in the morning, sat in a chair in the hotel all night. We found out from the Indians that they had called in at Becker’s Spit for food, so we walked along the beach, crawled over logs, took the ferry to Semiahmoo, and then started to walk to Bellingham; got half way and stopped at a farm house. We found they had got food at Bellingham, and had left the boat at Seaholme, and had then got on the passenger steamer and gone on to Seattle. It was no use going after them; we could not bring them back for stealing; it was not then an offence you could bring them back to Canada for; so we sailed the boat back to Mud Bay, sold her there, and walked back to Granville. It was a pretty wild experience, walking along the beach to Bellingham.”

### **GRANVILLE.**

(Mr. Linton looked out of the window of the 10<sup>th</sup> floor, City Hall, over the dirty roofs of one hundred downtown buildings.) “A whiteman’s home doesn’t look very fascinating from above, does it? But the old waterfront of Granville was pretty; lots of trees between the houses.”

### **GOLD HOUSE.**

“The ‘Gold House’ was a place of charm; I don’t know what it was about that place; something fascinating about the outside, and inside too; it would just hold you; I don’t know what it was, whether it was the windows or the arches; it was just a common building, but it held you. The warships would play their searchlights about at night and flutter all over the place, and then they would come to a stop on the Gold House, and stay there.”

### **PORTUGUESE JOE.**

“Portuguese Joe? Oh, yes, I knew Portuguese Joe, fine old fellow, he came in a ship, he was raised somewhere in those islands off the Coast of Spain; Madeira Island or Canaries or something; he was not running a store in my time; he was loading ships; used to land at my place; went to live in Stanley Park, and then I think he went up Pender Harbour; nice old fellow. Hamilton made a botch of surveying Vancouver; fancy making a lane for the main” (Hastings Street) “street.” (See Hamilton’s explanation.)

“I left the foot of Carrall Street about, let me see, 1907, and went to the end of Main Street, and about 1911 had to leave there, and went to just west of the end of Main Street, and” (shaking his head) “lost \$10,000 there; that was a bad move. I eat at the old Oyster Bay” (restaurant, corner Cordova and Carrall) “for sixteen and a half years. I have no relatives in this city.”

### **GREAT FIRE.**

Someone has told me that there was no hesitation about rebuilding Vancouver after the fire. One man is reported as pouring water on embers to permit construction to start. J.S.M.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH A.E. BECK, K.C., NOW OF 5609 BALACLAVA STREET, KERRISDALE.**

Mr. Beck was born in 1860, and is now more or less confined to his house; see elsewhere for more precise personal details in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, and also his typewritten narratives by J.S.M.

### **THE FALSE CREEK FLATS. CHINESE IMMIGRATION. JAPANESE.**

"As registrar of the County Court" (and afterwards also Supreme Court) "I issued the registration papers in connection with Orientals entering Canada, so that when the commission appointed by the Dominion Government to report on Oriental immigration; the Japanese, or 'Japs,' were coming in in batches of 50 or 100, and organised labour was agitated about the influx—I was requested to appear before them. The commission consisted of Messrs. Clute—he was afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court in Ontario—and Mr. Folley, and another man—you can see the whole report in the Board of Trade's offices, issued by the Dominion Government; a thin blue book—and in due course I appeared before them, read a paper; the chairman asked me to leave it with him, and you will find it printed in their reports.

"Following this, and growing out of it, a committee of five from the Trades and Labour Council were appointed to handle the matters for that body. It consisted of J.T. Bruce, a carpenter, Morton, a brother to Alderman John Morton" (of the City Water Works—nothing to do with John Morton the pioneer) "Watson of the Customs service, and two others. This committee wrote to G.R. Maxwell, M.P. representing Vancouver, and Aulay Morrison, M.P." (afterwards Chief Justice) "representing New Westminster at Ottawa; they replied, 'Go and see Beck.' The meeting took place in my office, the office of the County Court Registrar.

"There was a whispering campaign going on then that a syndicate of financially strong business men was being formed to acquire the False Creek Flats; they were going, so it was said, to offer Saturday afternoon off, a free lunch, and other quack inducements to get labour's support.

"The committee of five said to me, 'What has the False Creek Flats got to do with us?'

"I pointed out to them that if the city acquired the land that they, the Trades and Labour Council, could, it could insist upon its being acquired from the Dominion and Provincial governments under such conditions the union men desired, such as exclusion of Orientals, scale of wages, Saturday afternoon off, and other privileges. You can enforce your wishes. They saw the point. But I told them that they could not do it by themselves, they would have to get the cooperation of the Board of Trade and the City Council. They did. Fred Buscombe—I think he was mayor at the time—and Adolphus Williams—I don't know if he was magistrate then or not—were two of the representatives or delegates appointed from the three united bodies too, to meet the Dominion and Provincial government representatives. In this way we shut out the aspiring politicians. So the committee of five came to me to draw up the necessary documents, and I did so. Fred Buscombe afterwards showed me my own document. I replied, 'Yes, I drew it up.' 'Oh,' he answered, 'they told me *they* did.'"

### **FALSE CREEK FLATS.**

"Opposition, of course, came from the people holding the railway charter; the V.V. and E., I think they called it; John Hendry, of the Hastings Sawmill, was in it. One alderman, Ed Cook, told me the flats were not worth filling in. Joe Martin, one time premier of B.C., was their counsel; D.C. McDonnell was another 'Grit,' and was an influence behind the political syndicate. But with the City, the Board of Trade, and the Trades and Labour Council united, the politicians were shut out."

### **THE CANADIAN NATIONAL HOTEL ON GEORGIA STREET.**

"The outcome, of course, was that the city got the False Creek Flats, and subsequently concluded the agreement with the Canadian Northern Railway, now the Canadian National Railway, which included, as a clause, the building of the C.N.R. Hotel on Georgia Street. It is within the bounds of possibility that the hotel would never have been built had the C.N.R. not been compelled to do so by agreement, so that I contend that, had I not made the suggestion I did to the Trades and Labour Council, the city of Vancouver could not have got the big hotel—anyway, not when they did."

### **INDIANS IN FALSE CREEK FLATS.**

"I have told you previously of how I lived by the Bridge Hotel on Westminster Avenue at the home of Magistrate Boulton, and how I mistook the flats for a prairie the night of my arrival in September 1886." (See "Cambie Street Grounds," *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

"From the windows of that house I have seen the Indians fishing in their canoes up at the eastern end of False Creek, east of Main Street, in the big basin; used to watch them out of the back window; about halfway up the basin, I should think. They had long poles with nails on them which they used to dip down in the water, and long rakes." (See W.R. Lord.) "I think they got pilchards or herring or some such fish." (See "Herring on Burrard Inlet," *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1933, Matthews; also "Cambie Street Grounds," Vol. 1.)

### **CONVERSATION WITH GEO. MATHESON, LAND REGISTRY OFFICE, 4 JULY 1933.**

#### **AL LARWILL.**

"This is a photo of Al Larwill's original shack on the Cambie Street grounds, and that" (seated) "is Al Larwill. Al Larwill came from Chatham, Ontario; 'Niggertown,' they used to call it; all the slaves escaping from the United States found a refuge there. He and his brother built that shack themselves. Vic, his nephew, was a lawyer in Winnipeg, but Al Larwill is dead, so is his brother, I think; the two of them drifted here from Chatham. He lived in that shack for years and years. The Cambie Street grounds was C.P.R. property, and the city leased it. Then when the city bought it, they thought they would have trouble getting him off, thought he would claim 'squatter's rights'—he'd been there so long. The rumour got around to Al Larwill's ears, and he said he never intended making any such claim. They let him stop there; he was to stop there as long as he lived, but he died.

"The shack was at the northeast corner of Cambie Street grounds; the bleachers, just seats, were down at the southeast corner.

"Al Larwill would never allow us to swear. He had a rawhide whip lash, about that" (three feet) "long; it hung on a nail on the wall; he would give us that if we swore."

Query: Did you ever feel it?

Mr. Matheson: "*You bet I did.*" (With emphasis.) "We used to play cards in his cabin; we could play all the cards we wanted, but you daren't bet, not even a cent; he would not stand for betting."

#### **CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS.**

"There were bushes in the northeast corner, and all along the east boundary—along Beatty Street. We boys used to lie around in them. Once there was a circus on the Cambie Street grounds. The circus had been to Victoria, came over by boat, and one of the cages, full of snakes, slipped back in the 'chuck'" (sea) "as they were getting it off the boat; they got it again, and brought it up to Cambie Street; then one day, when we were lying in the bushes along Beatty Street—some days after the circus had gone—we were rolling about and one of the boys rolled into a bush, and there was coiled a great big snake, big around as your arm; say, didn't we get out of there."

### **CONVERSATION, 26 JULY 1933, WITH JOE REYNOLDS, SON OF THE MUSICIAN IN OUR FIRST BRASS BAND.**

(See photo of band on Cambie Street.)

#### **AL LARWILL.**

"Al Larwill!!!! Why, he did wonders for the boys down on the Cambie Street grounds; he just made things go right; kept the boys pure and wholesome, and the boys knew it then; know it now, too."

Query: Did Al Larwill live in a shack?

Mr. Reynolds: "Sure he did. I don't know when he built it. I was in it hundred of times. I came here just after the fire" (June 1886.) "I cannot remember the time when Al's shack was not there. The doorway

here" (photo with Al Larwill seated in chair, and number of lacrosse boys standing and sitting around him) "faced west; the windows looked east—over False Creek direction. It had two rooms. He used to cook his own meals. I never had a meal with him, but I have seen him eating his meals often enough. He used to like a glass of beer to drink with his meals, and had a hole in the floor and kept the bottles down in the earth. When he wanted a bottle he would lift up a board and stoop down, but although we all knew where he kept it, not a bottle was ever touched by the boys—not one."

Query: Did he have a rawhide whip or clout to manage the boys with?

Mr. Reynolds: "Sure. Carried it around with him. Al enjoyed a game of cards and used to let us play cards, too, in his shack; whist, poker, no bridge then. But he would never let us bet. We had matches for counters. If any boy broke Al's rules, he was banished from Cambie Street grounds; just banished—that's all—never to come back.

"Oh, Al Larwill, he did a lot of good; he just 'made' the boys. He did wonders. Should put up some commemoration to him. Oh, yes, Al Larwill lived in that shack as long as I can remember."

**REMARK BY MR. MACGOWAN, SON OF A.H.B. MACGOWAN, M.L.A., 23 JULY 1933.**

"When they rounded up the lepers that time, and sent them over to D'Arcy Island, Al Larwill was looking after them; guard or something; he left his shack to do it."

**CONVERSATION WITH J.A. MCCONAGHY, 3524 31<sup>ST</sup> AVENUE WEST.**

(A post office inspector at Vancouver.)

"I remember Al Larwill very well. I was born in 1882, was seven when we came here in April 1889. I don't recall if he was living on Cambie Street grounds then or not; I was too small, but I have been in his shack; just a two-room shack; never had a meal with him, but have seen him eating his meals there; he prepared them himself, he was a bachelor. I should think that would be about 1894; it was the time they had a two-day celebration on Cambie Street grounds; the Westminster lacrosse boys were over.

"The Larwill Lacrosse Cup is in existence, I think, somewhere. I think some of his admirers put it up, but if the parks board would adopt your suggestion that something permanent should be erected to commemorate his remarkable services to athletics in Vancouver, I think it would be an excellent idea."

**CONVERSATION WITH EX-ALDERMAN W.H. GALLAGHER, 5 JULY 1933.**

**AL LARWILL. FATHER CLINTON.**

I showed him a photo of Al Larwill's shack on Cambie Street.

Mr. Gallagher: "Al Larwill!!!! Why, Al Larwill and Father Clinton were the two best fellows in town. Father Clinton and Al Larwill were great friends; Father Clinton used to go up there and have a meal with him in that shack. One was a man of God and the other a man of, well, call it leisure; he never did anything. I think he must have had money of his own, or someone sent it to him."

Query: Geo. Matheson says the whip Larwill had hung on a nail on the wall was used on boys who swore?

Mr. Gallagher: "Al Larwill deserves more credit than he gets for the clean, gentlemanly sport we got in the city. To him, more than anyone else, that was due. If a young fellow wanted to go 'tough,' well, he simply couldn't be around Cambie Street; he was hoodoo; he was simply put away—until he decided to change. Al was clean in his language; that was why the parents used to let the boys go up there.

"There was no lock on the door of his cabin; the boys just opened the door and went in; changed their clothes for a game, or put them on again. There was no locking of things up."

### **CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS. JOE FORTES. CHAIN GANG.**

"Al Larwill and the little fellows cleared the most part of Cambie Street. Why, the fires would be burning there until midnight! There was just a sort of little clear space in the centre" (see *World* panorama, 1890); "all the rest was stumps; it was cleared up towards Cambie Street; down by Beatty and along there was all stumps. I remember the old darkie, Joe Fortes, used to be up there helping, and when it was time to go back to the Bodega" (saloon) "where he worked, to sell beer, he would have to hurry, so he did not have time to wash his hands when he got there. When I was on the Council I got the chain gang sent up there, and they pretty nearly finished what was left of the clearing to be done."

Query: George Matheson told me this was the shack Al Larwill lived in.

Mr. Gallagher: "So it was, at first, for the first couple of years or so. But they added to it. At first it was 200 feet from Beatty Street, but they kept shoving it back and back 'til they got it almost to the edge of Beatty Street in the corner. The shack they pulled down wasn't the shack they put up; it had been moved two or three times, added to, altered, twisted around." (Note: this explains the altered position in picture of naval review on Cambie Street, Queen's Diamond Jubilee, 1897.) "He was there a long time, fifteen years, anyhow. I remember they put a little verandah on it, and Al and his friends used to sit out there and smoke; this is it here in the corner." (See photos of Queen's Jubilee parade, 1897, sailors marching.)

### **VANCOUVER ATHLETIC CLUB.**

"Al Larwill had more to do with the building of the Vancouver Athletic Club, the building on the northwest corner of Dunsmuir and Smythe streets—the one they afterwards sold to the Navy League" (now and for years past used as Drill Hall for Vancouver Regiment) "—than the men who put up the money. He worked for it day and night, never let up; it was more due to him than anyone else that the building was finally erected. And when war was declared, eighty-five percent of the young fellows in that club joined up, and all the directors but two or three."

### **W.L. TAIT'S SHINGLE MILL. RAT PORTAGE LUMBER CO.**

Re W.L. Tait's shingle mill, on the water's edge, corner of 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue and Centre Street (Granville Street), beside the old 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue bridge. Afterwards site of Rat Portage Lumber Co. (destroyed by fire in May 1933.)

"Tait's little portable mill? He didn't build it; he just set it on the ground; he was head sawer, tail sawer, and everything else. When the saw took a cut you had to wait two or three minutes for the boiler to get up steam before it would take another cut."

### **CONVERSATION WITH W.M. HORIE, RE W.L. TAIT'S MILL.**

Mr. Horie: "I remember Tait's little shingle mill; he had a little old boiler you could move away in a wheelbarrow. He cut shingles over there; I came here in May, 28<sup>th</sup> May 1889, and I'm not sure, but I think I seem to recall them starting it."

### **BREWERY CREEK.**

There seems to be confusion as to where Brewery Creek was, or which of two was the proper Brewery Creek, similarly as there is respecting the "North Arm Road," of which in all, there were three, the first "North Arm Road" being from Westminster to Point Grey, afterwards River Road, now Marine Drive; the second one was the "Road to Granville," afterwards "North Arm Road," still later Fraser Avenue, and a third one, now Granville Street, commonly so called about 1900.

The proper Brewery Creek was the creek coming down Mount Pleasant Hill just east of Main Street (then Westminster Avenue), and on which creek was the Brewery of Doering and Marstrand, 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue. (See Tea Swamp.)

A creek which some say was known to them as Brewery Creek is one which got its name from the Red Cross Brewery on Seaton Street, now Hastings Street West, which brewery got its water from the creek, as did also Spratt's Oilery in the early 1880s, and also John Morton before that. (John Morton is reported

by his son to have said that its proper name was "Tindall's [?] Creek.") There was a dam in the creek above the brewery.

It is shown in the Royal Engineer survey notes of March 1883, also on the official map of Vancouver. (H.B. Smith, C.E. of 1886.)

It flowed down quite a deep ravine, which ran back to the near the corner of Georgia and Howe streets, ending in a swale. The ravine was filled in about 1890, and is mentioned in Mayor Oppenheimer's printed book of printed reports re Vancouver. The portion *below* the present Hastings Street is still unfilled, and the remains of the old stone walls of the Brewery are still visible close beside Hastings Street on the west side of ravine. Nearby, a few yards westward, is the entrance to the C.P.R. tunnel.

The foundations of the wooden houses on Pender Street, erected in the early 1890s, have recently been giving much trouble by sinking; probably much wood and debris was thrown in when the ravine was filled up, and this has rotted.

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. DAVIDSON, PIONEER WATCHMAKER, CORDOVA STREET, 13 JUNE 1934.**

#### **C. GARDNER JOHNSON. L.A. HAMILTON.**

"One day, a long time ago, at a meeting, Gardner Johnson had to make a speech; I was sitting right in front of him, and he pointed to me and said, 'Davidson here knows all about what I went through down in Manitoba. When I got to Granville I was broke, and went to the hotel, the first one you come to along Water Street. There was a pile of cordwood outside the hotel, and I said to the proprietor, 'Will you let me cut that cordwood up?' The proprietor replied, 'Young fellow, you don't need to cut that cordwood up; you can stay here as long as you like.'

"Then once, sometime after, L.A. Hamilton came along and wanted to go to catch the train at Port Moody. I got a row boat and rowed him up there,' continued Johnson. 'There were three valises as well as Hamilton, and it was a long way to row, and what do you think he gave me when he got out of the boat? Why, just one great big silver cartwheel'" (American dollar), "and I had to row back too." (C. Gardner Johnson arrived in Granville, 1885.)

#### **VANCOUVER EXHIBITION.**

"Yes, the late J.R. Seymour was right. We did try to put the Vancouver Exhibition on the Kitsilano Indian Reserve. Jonathan Miller was one of those who tried to establish a Vancouver Fair; he knew the Indians, and we approached them through him. My recollection is that the Indians were to get \$1,900 an acre; that was some time in the '90s, but as you know, the thing fell through."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH H. WINDEBANK, MISSION CITY, 13 JUNE 1934.**

#### **JOHN MORTON.**

"John Morton and I were very close friends; his Mission ranch was right in front of my place, right on the river bank; I think the eastern boundary was the railway track, the branch line down to Seattle. He used to tell me about his troubles with Joe, his son. He told me that he offered the Mission ranch to Joe, but Joe told him he did not want it, that he could keep his 'old ranch.' He used quite strong language in declining his father's offer. Joe was very excitable. John told me he had deeded the ranch to Lizzie, his daughter, but whether he ever did or not I don't know. John was a very sterling old fellow; very reliable when dealing with cattle. I put a small ice plant in my hotel to keep my meat, and from this I gradually developed into the butcher business, and bought cattle from John; we never had a dispute."

**VANCOUVER, B.C. WATERFRONT PANORAMA IN MAY 1886. CONVERSATION WITH HARRY T. DEVINE, EARLY PHOTOGRAPHER, 8 JUNE 1933.**

Mr. Devine: "I took the panorama photograph of Vancouver before the fire in 1886; there were three glass plates, not four. I took it from the old *Robert Ker*, afterwards C.P.R. coal hulk; she was swinging on the tide. The panorama extends from about Abbott Street to beyond Cedar Cove.

Major Matthews: Are you sure there were not four plates; do you know where the plates are?

Mr. Devine: "Not, not four, only three. Don't know where the plates are, they may be in Nelson; there was a fellow up there who had some sort of a lien on them; I tried to get them back. Offered \$50 for them, but he would not take it."

Major Matthews: I have those three plates, paid \$8 for them, but they are in awful shape; I have had prints taken from them, retouched, the new prints retouched, and a key made in black and white tracing; it cost \$31 but the panorama looks well.

Mr. Devine: "I photographed the City Council in front of a tent. 'City Hall' after the fire."

Note: these plates were purchased for \$35 from Ben McGregor, Alma Road, Vancouver, in June 1934. McGregor and his brother purchased a photo business in Nelson, B.C., and found them there many years ago. They were probably kept by Bailey and Neelands, early Vancouver photographers, who also had a photo studio in Nelson in early 1890s.

**THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 1886. TELEGRAMS.**

Wording of copies of telegrams in Dominion Archives, Ottawa.

OTTAWA  
THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA  
TELEGRAM.

To Sir John A. MacDonald

No. 298 15 pd.

Time 6.40

Ottawa, 14 June, 1886.

Our city is ashes three thousand people homeless can you send us any government aid.

M.A. MacLean

Mayor.

(Answered)

To Sir J. MacDonald

No. 326 22 pd.

Via Sumas

Time 11.05

Ottawa, June 15, 1886

Vancouver city reduced to ashes three thousand people houseless and destitute provincial Govt & corporations assisting what will your Gov't do please answer.

N. Shakespeare

(M.P.)

To Sir J.A. MacDonald

No. 323. 15 pd.

Via Sumas

Time 7.15

Ottawa, June 22, 1886.

Our citizens are in extreme want will your Gov't please do something for us.

M.A. MacLean

Mayor.

(In Sir John's own handwriting, at foot of above telegram)

M.A. MacLean Vancouver City B.C.

Dominion-Government will contribute five thousand dollars.

John A. Macdonald.

To Sir John MacDonald

No. 306. 14 pd. Via Sumas

Time 12.01

Ottawa, June 27, 1886

Message received please accept our unbounded thanks for your most generous and timely assistance.

M.A. MacLean.

All time Ottawa time.

## INTERPRETATION OF LETTER

Phone Green 698

P.O. Box 230

Office: 616 Sixth Avenue W.

F.W. HART

Real Estate and Merchandise Broker

We Build, Buy  
Sell and Rent  
Houses

Prince Rupert, B.C. Sep. 4-33.

City Archivist *[as I read it. J.S. Matthews]*  
City Hall, 16 Hastings St. East  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir: Yours of Aug 31 at hand. Re the photo found *[1A]*; that was my hearse; it was built by Nash and Co. of --- and took the first prize at the Toronto fair that year. I bought it after seeing it at the Exhibition.

Queen Bros. kept it for me at their livery stable opposite the Hudson's Bay Co., now corner of Granville and Georgia Streets; the Stanley Park stables was Georgia Street *[1]* with one or two blocks of the Medical Building now. --- *[2]* kept by William Harvey who moved to Trounce Alley directly behind my place on Cordova street near the corner of Carrall street. My undertaking establishment stood beside my store, near the Bodega in Trounce Alley. I named it Trounce Alley; it kept the name in my time.

I knew Mr. Oben very well; don't remember the widow. You say she said she "recalled a funeral down Cordova street with the coffin on top of a load of carrots" which I most emphatically deny. There was no cattle on Mount Pleasant or anywhere near it or farms or gardens between the city and the cemetery; there is absolutely a mistake, with all due respects to Mrs. Oben. *[3]*

Many funny things did happen in those early days (here is one.) A first I had to bury Indians and Chinamen in Deadmans Island. --- *[4]* New Westminster, when I used the hearse of Fales and Co. of New Westminster and Victoria. We shipped *[bodies]* direct to Victoria. *[5]* The City got a site, but done nothing to get it ready. I called on the City Council often to prepare the ground. So at last the mayor got tired of my coming, and began to call me down. After the ground was ready I had no funerals, finally a suicide case. *[6]* I turned to Mayor and said, "I could not get anyone, but finally got a volunteer."

Here is another one.

The lumbering business was the only industry, and the loggers were our principal source of ready cash.

One day a logger got killed, and the Boss brought the body to my parlor for a funeral. He said he was busy, and could not stay, but said, "Give him a first class funeral, and I'll pay you."

Well, I had just got the new hearse; the funeral was advertised to take place at 2.30. [7] My bookkeeper was my assistant funeral director. My upholstering shop was upstairs with about five or six men; the finishing room was the next floor above; that with two men. The time was up at 2.30 with no mourners, not anybody but the minister there. So I told the boys to dress up with the bookkeeper to take the funeral, and my men as pallbearers. We had one buggy, the hearse, and two closed hacks, all ready to go on my saying so. That day I had the famous Kerry Gow Dramatic Company coming to play that night at Hart's Opera House; they were due at 3 p.m. that day. I kept in stock six or seven silk or plug hats, and I dressed up my bookkeeper and the drivers in top hats as well as myself. Three o'clock came, and the company came to my store. We had had splendid advance sales sheet and the company was well pleased. After I had showed them that, I said, "Come this way please"; they followed, eighteen or twenty. The store was 120 [feet] deep to the rear, then through an oil cloth room, and then the parlors. I was ahead, and as soon as they came I bowed them to sit down; in the centre of the room was the casket. The minister stood at the head, and my boys were ready, and I nodded to the minister to begin. He did. We were through in a few minutes. Then I got the ---

I told them there was an oyster supper waiting for them after the show.

That night we played to \$1000, and more the next night. Years after I met them in Spokane and engaged them to open my opera house in Rossland. They told me they were the same company that I played in Vancouver, and that the string [?] had grown or changed very much.

So I think that Mrs. Oben has told that story so many times and so long, each time a little different; so I think it might be this way. The hearse might have been taken and no name be used, and the Stanley Park Stables might have been used instead of Queen Bros. As far as the load of carrots, the only carriages we had then was stage coaches; used to go to "town" [New Westminster] and they might have some carrots in the bottom of the carriage.

I can tell you some funny things on the Trail of '98, but not here.

Yours truly,

F.W. Hart.

I may go to have to get my eyes attended to, if so I will call on you.

1A & 1. Stanley Park Stables was eastern land corner, Georgia Street between Granville and Seymour with hearse in front.

2. Probably "It was afterwards."

3. Jim McGeer had a milk ranch out there, Jonathan Miller had a farm (Chinese gardens on Heather Street and 20<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> Avenue), now a park.

4. "The white men I buried at" he probably means.

5. By boat. Mountain View Cemetery now.

6. No one died; not many people here (City).

7. Photo outside Stanley Park Stables in City Archives of "new Hearse." This will indicate date that photo was taken.

**13 SEPTEMBER 1933 – COMMENTS ON READY MR. HART’S LETTER, 4 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

Mr. Frame, former storekeeper, Hastings Sawmill store: (laughingly) “He had hacks down at the boat to drive the dramatic party up to his place, and then he ‘waltzed’ them into the funeral.”

Mr. W.R. Lord, well-known early cannery man: “Hirschberg was the man who committed suicide.”

**RECORD OF BURIAL, CITY HALL RECORDS.**

“M.N. Hirschberg; 62 years; Born Hamburg, Germany; Died Vancouver, March 31, 1895; Buried ---, 1895; Bursting of Blood vessel; No Doctor; Ch. of Eng.; Married; Buried in Cascade Lodge, No. 12 Plot.”

Not same man as first burial.

S. Hirschberg, proprietor, Leland Hotel committed suicide, 28 January 1887, and it was his burial which opened Mountain View Cemetery.

Phone Green 698

P.O. Box 230

Office: 616 Sixth Avenue W.

F.W. HART  
Real Estate and Merchandise Broker

We Build, Buy  
Sell and Rent  
Houses

Prince Rupert, B.C. Sept. 18, 1933.

J.S. Matthews, City Archivist,  
Vancouver.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the first instant to hand. Thanks for the bouquets and the fine letter you write. I write the opposite to fine, on account my sight is poor and lazy.

The name of the piece the dramatic company played was "Kerry Gow."

Jonathan Miller's ranch on the North Arm was not there so early, and Jim McGeer's milk ranch was not on that road, but was established on the new road which I call the extension of Granville Street. *[Note: he means Westminster Avenue.]*

I don't know how you could get a notice of the four that was killed on the North Arm Road for there was only one killed. *[Note: four killed, 26 December 1889—see Memorial card, Rowling's papers.]* Lawson, one of the most prominent young men in that county, they are now *[the family]* is now relations of my relations.

Frame of Hastings Sawmill can't place, but Billy *[W.R.]* Lord, I'll never forget. He was in his teens then. He used to sing a song, "I'm not as young as I used to be." He would act and sing it so fine that he would make us all laugh. He is a good boy yet, although I don't remember seeing him much since. I remember his father, a good staunch cannery man.

#### **TROUNCE ALLEY.**

Trounce Alley I believe was taken from an English naval office in Victoria. I happened in visiting some years later, when my old friend the late John Weiler asked me to go with him to Trounce Alley to cigar store and factory of cigars and get a good cigar. I being young then did not know much about cigars. He, Mr. Weiler, told Mr. Kurtz to give us a good cigar. He and Kurtz handed me a "Kurtz After Dinner." Oh, my, how surprised I was to get a big fine cigar its equal and size and quality I had never seen before. He said, "Take another," which I did. I talked so much about it when I got back to Vancouver that the boys said, "Hart of Trounce Alley" said so.

Trounce Alley in Victoria was the most important alley in Victoria then. Trounce Alley in Vancouver was the most important Alley in my time in Vancouver. Trounce Alley in Victoria was made into a street since. I *[don't]* know if the name got changed.

I suppose you will have heard about the time we mired down in going to the *[Mountain View]* Cemetery with four horses on the new hearse. Everybody got out to walk across the Tea Swamp. It was a funeral of the first alderman, Alderman Humphries, and a masonic funeral. It was all right until we reached the Tea Swamp, then things began to happen. The road had been corduroyed and the timbers had slipped out of place, so one of our horses fell between the corduroy or timbers; then the front wheel went down. I was scared the horses would pull it *[hearse]* to pieces, and it cost 10 or 15 hundred dollars, but the story told afterwards was great.

If there is anything else you want to know I'll tell you.

F.W. Hart.

Prince Rupert, B.C. Oct. 6, 1933

Col. J.S. Matthews,  
City Hall,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

**FUNERALS.**

Re "carrot funeral" we only sold the casket, don't know anything about the funeral. The style of the country was then, the people would buy their own caskets, and take care of the funeral themselves.

**SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

Re the "MacInnis" furniture. The hotel Sunnyside was leased and run by MacInnis. I bought the thing as a whole. I built a table all the way from their side door to my back door about 200 feet long. Sold the outfit to natives and citizens include Che Chacos. The hotel was re-leased by Harry Hemlow and I furnished the whole hotel with new goods throughout.

I've tried to locate the photo I had in view to send you but failed to find it. I have several others including the Rev. Thompson, first Presbyterian Minister in Vancouver and no doubt it will be useful as historical.

**TEA SWAMP.**

Re Tea Swamp. I too have seen it since it was macadamized, which makes a wonderful transformation. I can't see my own writing so I'll have to have treatment. Meanwhile I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

F.W. Hart.

**13 NOVEMBER 1933 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH FRANK W. HART, OF VANCOUVER AND PRINCE RUPERT.**

(See letters, photographs, etc.)

(Mr. Hart called, accompanied by Acting Mayor, Alderman Miller, an old family friend.)

"The way I came to Vancouver was this. I was born in Galesburg, Illinois, U.S.A., in 1856, so that I am now 77 years old. There were two colonies at Galesburg, one was Swedish, the other spoke English. My father's name was Hjort, which is Swedish for 'stag deer,' but the priest said no one knew how to pronounce Hjort, no one knew how to spell it, and he said he would change it to Hart, which is the same thing in the English tongue. I won't bother you just now, I'll tell you later about my early life, but I left home and then the trouble began, fighting Kansas Indians, and finally I landed up at Walla Walla, Washington, where I worked for a man in the furniture and undertaking business. I noticed how things were done, and that was how I got into the same line of business here in the early days.

"In the last days of 1884, I left Walla Walla for B.C. and went to Semiahmoo Bay by a little coaster; that was the only place on the coast we knew in those days. We made for Hall's Prairie (it was not called Hall's Prairie then, but some other name—I forget it—it was about half an hour from the beach—Hirst was the government representative there, and he still is something like that there) where I had a brother, and then during the first days of 1885 walked to Westminster. Times were stirring at Port Moody in 1885; the railway was building, and I tried to get into business there, but I could not get in; had not enough money; things were on a bit of a boom, so I decided to come on down to Granville, and squatted on a piece of the shore between Carrall and Columbia Avenue, and built a store about 150 feet from the Maple Tree on the water side of Alexander Street—not in the town site" (of Granville.) "I don't know who the land belonged to; never enquired, just squatted. I cleared the site for my store by cutting down the big trees, firs, cedars, and some alder and maple. There were no other buildings, except the St. James' Church, east or west of

me between the Sunnyside and Hastings Mill. Then the C.P.R. came along, and got Geo. F. Keefer, one of the C.P.R. officials to buy me out of there so that they could build their track, and they paid me \$800 for going. That was the end of my first store.” (Note: refer Andy Linton, or W.R. Lord.)

### **FIRST MERCHANT OF GRANVILLE.**

“I claim to have been the first merchant to start a regular business, on account of the C.P.R. coming down from Port Moody, in the town of Granville. My second store was just across the street from my old one, and it extended right through from Alexander Street to Powell Street—about forty feet deep, and stood at the east end of the property on which the Europe Hotel now stands; you can see it in the panorama photograph of Granville before the fire. Geo. F. Keefer, a C.P.R. official, said to me when they took over my first place, ‘Why don’t you build yourself a permanent store?’ I was catering hard for their trade, so I did. That was my second store. Then the fire came along and cleaned me out. I was the biggest merchant loser in that fire in Vancouver. Ferguson was a heavy loser in buildings.

### **THE “MAYOR OF GASTOWN.”**

“Joe Mannion of the Granville Hotel was the leading figure, ‘The Mayor’ of Granville, and he kept the Post Office for ‘Uppertown’ which was what we called ‘Gastown.’ There was no regular postmaster. Dan McNaughton was the old shoemaker next door to Mannion’s, old man with grey whiskers down to his middle, strong Presbyterian, he actually *looked after* the mail—everybody thought well of him. The boys got all their mail through him.” (See W.E. Graveley.) “The ‘Lowertown’ was the Hastings Sawmill. Hastings, B.C. proper, was known as ‘George Black’s’ and the Westminster people used to call Hastings ‘The End of the Road.’”

### **THE FIRST ELECTION.**

“In the first election in Vancouver every resident had a vote, that is, all except Indians and Chinamen. We had no meeting hall, the only place was under the old Maple Tree; we all stood up, listened, moved about a little, came back, and talked again. The election was actually controlled by about forty of us—all in favour of MacLean. At that time this province was commonly known as ‘British Columbia’; all those who came from Winnipeg and west of Winnipeg were known as ‘Winnipeggers’” (see old newspapers, and *Port Moody Gazette*.) “Ontario was Canada, and Québec was ‘French Canadian.’ MacLean came from Winnipeg, which few of the forty did, and we had a hard time to get the boys to see it as we did. Every citizen had a vote; I was an American citizen at the time; not naturalised until 1887. That night, Mr. Alexander of the Hastings Mill, and MacLean’s only opponent, had a long rope, about 100 feet long tied on to his buggy; and a fine buggy it was too, and he had a lot of torches; he was so very sure of being elected that he had a lot of torches prepared, and went to a lot of expense. He never used them. We had no torches, poor fellows, ha, ha.”

### **CHOOSING THE NAME “VANCOUVER.”**

J.S.M.: Mr. Hart. Have you noticed that the bronze tablet on the site of the Maple Tree bears the inscription that the name was chosen by the pioneers assembled together under its branches in 1885? That cannot be true. What is the explanation?

Mr. Hart: “Yes, I know; it’s wrong. I forget who the man was who submitted the inscription to me before the tablet was made, but I had no power to change it, and then he said, ‘Who’s going to say they didn’t?’ The facts are, we talked about the name ‘Vancouver’ under the Maple Tree; we talked a lot about it; they said it was confusing on account of Vancouver’s Island, but we made no decision. How could we make a decision? We had no voice in the matter. Some objected, on account of Vancouver’s Island. How could we have any voice? We all knew that Van Horne was the actual power who would decide what the name would be.”

J.S.M.: Was there any suggestion it be called “Van Horne”?

Mr. Hart: “No!”

(The first appearance of the name Vancouver seems to have been about 4 August 1884, when the announcement that the new terminus would be called “Vancouver” was made by Van Horne.)

### **THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

"When I first came here, Mr. McInnes was running the Sunnyside Hotel; when he left to go back to Nova Scotia, I bought everything excepting the hotel which was leased to him by Mr. Griffiths, afterwards one of our first aldermen, a good old soul. Yes, Griffiths was married and his wife was a nice woman, but they had no children; that is how you have come to think he was not married. When the Hotel burned down in the fire, Harry Hemlow, who was running it then, owed me from \$3,000 to \$5,000; he paid most of it; all he could. We moved the furniture all out—about \$3,000 worth—stripped the Hotel entirely—it lay vacant for a time. Then Harry Hemlow came along in about two or three months, and rented the place. I furnished it for Harry Hemlow with about \$5,000 worth of goods.

"After the fire Harry said to me, 'What am I going to do? I've got the lease and I want to go at it again.' The consequence was it was rebuilt by Alderman Griffiths, refurnished by me, and operated by Harry."

### **ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT PORT MOODY.**

"I was up at Port Moody when the first transcontinental train over the Rockies came in, and I carried the great big bouquet of flowers which was given to the first woman to come over the Canadian Rockies by train. Mayor MacLean had a presentation letter which he read to the lady, and that was what it said in the letter. She was Mrs. Hirschberg, proprietress of the Leland Hotel, on Hastings Street near Granville; a swell hotel; quite the best of the its kind in Vancouver at the time. Her husband was the first man buried in the Mountain View Cemetery when it was opened."

### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

"I have told you before of the trouble I had getting the Mayor to buy a cemetery. Before we had a cemetery the custom was to bury only Indians and Chinamen on Deadman's Island. Yes, I know; I believe white men were buried there before that, but in my time it was Indians and Chinamen; the whites we took to Westminster. We just put the coffin in a boat and rowed over to the island, and buried them anywhere in the trees; no regular place. Then we got the cemetery, and the first funeral was Hirschberg's, who had committed suicide, and I have told you how I told the Mayor that I could not get a funeral to open the cemetery, but that finally I got a volunteer." (28 June 1887.)

### **FRASER AVENUE AND TEA SWAMP.**

"The road out to the cemetery was awful; I had told you previously, too, about that. It was just corduroy; just round logs, about ten feet diameter, laid in the wet earth and muskeg. In the summer it was not so bad, but in the winter you just floated across. Before the funeral I sent my boys out to dig the grave, but there was nothing to mark where the plots were; the boundary stakes were in, but there was nothing to mark where the graves were to be; so the boys just dug a hole between two trees about ten or fifteen feet inside the boundary; I went out with the first funeral, and as we went along the road we were looking for the cemetery, until we came to a place where we said, 'Oh, here it is.' It was an awful place to get to."

(The city felled the trees and dug the roots out of about twenty acres.)

### **WEDDING AT ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RICHARDS STREET.**

"I have been married twice, but there are no children. My first wife was Miss Josephine Crawford, and our wedding took place on June 20, 1889, in a little chapel east side of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Richards Street. St. Andrew's was not built, so we were married in the little chapel they used before they built St. Andrew's. We belonged to the Presbyterian Church in the east end, but we lived close to the little chapel, so we had the wedding in that, and it was a grand affair too; I had carpets, my carpets, on both sides of the street sidewalks, and a brass band. Rev. E.D. McLaren was the minister, and Rev. Ebenezer Robson, for my wife was a Methodist. My second wife was Mrs. Ferguson, née Miss Campbell, a cousin of my first wife, and a sister of Mrs. H.C. Clarke" (of Clarke and Stuart); "she is deceased also."

### **CAPTAIN AND MRS. SOULE.**

"I must tell you of Mrs. Soule. Captain Soule came over to my store one day and asked me if I could repair a mattress. I knew nothing about mattresses, but I said I could. So Captain Soule took me over to his home, and we went into the sitting room, and he called Mrs. Soule who was washing dishes out in the kitchen. When she came in, Captain Soule said, 'Mrs. Soule, Mr. Hart; Mr. Hart, Mrs. Soule.' Mrs. Soule said, 'Oh! Get along with you and your nonsense.'"

"This was how that came about. Soule had a 'hole' up in the Cariboo—digging for gold, and was sinking the bedrock. He had a windlass, and his man quit on him, so he hired a new man—did not ask his name—to help him put down the hole. Bill Soule put the new man down in the hole; he was on top of the windlass. Bill Soule shouted down to the bottom, 'What's your name?' The new man shouted back, 'Hart,' and then added, 'Jack.' Bill Soule wound up more buckets, and then the man at the bottom shouted up, 'What's your name?' Billed shouted down, 'Soule,' and then added, 'Bill.' The hired man called back, 'Go on with you and your nonsense.'

"Mrs. Soule had heard this story so often, that was the reason she said, 'Get along with you and your nonsense.'"

#### **DYEA AND THE KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH.**

"I left Vancouver in 1895 and went off down through the States and lost a lot of my money. I left with more money than any single man in Vancouver could muster at that time. I had it in a bank. I lost some in Utah, some more at other places, and then went to Rossland where I made some more, and then went up to Skagway and Dyea. Dyea is a town opposite Skagway, and arrival, just as Moodyville was a rival to Hastings Mill. I corralled the lumber output of the two sawmills up there, and built the whole town of Dyea in 90 days. There was a rush town of thirty thousand there, some in tents boarded up on the sides and canvas roof, you know what a mining rush is like. I built one three-storey hotel in three days, and turned it for double what it cost me. I had three clipper scows running backwards and forwards from Seattle bringing up lumber. I had \$250,000, but a slump came along overnight and I lost it, but I had a cargo of goods which I had been packing over the hill going into Dawson all that winter, 1897-8, at the cost of 26¢ a pound for 26 miles."

#### **PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.**

"I am a charter member of the Vancouver Board of Trade, of the Terminal City Club, was the first subscriber for Dun, Wyman and Co., now R.G. Dun and Co. or Dun and Bradstreets in Vancouver, started the Knights of Pythias, owned the first 'Hart's Opera House,' first theatre in Vancouver, built and operated the first store after the C.P.R. decided to come to Vancouver, was the first secretary of the Oddfellows Lodge, was manager of the Coal Harbour Quadrille Club, owned the first hearse, was the first undertaker. My business was to know everybody, and I think I did. Yes, I am 77 now."

(Read and approved by Mr. Hart, 3 January 1934, at St. Francis Hotel, Vancouver, whilst awaiting to enter General Hospital re his sight.)

#### **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH FRANK W. HART.**

Now on a visit from Prince Rupert, B.C., and visiting Mrs. E.W. Morris, Suite 1, 1536 West 12<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Bay-7274-L. Mrs. Morris is the youngest daughter of Mrs. E.J. (Eliza) Carson, eldest daughter of ? Magee of Magee (now Kerrisdale), and the first white child born in Magee.

Read to and approved by Mr. Hart, 3 January 1934. J.S.M.

"I want to tell you about Rev. T.G. Thompson, the first Presbyterian minister in Vancouver, and the day of the Fire in 1886."

#### **THE GREAT FIRE.**

"The morning of the fire, Jack McGregor, the 'Cambie Street millionaire,' and I, went over to Tom Turner's milk ranch across the inlet" (now North Vancouver.) "We went over before the wind had time to get up, pretty early, about nine o'clock Sunday morning, a row boat with two sets of oars. After we got there, and were there some time, we saw a great big column of smoke. Jack said, 'I think we'd better go back,' I said, 'You cannot; wind is too high; we can't pull back.' So we said to a young Indian boy from the rancherie, 'Will you go with us and help pull?' He came with us. Then we put the sail up, but in no time we had to pull it down again, and the two of us lie flat in the bottom of the boat to ballast her and stop her going over. It was that Indian boy who really brought us over, and we landed, I forget where, but just near the Hastings Sawmill slab pile fire."

"Then we raced for town. My furniture factory, warehouse and dwelling was about 200 feet from Rev. Thompson's place on Alexander Street, near corner of Gore Avenue, and I headed for it with the 'Cambie Street millionaire' following. The town was burning then, and a great black column of smoke was rising. Jack said, 'I believe the town's gone.' Jack's store was near the Sunnyside, same side the street, grocery store; Otton was his partner, close to the Sunnyside, a cheap one-storey house; he did not build it, he rented it, it could not have been bigger than 25 feet wide by 40 feet long; on piles at the back, on land in the front. Jack was heading for his store.

"We did not get any further than Rev. Thompson's. We had made a bee line from the boat to my factory and Jack was heading for his store. The fire hadn't reached my factory. Chas. Weigand, afterwards well-known furniture man in Vancouver, and now living on his ranch at the north end of Bowen Island, was my bookkeeper in 1885 and 1886 too. Charlie had the key to the factory, and I could not find Charlie. As far as Jack McGregor was concerned we could not get nearer the town than about 100 feet west of the Princess Louise Tree at about the foot of what is now Main Street" (Gore Avenue.) "There was a two-plank sidewalk ran along the beach side of Hastings Road from Hastings Mill to Gastown, and we didn't get any further than the Rev. Thompson's house; about there.

"Rev. Thompson's house was about twenty feet from Charlie Coldwell's place; Charlie Coldwell's home was about a storey and a half; anyway, there was one window in the upstairs. And when we got there, here was Coldwell sitting on top of the roof, and what the dickens d'you think he was doing? Why, firing his pistol, his revolver. Coldwell's house did not burn. Every now and again he would point the revolver up in the air and fire a shot; every minute or so. There he was, up on the roof, sitting down, and firing his revolver in the air.

"The Rev. Thompson's house was not on fire; my factory was gone, so we started to get the furniture out of Thompson's house. Coldwell was foreman at the Hastings Mill and a 'big' man; I was not so 'big' about town, but I told him what I thought of him. We were struggling to get the furniture out, and the piano; we got the piano out but broke a pedestal doing it. I got mad at him sitting up there on the roof, and shouted, 'You damn fool, come down here and help us.' He may have been a 'big' man about town, but that didn't stop me telling him what I thought then.

"Anyway. The fact remains Charlie Coldwell's house was the last house which the fire did *not* burn; the fire stopped there." (See Geo. L. Schetky.) "I don't know, but he said that the firing the pistol caused an air draft to go up. It may have, I don't know. He was a practical man, and ought to know what he was doing; he said it did. Anyway, the fact remains that Coldwell's was the first house saved, but at the time, it did seem to be a fool thing to doing, and he was quite cool and collected about it, too. Just sitting there firing away." (Note: the peculiar circumstance is referred to by Geo. L. Schetky in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

#### **FURNITURE BUSINESS, F.W. HART.**

"In the first boom after the C.P.R. arrived, and up to 1889, seventy-five percent of all the furniture handled in Vancouver, and at no time less than fifty percent, in the first eight years, was handled by my firm. We used to have a car load of furniture a week arrive, and, including stablemen, drivers and others, had as many as one hundred men on my staff at one time or another. I was prosperous then, and helped to build St. Andrew's Church; that is, I contributed to the cost of building it."

#### **ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. THE FIRST.**

J.S.M.: Mr. Hart, you spoke of the little old church they had before St. Andrew's was built; where was that? The one you were married in?

Mr. Hart: "It was at the back of the site where St. Andrew's stood; on the same lot, I think, a bit of a building facing Georgia Street, near the lane. It was used until St. Andrew's was built."

#### **CAPTAIN EDWIN SAYRE SCOULLAR, "WESTMINSTER RIFLES," THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.**

Pioneer hardware merchant whose store was south side Water Street, between Abbott and Cambie, said, "There wasn't a piece of wood left big enough to make a match, and my store was 42 feet by 128." (128 feet?)

## **FRANK W. HART.**

Part of shore address by Frank W. Hart., formerly of Granville, at reunion of "Here Before the Fire" pioneers held at the "Hastings Sawmill Store," now club room of Native Daughters, foot of Alma Road, 15 December 1933, at 8 p.m.

"I recall how we took up a subscription to defray the cost of the incorporation of the city; we passed 'the hat' three times."

Note: a reunion of the pioneers resident in Granville, Moodyville and Hastings Sawmill was suggested by Frank W. Hart, on a visit from Prince Rupert to Vancouver, and the City Archivist assisted. About fifty were present, of whom probably forty were pioneers; a list was taken by the secretary of the Pioneers Association. Among those present were His Worship Mayor Taylor, Alderman Miller, Captain E.S. Scoullar, who commanded the Westminster Rifles at the first parade of soldiers in Vancouver, Dominion Day, 1887, W.H. Evans, on the first train as fireman, F.W. Hart, merchant, who squatted his store on the beach just east of Carrall Street, Mrs. Angus Fraser, who had a home and garden in 1873 at the corner of Carrall and Cordova; she died a month later.

## **FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. F.W. HART, PRINCE RUPERT, AT ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, VANCOUVER, 3 JANUARY 1934, WHEN HE REVIEWED AND CORRECTED MY NOTES OF TWO PREVIOUS INTERVIEWS.**

I remarked that Mr. W.R. Lord had sung his song of fifty years ago, "I'm not as young as I used to be," very excellently at the reunion of the Pioneers here before the Fire at the Hastings Mill Store (Native Daughters Club), Alma Road, on 15 December last. Mr. Hart resumed:

### **GRANVILLE IN 1885 AND MAPLE TREE.**

"In 1885 there was no hall of any sort in Granville. The people used to assemble under the old Maple Tree, not once, but dozens—hundreds would be nearer—of times; it was a wonderful place to congregate; the old Maple Tree kept the rain off; there was a sort of shell ground all around it, old clam shells; and old Bill Lord, he was only a great big kid of 17 then, used to stand under the old tree and sing, or dance like a drunken sailor; and Lord did his part so well we made quite a feature of his performance during the whole of 1885; they used to come from all over to assemble for various reasons under the old tree."

### **SQUATTERS IN GRANVILLE.**

"No; there was no one there squatting on the shore east of Carrall Street except myself at first; then I got neighbours—partners—alongside on the east side; they were builders and contractors; general jobbing; on the east side, adjoining me, butting right up; but that was all the squatters there were on the shore side of the Hastings Road." (See J.B. Henderson.)

"We had a man around Gastown called 'Crazy George'; kind of general handy man." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "I got him to paint a sign for me. When he got it finished and up on my building this was what it was: 'F. Whart.'; I left it there; but that's not all. The squatters next door saw that he had made such a 'good job' of mine, they thought they would get him to paint a sign for them, too, so they wrote one 'Angus Secord, J.C. Garvin, General Jobbing'; they had it spelt all right, but when Crazy George got finished it was 'GENERAL ANGUS SECORD JOBBING J.C. GARVIN.'"

### **GRANVILLE. C.P.R. LOTS. REAL ESTATE. ANGUS FRASER.**

I asked Mr. Hart what he recalled of Mrs. Angus Fraser's home of 1873 (see photo), Cordova and Carrall street corner.

Mr. Hart: "You know those small trees there by the house in the photo; well, they cut them down, and the first real estate office which sold was built there, that is, which sold C.P.R. lots; it was F.C. Innes and Co., afterwards Innes and Barker, then Innes and Richards, then Innes, Richards and Ackroyd, and now Innes, Richards and Gall. Before the Fire, between Angus Fraser's house and the Deighton House was F.C. Innes and Co.'s little real estate office. Angus Fraser called on me to go and paint the door of that house; that was one of the first jobs I had in town; it stood there where the Royal Bank stands now. It was

burned in the fire. After the fire the Boulder Saloon was on the same site; G.A. Allan's shoe store was next on Cordova Street and then Clarke and Stuart next to that."

### **THE FIRST BOOM IN VANCOUVER. HART'S OPERA HOUSE.**

"Ask George Dickie, now mechanical superintendent of the B.C. Electric Railway—he used to work for me as a driver at the time I had the Opera House—ask him about the performance *Texas Steer* by Katie Puton; one of the best known companies playing west of the Mississippi; the people got 'wild' when I got those posters. Let George tell the story. On that very day we had a funeral; it was a rushing day, and was the beginning of the boom; it boomed from that day until the Fire took place, and after the Fire, and from that time on. Ask George to tell you, too, about the brass band I had at my wedding at St. Andrew's little old church on Georgia Street."

### **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. FRANK W. HART AT THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, VANCOUVER, 5 JANUARY 1934.**

Revised, and corrections made, 30 January 1934.

#### **PETER CLAIR. BY J.S.M.**

I showed Mr. Hart a photo of Peter Clair, father of George Clair of 813 East 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue, now an employee of the B.C. Electric Railway Co. and also a photo of a group of people taken in the lane between Cordova Street and Hastings Street.

"That's Peter Clair, an old, old man, they lived alongside of the Dougall House, I think, seems to me they had a restaurant there; it was Mrs. Clair who ran it; that was the 'Maison Doiree.'" (The first electric power house appears beyond.) (Photo No. ?)

### **ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT PORT MOODY, 1886.**

I want to tell you about the arrival of the first overland train at Port Moody. The old *Yosemite* was on the Victoria-Vancouver run; she stopped, ended her trip at Vancouver, but we took her up from here" (Vancouver) "to take the people to meet the first train; she ran straight up from Vancouver to Port Moody; did not stop anywhere. We got the expedition up in a hurry, in about 24 hours. There was quite a crowd going up.

"When the train came in, Mayor MacLean first read a letter of welcome to the Canadian Pacific Railway and its officials, and then read a letter to the first lady, Mrs. Hirschberg, who had come by train over the Canadian Rockies; I was right alongside of him carrying a great big bouquet, and handed it to her.

"After the function was over, we started to come back again. There were 'three times' too many people for the steamer; we took them on board until the captain would not take any more, and then started back. We stopped at Moodyville, and there we had more jollification. It was only a couple of weeks after the Fire, and everyone was, and had been, very kind to us; all you wanted was free, and everyone was 'pretty well fixed' with stimulants.

"At the Moodyville Hotel the caterer was a great big man, great big 'corporation' in front, big Englishman, everybody liked him and he shook hands with us, and when he laughed he would shake too, all over—he had been a millionaire, or something, friend of David Oppenheimer's; well up in society, earls or something; Captain Powers, I think, was his name." (See photo of Moodyville Hotel with first Mrs. David Oppenheimer's sister on verandah.)

"Captain Johnnie Irving was in charge of the *Yosemite*; he was 'the whole show' at that time; he was of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co." (C.P.R. now) "and the *Yosemite* was his flagship. Afterwards, when he added so many ships to the fleet, we called him commodore. He was so important an individual we younger fellows hardly dared shake hands with him, he was so high toned. Didn't he own the fleet? The ship was so full, and everyone else, too, and everyone carrying on like a band of wild Indians. It was after dark when we landed at Moodyville, and was midnight by the time we reached Vancouver."

### **MRS. DAVID OPPENHEIMER.**

"The second Mrs. David Oppenheimer was younger—perhaps twenty years—than David Oppenheimer; awful nice lady. She fell out of a window of a moving train somewhere down east and was killed."

### **HARRY MOLE OF CORDOVA STREET (AND NORTH ARM, FRASER RIVER AND LADNER'S.)**

"Harry Mole's cabin stood on the ground of the Dunn-Miller Block on Cordova Street; I was a tenant of theirs, forty-nine years ago this month since I rented that house from Harry Mole, my first home in Vancouver, and as near as I can say, it was just about forty-nine years ago today since I arrived in Gastown."

(Note: Mrs. J. Reynolds Tite, née Mary Louise Paull, was born in this house, which must have stood approximately on the southwest corner of Carrall and Cordova streets.)

### **RECEPTION OF FIRST TRAIN IN VANCOUVER, 1887. THE FIRST TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN VANCOUVER.**

"You know the arch on Cordova Street which was put up for the arrival of the first train, May 23, 1887; well, I built that. I had a lot of men working for me then, fifty or more, so I put two or three of them to build it and we built it in a couple of days. The worst part of the building of it was I had no plans to work from; built it from imagination, so when it was completed the first sign on the 'hurricane deck' was: 'HART'S WELCOME TO THE C.P.R. ON ITS ARRIVAL AT THE PACIFIC TERMINUS' or almost words like that.

"Mayor MacLean came along to me and said, 'We won't have that,' so I replied to him, 'I'll take the name Hart off for \$25'; that was about the whole cost of the arch anyway; so in the photo, that's what that part of the sign shows blurred; that was where we daubed it partly out. I built the arch, and built it at my own expense, and had the right to put on what I wanted.

"That night, after it was built, the guy ropes were cut; the least little puff of wind would have blown the whole thing right over, killed somebody; it was as wide as the street. Mrs. Grassie" (W.H. Grassie) (see photo of big stump on Georgia Street) "who lived on the west side of the arch, had seen Thornton ?, a well-known man in town; lived here many years; had seen him cut the guy ropes; she told me next morning. I immediately laid a charge against him, and hauled him into court, but I did not appear against him."

### **INCORPORATION OF THE CITY OF VANCOUVER.**

"The way it was. Some years before 1885 the capital of B.C. was moved to New Westminster by the Cariboo miners who had retired to Victoria from the Cariboo country. Then in turn they were elected members of Parliament from almost every constituency in B.C.; consequently Victoria was their headquarters.

"When they moved from New Westminster this country was called 'British Columbia'; Victoria was 'Vancouver's Island.' When they had moved, this country was known as the 'Mainland,' and Victoria as 'British Columbia.' We had at one time many names of companies and organisations known as 'Mainland'; we still have some. In Victoria there were still older people who used to refer to the mainland as 'B.C.'; there was one place in Victoria where we used to go to dinner, they were old friends, and she used to say, 'Going to British Columbia' or 'Away up in British Columbia, is it?'

"Consequently, there was a feeling between the Mainland and the Island which is hardly over yet, for instance, the *Victoria Times* once published an article about Granville, 'that little village on the shores of False Creek,' which made many of us who were subscribers sore, and by jove, we quit taking the paper. They not only said it, but they thought along that line; they had carried the day; they had taken the capital down there; they had had their own way, and for many years chided us on account of our bad weather—always did."

### **THE NAME "VANCOUVER."**

"So naturally we had no use for the name Vancouver, first on account of that, and then on account of Vancouver, Washington, which was a well-known military post in the North West—away ahead of Portland. We did not want to run opposition to them; we did not want to run opposition to Victoria; that was the stand the old-timers took.

“About this time of the month, January 1886, we made strides for incorporation of the City of Granville. At a meeting called especially, I repeat, especially called, there were lots of open air meetings under the old Maple Tree, but this one was called under the tree especially to incorporate.

“You know how things go, most of these things are settled by casual conversation on the street or in your office, and when you get to the meeting you know what you are going to do, anyway. Well, Boulton was elected by the delegation to get on with the matter of incorporation. He was like you” (the City Archivist gets \$24.50 a month salary); “he had no money. I said to him, ‘Go ahead and we’ll pay you afterwards,’ but he said, ‘No; I’ve no money; I’ve got to have money for expenses.’ So we took up the subscription and Boulton went to Victoria with plenty of the needful furnished by the subscription list. In about two or three weeks he came back with all the money gone—he had had lots of money; don’t know how much, but all and more he needed. He reported ‘progress,’ but nothing more.

“In the course of a few days or weeks we began to get anxious again on account of the fact that the House was sitting, and we got up another subscription again. Boulton came home again, and reported more progress; the thing looked like to us that he had done nothing; we did not give him credit for doing a damn thing.

“Then, the first thing we knew, on April 6, 1886, the city was incorporated, and the first time it was known as Vancouver was on the 6<sup>th</sup> of April.” (This is inaccurate. The C.P.R. were issuing receipts for money paid on lots—see W.E. Graveley—in March on which was printed, “Vancouver, B.C.,” and documents of 1885 bear “City of Vancouver.”) “Hold on; here comes the fun.

“The House of Parliament in Victoria was carried on by Victoria men—Victoria was the whole cheese—and one of the main opposition members strenuously objected to the name of Vancouver. After they had debated things so long and got all tired out, he said, ‘Oh, let’s give them Vancouver then; we’re the terminus; they’ll only be there two years anyway.’ After that sort of speech, they pretty near all voted for Vancouver. You see, he was the main opposition—he turned his coat—after making those few remarks, they all voted ‘yes’ for the name ‘Vancouver.’”

#### **NAME VANCOUVER NOT POPULAR.**

“Business men, especially, did not call it Vancouver; they called it Granville all the same. So Postmaster Miller and Mayor MacLean got busy and issued orders, to us businessmen especially, that on and after the first of May we must not call it Granville anymore; we even had to destroy our bill heads and stuff like that.”

Query: What about Blake, afterwards City Solicitor Blake?

Mr. Hart: “We did not pay him any money. I think I was the first to carry the subscription list around, but Blake was much the best lawyer; he was deep; when Blake said something everybody listened.”

Query: What about the election?

(Mr. Hart seemed very hazy about the details; could not remember where they voted, or how.)

Mr. Hart: “Oh, we had public meetings. Everybody voted; I was an American citizen then; five of us boys worked under the Maple Tree, and when MacLean was elected we thought we had done the whole thing.”

#### **FIRST POLICE IN VANCOUVER.**

“They made Stewart, the night watchman, chief of police; I think the merchants had paid him privately to be night watchman—Miller has been the constable; Huntly was his son-in-law and assistant constable” (Huntly was clerk at the first meeting of the Council only); “he disappeared. We never could find out why he disappeared; there seemed to be nothing wrong; must have been some family trouble. He married Miller’s oldest daughter; a close friend of Mrs. Soule. It was in Victoria he vanished; left his smoking pipe, and everything; never did find out why he went.”

Query: What happened the night of the election?

Mr. Hart: “Jee-rusalem!” (Interjection by Mr. Abray, an early policeman on our first force.) “We had a proper jollification; we five patted ourselves on the back that we had won the election. I don’t know what

majority MacLean got; there were no fights, no trouble; but everyone had plenty to drink. One reason why we won was because we were on British Columbia's side, and the others were favourites of Vancouver Island—bitter feeling.”

### **HART'S OPERA HOUSE. (SEE PHOTO NO. ?)**

Mr. Hart continuing: “I bought Hart's Opera House on account of Jack Leavy; he had had it rented, and he rented the chairs from me from time to time; something like twenty-five cents each, perhaps three or four hundred dollars for the engagement. He got tired and I got anxious, so I bought the place. It had been built for a skating rink by Kelly of Port Moody—his brother was a prominent Port Moody merchant—I think in the hotel business; his brother was a ‘rich’ man; roller skates had just come out. After I got it I built the stage on top of the old floor, about three feet above it. Here's where the horse fell through the stage; time of Katie Puton's engagement, playing the *Texas Steer*, and she had to have a horse in the play for the cowboy scene; and George Dickie, now of the B.C. Electric Railway Co., was there. The horse fell through the stage—weak boards or something—the floor; only about three feet, and the curtain was down; they had him on the stage to saddle him for the cowboy scene. They soon got him out, but at the time I knew nothing about it; the people were coming in in such a rush, and we had to get a wagon out to get more chairs to fill the aisles.

“The Opera House was about sixty feet by one hundred and twenty, lined with burlap; that was in 1889, before Crickmay built the Imperial Opera House on Pender Street; we had such a crowd we turned away about three hundred people.

“At the same time that day we had an awful rush; busy at the store, all hands rushed, and to make it worse we had a funeral in the afternoon, and then we had the play coming on at night. I was afraid we were not going to have a full house, but when they” (the company) “saw the advance sales they said we had better make some circus seats up there out of boards, etc., and we did so. We made one side good and solid, but we were working without eating; we were so rushed; in those days we worked ‘til we finished, not like you do now. So in the rush I said, to the men who were putting up the stanchions to support the circus seats, ‘You better just drive one nail in these crosspieces, and I will get someone to put in the other nails for you’—we were so rushed; so they put in one nail. Well, the play was about two thirds through when down came the whole thing; down she comes with the whole gang on top. Two of my men got hurt, and one outsider; he was badly hurt, and we had to take him to the Oriental Hotel.

“I went to Katie and said, ‘My goodness, what will I do?’ I was never so scared in my life; he might sue me and take all I had. So Katie said, ‘All right. I'll tell you what to do.’ She said, ‘After the show, you go up to the hotel with a bunch of fruit in one hand, and talk nice, and a twenty dollar gold piece in the other hand. I'll bet you nothing will come of it.’

“So after the show I did as she said, and went up to the hotel; Katie went too, and that is the last I have heard of it from that day to this.”

### **FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH FRANK W. HART AT ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, VANCOUVER, 30 JANUARY 1934, WHEN HE REVISED PREVIOUS CONVERSATIONS.**

#### **FRANK W. HART, FURNITURE FACTORY.**

“My factory was one of the biggest houses in town at that time; two-storey, great big barn of a place and full of goods from top to bottom. The front faced the water and was fairly good looking; looked like a country store. It was about 100 yards or less from Charlie Coldwell's house, nearly opposite the big tree” (Princess Louise Tree) “and on Alexander Street between Gore Avenue and Westminster Avenue.

“It was office, factory and dwelling; I lived upstairs.

“Ask Charlie Coldwell in the Union Steamship Co. for the bit of poetry written by Charlie's boy about Coldwell shooting his revolver in the air while Vancouver was burning.

“Wilson McKinnon was one of the boys about town; he was a saloon keeper; kept the Boulder Saloon at the corner of Carrall and Cordova streets; he was on the volunteer fire brigade at the time of the fire. He's in Prince Rupert now.”

## **CONVERSATION WITH MR. J.T. ABRAY, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, VANCOUVER, 30 JANUARY 1934 (WITH MR. HART LISTENING.)**

He now lives at 570 21<sup>st</sup> Street, North Vancouver (on the Capilano car line.)

### **FIRST VANCOUVER POLICE. J.T. ABRAY**

At this point Mr. J.T. Abray, one of the first policemen in Vancouver, and one of the group of four whose photo in front of the "City Hall" in a tent, then joined us. (The photo is our four policemen, one Chief Stewart, quite stout.)

### **THE FIRST ELECTION. MAYOR MACLEAN.**

"I came to Vancouver in September 1885. I'll tell you how Mayor MacLean came to be mayor; how he came to run for mayor. I had known MacLean a little in Winnipeg. MacLean was a clever man, but when the boom burst in Winnipeg, why, he 'burst' too.

"You know the story about the 'North American Chinamen'; the epithet Alexander of the Hastings Mill used." (See *Early Vancouver*, volumes 1 and 2.) "The loggers were sore on Alexander—not a little bit either. Well, as they were going to run Richard Alexander for mayor, I thought we ought to have someone to oppose him; the arrangements had all been made for him to run for mayor. So I saw Angus Fraser, and Simon, his brother; both these men were loggers, and the loggers did not have much use for Alexander; very little use. So the two Frasers and myself went around to Abbott Street" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, and elsewhere) "the three of us went around to Abbott Street where MacLean had a little real estate office, and interviewed him. I made him acquainted with the two Frasers and they shook hands, and I asked him if he would run for mayor.

"MacLean said, 'Why, I have no dollars for an election.'

"I replied, 'We have a few dollars; if you'll make up your mind to come out.' So we left it at that for the time being.

"So we called again, and he gave his consent that he would run, so we got to work. I did a little electioneering down in the cabins away down where the Sugar Refinery is now.

"Did you ever hear how we got the first vote here? Everybody who had a lease had a vote; well, everybody that had a lease of \$5."

Query: A month, or a week.

Mr. Abray: "Oh, I don't know now. I had a lease. I had a restaurant on Columbia Street, where the old City Hotel was" (northwest corner Powell and Columbia.) "Upstairs I had thirteen boarders—remember, thirteen roomers upstairs. Then I had a shack on Hastings Street, next to the present Woods Hotel—right between it and the present City Hall" (Holden Building); "it was only one room, but I made it into four leases; so with the four leases in the shack and thirteen roomers at the restaurant I had seventeen leases, and a lease entitled you to a vote. It did not matter who you were; you could not let a day like that pass without voting.

"Anyway, we won the election by seventeen votes; just seventeen.

"Barker, of Williams and Barker of the brewery, said afterwards to me that how we wrote our leases faster than they could," and Mr. Abray laughed. (Read W.H. Gallagher, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

### **CABS AND HACKS.**

"The night of the election we had a hilarious time. There were no hacks in town, so we got one over from Westminster; drove over through the woods. There were very few streets, so we just drove around and around, and funny thing, when we got on to Cordova Street we had to drive over logs."

### **THE FIRST POLICE FORCE.**

"I was sworn in as a constable the day after the Fire of 13 June 1886, sworn in by Mayor MacLean, right out in front by where the Maple Tree had been—out on the middle of the street.

"You see, after the fire some barrels of whisky were lying about—down on the beach. I suppose someone had thrown them out when the fire came along, they lay there, until the next day, when some fellows decided they wanted them, and got them in a boat, and were making off with two or three barrels of whisky in the direction of the Narrows. MacLean came along, and walked up to me right there in the street, and said, 'Here, Abray, you go off after that liquor,' swore me in as constable, and I went after it, and brought it back. I didn't intend to stay on the police force but I did.

"The police force at that time consisted of Chief Stewart, Sergeant McLaren, Heywood, and another fellow whose name I forget."

#### **INDIAN RANCHERIES. POTLATCHES.**

"The Indian rancherie down just east of the Hastings Mill was a hard place; the wonder is we never got our heads knocked in down there; drunken loggers and all that sort of thing."

Interjection by Mr. Hart: "The biggest potlatch ever held on this coast took place down at that rancherie east of the mill" (about foot of Heatley Avenue.) "It was a tough place."

#### **POLICE. CHIEF STEWART. WATER WELLS.**

"Old man Stewart, before he was chief, drilled a well for us down behind my restaurant, and we got splendid water, best in town, not a bit salt. He drilled down through the rock to a depth of thirty-two feet; right into the rock." (The restaurant was at the northwest corner of Powell and Columbia.)

#### **THE FIRST NEWSPAPER. THE GREAT FIRE. OPPENHEIMER BUILDING.**

"The day of the fire we had forty-two men eating at the restaurant; they were the men working out on the cleaning. When the flames came along, at first I helped to carry the type from the first newspaper that was published here, the *Herald*" (McDougall's.) "The printing place was next to my restaurant" (Alexander Street.) "I carried the type across the street into Oppenheimer's basement across the street diagonally; they had just got the foundation in" (southeast corner Columbia and Powell streets) "and we thought we would be safe there and could stay. But presently I said, 'Here, we've got to get out of here'; the type was beginning to melt; so we got out and ran east.

"When we had gone a little way east, we met Jonathan Miller, afterwards our postmaster, coming towards us. He shouted, 'You cannot go that way; you can't get through.' We hurriedly answered and kept on. 'Well, you can't go that way' (nodding to the way we'd just come), 'you come with us'; so he did and that saved him; he was running right into the fire.

"I had a man working for me, Anderson, from Owen Sound, as cook. He was worthy of a better position, but he was sick, his heart was bad, and he had come to the coast for his health and worked as cook. When we had run about as far as Gore Avenue, Anderson fell down, and said he could go not further. I picked him up; it was a desperate situation, but I carried him, and helped him, and then he fell down a second time, and he said, 'Go on, Jack,' and I simply had to leave him. I got through, we got down to the Hastings Mill, threw some powder stacked on the wharf into the inlet, jumped on the boat, the *Yosemite* or something, and got over to Moodyville.

"When I came back, the first thing I did was to go and see about Anderson. I expected to find his body, but all I found was his little grip with his masonic jewels and charms all melted together; he had crawled out on his hands and knees to False Creek."

#### **BURNED TO DEATH ON HORSEBACK.**

"Faucett, the soda water manufacturer, died on his horse in the middle of Carrall Street."

Query: Wasn't it in his cart? Only the ashes found, and the iron tires?

Mr. Abray: "No, on his horse; he used to ride a white horse; he left it too long, and got caught in the fire."

#### **C. GARDNER JOHNSON.**

"The first time I recall Gardner Johnson was right after the Fire. I had a nice little cottage just above Spratt's Ark" (foot of Burrard Street. See elsewhere re use of Ark during fire.) "The city had appointed him to look after the blankets which were sent, and the first thing I recall of him was one day when he said,

'Officer, take these people down to the Ark and give them some blankets'; we had quite a few people down there, and a little restaurant for them in the Ark."

#### **BURRARD HOTEL.**

(Northwest corner of Hastings and Columbia.) "The Burrard Hotel was to have been a swell place. Abbott, of the C.P.R., and all the officials were staying there. Why, they constructed a special sidewalk" (wooden) "all the way from Powell Street, just to lead to that hotel."

#### **SMALL POX.**

Query: Do you think the Indians had small pox here before the white man came, as August Jack says they did?

Mr. Abray: "Nobody knows whether they had it before the white man came, but they had lots of it for years before we got it first in Vancouver. People have told me that, up the coast, you could have seen all kinds of skulls out in the woods where the Indians had crawled out into the bushes and died. We had two or three scares on Burrard Inlet."

#### **THE FIRST SMALL POX.**

"At the time of the first scare we had a little shack, cost about fifteen dollars, and Dr. McGuigan used to go up to it with a little stick in his hand, and rag on the end with something" (disinfectant) "on the end of the stick which he would hold in front of his mouth. We had nine of them. I helped to pack them out, and the kids" (children) "all around watching."

#### **THE SECOND SMALL POX.**

"Afterwards we got a better pest house. The next one they got a scow and put a little cabin on it, down towards the east of the Hastings Sawmill; way down, out in the inlet so that no one could get at them."

#### **THE THIRD SMALL POX.**

"It was after that that they began to take them out to Deadman's Island, to the pest house out there."

#### **JAIL (BEFORE THE FIRE).**

"I don't remember much about the jail before the fire, but it was in Miller's, and I think there were three or four cells; don't remember much about the place; was never in it."

### **FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. FRANK HART AT ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, 1 FEBRUARY 1934.**

#### **OLD GRANVILLE.**

"All 1885, Gastown stood at a population of about 300. You see, Port Moody was booming, Gastown was a second consideration; you must not forget that the actual boom in Gastown, or Vancouver, took place in 1886, in the spring before the Fire.

#### **SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.**

"I have told you previously of how I came down from Port Moody because I had not enough money to get in there. The first thing I did when I got down was to rent that little cabin from Harry Mole at the southwest corner of Cordova Street and Carrall Street, and started to make furniture there, but it soon became too small altogether; I could do nothing, the house was full of goods." (Note: he rowed down to the Hastings Sawmill and brought up his lumber for furniture in a boat.)

#### **VANCOUVER. PANORAMA PHOTO, MAY 1886.**

"Then I went down to the waterfront, as you know I have told you. If you will look at that panorama photo of Vancouver before the fire you will see the east of the Sunnyside, and just in front of the Ferguson Block on the corner of Carrall and Powell, a sort of shack on the shore, quite a big one; well, that was the place I squatted in. I built that house without money to speak of; from that Hastings Mill I picked up slabs and culls—they had plenty of culls—and built it, 16 feet by 24 feet on a squatter's lot on the shore. I was a hustler, and soon found that I was 'King of the Country.' It was no time before I made it sixty feet long; I began to flourish; I made three additions, all in 1885, before Keefer came along and bought me out for the C.P.R. right of way for \$800. That is the building I sold for \$800. I had six months in which to move out.

“At the time of the fire my other store on Alexander Street—you can see the store, and my name on the front—high up in the photo—was jam full of goods. I had two stores, for I was still using the squatter’s store, and of course I also had the factory nearer the Hastings Mill. It took me pretty nearly six months to move out of the squatter’s store.”

### **SUNNYSIDE HOTEL (CONTINUED).**

“Well, to return to the Sunnyside.

“McInnes, who was running the Sunnyside, was selling liquor to Indians. He had been warned twice, then they warned him the third time and gave him 24 hours to get out of the country or go to jail. He came across to me—I was only 150 feet away—and offered me the whole contents of the hotel for one hundred and ten dollars. There was all kinds of stuff; knives, forks, spoons, kitchen ware, and the whole thing for \$110. I had not got the money so I went over to Alex Johnson who was running the Deighton House—I was boarding there—and borrowed \$60 to complete the amount—he offered me all I want, \$200 he offered and said take it, but I only wanted \$60.

“So then I built a rough table 150 feet long from the Sunnyside along the shore to my squatter’s store, and displayed the material I had bought along the table—out in the open air—and I sold it for pretty near \$3,000. Indians and everybody from far and near bought goods and bought goods, but I’ll tell you another one which beats that all to pieces.”

### **ONDERDONK.**

“Before that, I had bought the Onderdonk outfit. I bought it for twenty dollars; got it from Westminster to here; bought it on some old wharf over there; there were thousands of forks and spoons and knives and picks and axes and shovels. I only paid twenty dollars to the man who sold it to me. The man who had bought it brought it around Point Grey in a little steamer; he could not find anything to do with it, no place to put it; that’s why he sold it to me.

“Joe McFarland, you know Joe, of the water company” (Water Works) “said I had only ‘got a second hand store’—that’s what he thought about it—but I got thousands of dollars out of that twenty, anyway; I was making a thousand dollars a month. I had my place full of stuff.

“Harry Hemlow came along and rented the Sunnyside, and wanted to furnish it, so I let him have \$3,000 worth of new goods at one time. Then the fire came along and he hadn’t paid me. I have told you the rest.”

### **DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS. COAL HARBOUR QUADRILLE CLUB. SPORT.**

“For ten years I was on the Dominion Day celebration committee; sometimes chairman, sometimes not; my end was music and dancing, sometimes procession. You see, I was ‘manager’ for the Coal Harbour Bachelors’ Quadrille Club; we just danced, in the winter time. We were the only sports organisation in town; there may have been others, but at the first I think we must have been the only one; of course, afterwards there were others.”

### **MAYOR OPPENHEIMER.**

“Mayor Oppenheimer! Why, I worshipped that man. He was mayor two years. I was his principal ‘actor.’ I took my cue from him; I would see that what he wanted done was done. He would see or think of something fine that should be done—he would tell me. I’d see that it was done. Yes, I’m 78 now.”

### **HART’S OPERA HOUSE.**

“Templeton came along to me one day and said, ‘I want the Opera House for Thursday night.’ It was a recognised thing that whoever got the Opera House the night before the election always won. I said, ‘All right,’ and went on walking down to Oppenheimer’s place, and told him. He said, ‘Don’t do that.’ So I didn’t. Templeton was alderman afterwards; Mrs. Templeton is still living.”

### **DUPONT (PENDER) STREET BRIDGE. WATER STREET BRIDGE.**

“Oh, there was a little bridge on Dupont Street” (Pender Street East now) “from Columbia west; just a little bit of a bridge; there was no bridge on Water Street; it just got filled in gradually.”

(Note: this is not strictly correct, but is so in a general sort of way. Both streets were planked on piles.)

### **CEPERLEY'S.**

"Ceperley landed here with a twenty dollar gold piece; that's all the money he had in the world, anyway, that's what he told me, and he showed me the twenty dollar gold piece. He had no place to go, and said, 'What will I do? I've got a wife and child with me.' I talked with him for five or ten minutes and then said, 'I'll fix you all right.' James Hartney had a candy store next to me, two storeys high. That room up there was to let; the only one I knew of, so I got that. I furnished it for Ceperley all complete, everything he needed; he told me he would pay me when he could, and he did.

"He was at that time agent for the Hartford-Connecticut Insurance Co., besides several other companies. He started with my insurance. Afterwards I paid him as much as a thousand dollars a year for the balance of my time. He flourished and he flourished; and then, he lost his wife, and then married Miss Ferguson, A.G.'s sister, and the rest of the story Vancouver knows. There were no children. It was Miss Ferguson's money which helped him too."

(Note: Mr. Hart refers to the splendid Ceperley Playgrounds for children at Second Beach in Stanley Park.)

### **A.G. FERGUSON.**

"Even in 1885, A.G. Ferguson was noted for being a C.P.R. tunnel contractor, and wealthy; a very nice man to boot. He built the Ferguson Block at the southeast corner of Carrall and Powell streets—burned down in the fire shortly afterwards—and he also built the Boulder Saloon on Mrs. Angus Fraser's old home site, northwest corner of Cordova and Carrall streets."

(Note: this is probably the high building shown in the panorama photo of Vancouver just before the fire, right behind the Sunnyside Hotel.)

"There were very high ceilings in the Boulder. They had a fad for high ceilings then, the higher the ceiling the fancier the store; they had a fad for, well, sixteen feet ceilings were common."

### **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**

"I had electric light in my store; I got it in as quick as the rest of them. The light was so poor, though. We had a joking sort of expression that, 'we had to light a candle to find the electric light.' You know they had little carbon lights then, with a little twirl of light in the inside of the globe of glass; the twirl was red all right, but no light came from it. Anyway, that's the story we told, about having to get a candle.

"The first year the thing" (electricity) "was a failure; they were trying to improve on it and improve on it, but they simply *could not* get it perfect; not until about a year."

### **LAMP POSTS.**

"John Cluff" (John Clough) "lit the lamps, the coal oil lamps on posts, generally on the corner of streets. I furnished all the lamps and chimneys, not only for the streets, but for everybody in the houses as well."

Queen Bros. sold to Angus McRae and Bob Dixon (Chief McRae, Dixon Bros.) Alexander and Mitchell and Peppard about 1898; moved to Seymour about 1902; moved to Hornby and Davie, 1910. (See Bailey photo, First Hearse [Hart's], No. ?)

### **LETTERS OF F.W. HART, OF PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.**

Phone Green 698

P.O. Box 230

Office: 616 Sixth Ave., W.

**F.W. HART**

Real Estate and Merchandise Broker

We Build, Buy,  
Sell and Rent  
Houses

Prince Rupert, B.C.  
Aug. 8, 1934.

Dear Colonel Matthews:

This is in reply to your several letters dated respectively July 16<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup>-25<sup>th</sup> and Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> last.

Mrs. Hart wrote a short note when she sent my photograph but made no attempt to reply to your letters.

I thank you for the enquiry regarding my eyesight, and regret to say that it is not getting any better. I cannot see to write, and can see to read only with the aid of a magnifying glass. I was very sorry to hear of the passing away of Mrs. MacLean; she was a good scout and leader of the ladies in her day, and a good friend to everyone. She was the wife of the first Mayor of Vancouver, and it was very befitting and gratifying to learn, that the Mayor and Aldermen remembered her with a wreath.

You remark that you are still at the job, but no money nor place to keep your things. I wish to state, that you certainly are the right man in the right place and deserve great credit for what you are doing, and I hope you will long be spared to continue in the office.

I regret to hear that the City has no record of the first grave in the Cemetery and which I think I can locate within a very few feet. At the time, it was placed between two large trees, and I think I know where the corner stake was and the street. It is not far from the Tea Swamp. I will give the matter my attention when next time I am in Vancouver. If you will please try and get in touch with Alex. McDonald or any of his people or any-one else or knows anything about those times, they may help me locate it. We certainly should have a record of the man who "volunteered to start the Cemetery." The time was about midsummer, 1886.

The Mayor at that time was the first Mayor, his name was M. Alexander MacLean, and he was a good man too.

Miller's sitting room was on my ground; I at first rented it, but afterwards bought it. It stood about 100 feet west of Carrall Street in Trounce Alley.

I have yours acknowledging receipt of the photo, and also one of copies you made of it. You are quite at liberty to keep the original, and I thank you for your kind offer to let me have more copies. I would like to have another six, if you can get that many for me.

I am pleased to hear that you have been successful including so many in the picture, and especially J.B. Henderson. I too was one of the leading lights in the country at that time, and my committee, the Coal Harbour Bachelors' Quadrille Club, of which I was manager, was the cause of the Mayor being elected. I feel quite proud of being included in such a picture, and that it is a great honor to be on a piece of canvas, which no doubt Vancouver will treasure for many generations to come.

My main ambition in life now, is to live long enough to join the reunion in 1936

With best wishes and kindest regards,

Yours truly,

F.W. Hart

The following letters written by Mr. Hart in his own handwriting are in barely decipherable scrawl.

Prince Rupert, B.C.  
Aug. 9, 1934.

Dear Col. Matthews:

See Geo. Dickie, now mechanical superintendent of B.C. Electric Railway.

He can give you some names to see. I had a Mr. Steven [?] Peters, a Frenchman, who was our grave digger before Alex. McDonald came for one year or more. Poor Alex. McD was stone deaf. You had to write everything to him, but Mrs. McD was good. I can remember 1000 things to tell you if I could see you, but holding a magnifying glass and writing is not good for the reading or the writing. Everything else I can give you, tell you I'll cheerfully do it. I was the first sec. of the C.O.O.F. Manchester Unity, the first and only society before the fire. I was the first Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias and one of the first managers of the Pres. Church, Board of Trade, Union S.S. Co., the sealing company, forget the name. So you see, I know something about those things.

F.W. Hart

Prince Rupert, Aug. 21, 1934.

Dear Col. Matthews:

I received your picture, along with your good and kind letter. You talk about your finances. I have lost \$1000 each month since the hard times started; still hard. If I can get a stenographer [not decipherable] pay for it I'll dictate a great letter. You can --- pay the bill about .50 to .75 per hour. I have the original picture of the Welcome Arch. You can have it if you send six copies of it.

I can only see a few minutes; then its all a blank. Can't see now.

Good bye,

F.W. Hart.

Prince Rupert, Aug. 24, 1934.

Mr. Matthews:

Dear Sir:

Your letter received today. Thanks. My eyes are very poor; can hardly see. I did not mean you to pay the stenographer. I meant the City of Van. to pay for it. Each letter you write reminds me of a thousand and one things I would like to say that you should know for posterities sake.

Sincerely,

F.W. Hart.

Prince Rupert, Sept. 5, 1934.

Col. J.S. Matthews:

Your letter received yesterday dated Aug. 31, in reply to mine of previous date. I mailed another letter including the next days writing consisting of eight pages. The following day I wrote nine pages, and sent them to my relatives who are writing my life's story as they may want some

of the matter. Am looking for an answer from you. If you haven't already got them, ring up Mrs. E.W. Morris, 1536 West 12th Ave.

Sincerely,

F.W. Hart.

P.S. My orders were to forward to you without necessary delay. Your letter reminds me of many things, for instance, Cambie street millionaire; Hermon, Garden, and Burwell --- ? , the jumper, Semiamoo trail, etc. Good luck to you. F.W. Hart.

P.P.S. We would go to the corner of Cambie Street and Cordova; it was tall timber then; on Sundays to jump, hop, step, and jump.

Prince Rupert, Sept. 8, 1934.

Dear Col. Matthews:

I am exceedingly glad to note that you received my long letter. I am anxiously looking for reply for answer.

The other day I wrote you saying I sent 17 pages of matter to my relatives who are writing my life story, and they may want some of the matter, but I told them to send it to you without unnecessary delay. If you have not already received it please telephone E.W. Morris, 1536 West 12th Ave., suite 1, Vancouver, B.C.

I am writing re my pensions when I was in U.S. Indian War which seems to give me a lot of trouble.

Yours truly,

F.W. Hart

Prince Rupert, B.C.,  
Aug. 26, 1934.

Dear Colonel J.S. Matthews:

I am sending you a letter to the Pioneer Association, and will ask you to read it, and then forward it to the secretary of the association.

I am trying to get a stenographer but in the mean-time I am behind in my correspondence and I have got assistance to give you a brief outline of my proposed doings, and to show you that I have got the thing at heart and will do anything I can for posterity.

#### **DEADMAN'S ISLAND**

Re the cemetery and the undertaking business. Our cemetery was the Dead Man's Island, the only one we had in Vancouver and we could only bury Indians and Chinese there. At that time we did not have to register their deaths but the white people we did register. Who the man was that took the register in Vancouver I do not know. It was recorded in Westminster, at any rate, and you will find if you look up the records in Westminster.

In 1895 I moved to Rossland with a ton's weight of books and keepsakes. In 1897 I decided to go to Dawson. With no place to put the books and keep-sakes and when a man gets the "gold-fever" as bad as I had it then I burnt the books and other things. Amongst them there were many things that you should have had especially a printed book containing forms of the lives and death of about seven or eight hundred people buried in our cemetery and shipped out of the city during ten years. I have often been sorry that this book should have been consigned to the flames. You, however, can get some details the men who were in my employ and who still live in Vancouver, some of which I have given you the names of. If necessary, I will give you more names.

Mr. Peter Cordiner was a good old soul and one of the managers of the Presbyterian Church, and about 1888 I was also a manager of this same church. Peter Cordiner was one of our first aldermen. Mrs. Peter Cordiner was the first school teacher in Granville and she was a kind old soul. Her daughter Edith (Mrs. Nelson) was a constant running mate with my sister, and Mrs. Cordiner was the same as a mother to my sister, and she was kindness itself. A few years ago in Vancouver, on a celebration day, "the 13<sup>th</sup> of June," I was establishing the Maple Tree site, the Mayor and Aldermen gave me that square guarded by police. It was situated at the corner of Water and Carroll and the intersection of Powell and Alexandria streets. They furnished the tents, flags, chairs and automobiles. I took the mayor's car to get Mrs. Cordiner and Mrs. MacLean, who was first mayor's wife, to come to our celebration. Mrs. Cordiner was in such poor health that I was obliged to run the car to the back door and help her to get in. Then we went to get Mrs. MacLean, but she, the poor thing, was awfully willing, but found it impossible to go.

#### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

I remember Fred's [*Cordiner*] funeral very distinctly, as my sister was one of the principal outside mourners. At that time our cemetery was not in a good shape. You say that the first one must have been in '87 but our MacLean was mayor in '86 and I am sure Hirschberg was buried in MacLean's time. You say there is no record. There may have been none in the cemetery records as far as the cemetery is concerned, but I am pretty sure that the deaths were recorded in Westminster in proper shape. You say, in brackets, that we used (Hales) but it is Fales. Fales' father-in-law, Mr. Bunte, was the undertaker in Westminster in '84 and '85, when he died. W.E. Fales was his son-in-law and took the business over. Before that he was operating in Port Moody and was one of the foremost men in Port Moody at that time when Port Moody was the whole thing. I looked upon him at that time as a rich man. He married Bunte's daughter a year or two before that. I bought my first undertaker's supplies from Bunte, but Fales learned the embalming from Bunte and I from Fales although he was a younger man than I and did not know much more. He was the father of my undertaking business, hence the close connection that we had in the undertaking business. I think that there is no question but the gov't registry of deaths was carried on properly because he is a very particular man. So if you look up the records in Westminster you will no doubt find the missing link. As I have said he is a very particular man but one time I caught him asleep at his post. We use a long rubber tube in embalming and as this tube was blocked up he put it in his mouth and blew it out. I said, "You damn fool! There is enough poison in that to kill one thousand men." No harm resulted.

Billy Lord, the good old scout, he lost the musical tone in his voice during the fifty years.

#### **FIRST LADY ACROSS ROCKIES BY TRAIN.**

The Leland Hotel was built in '86 in Mayor MacLean's time. Mrs. Hirschberg was the first white lady to come across the Canadian Rockies and it was to her that I presented the bouquet of flowers by the order of Mayor MacLean. She came on the first C.P.R. train from the east. We were quite a large delegation from Vancouver to Port Moody to meet and greet the first train. I was the first lieutenant under Mayor MacLean and so I presented the flowers. It was sure a "Red-letter" day in Vancouver and for Vancouverites. We had the steamer "Yosemite," and it was overloaded far beyond capacity. We stopped at Port Moody coming back (to oil up). If you like my talk and can prevail on the city to give me a price for the stenographer I will give you much more of that kind of talk.

F.W. Hart.

Prince Rupert, B.C.,  
Aug. 26, 1934.

Secretary of the Pioneer Association:

I am sending this to the city archivist so that he may read it, and I would like you to have Menzies, the curator of the city Museum, also the art-historical society. I am an ex-member of the association and Mrs. Hart was an ex-member of the art-historical ass'n. We were both old members of the ass'n.

We need your advice in this matter or anyone of the good old timers' advice also.

We have for instance an oil painting of the steamer "Beaver" by Mrs. Hart. I pulled out in the stream and held the boat there and Mrs. Hart sketched from actual facts the situation of the steamer as it layed on the rocks. Then from talk of old timers and photographs taken she completed her picture after months of work. Then we took it to Westminster to the first Dominion Fair, or Exhibition, and got the first prize. Unfortunately the prize-card got lost, the picture of which was valued at \$2,000.00 in 1880. Then we have an egg-cup made in my factory, the first furniture factory on the mainland of B.C., made of teak-wood. We have also a centre table carved, the first carving executed on the mainland of B.C. it is made of maple wood (native). We have many other little things and also pictures, amongst them the original photograph of the "Welcome Arch," the arch of which was built by myself and on the top I had painted "Hart's" but the Mayor Oppenheimer prevailed upon me to strike that name off as it would look better to have it appearing to the outside as the city's welcome. We, however, have offered the picture to the city archivist but it was not yet been accepted. Some of these things I like the balance of my few days. I would like to have them ear-marked to whom I would like them to go to.

F.W. Hart.

Prince Rupert, B.C.,  
Aug. 27, 1934.

Col. J.S. Matthews,  
City Archivist.

Dear Sir:

I have thought that the best way for us to do is to keep on like we are doing by writing squib after squib. It's all disconnected, and you can connect it and cut out whatever it not suitable. We will leave you a space (marginal) at the left of the article and will commence each article leaving a space between them, so they can be readily cut out and the left-hand margin can be used for your notes.

It is necessary for you to ask me many questions in order to bring the details to my memory as I can write many folios on the questions you ask, which I will gladly do. When you have any old-timers present they will talk about many things whereby you can make notes of questions to me.

#### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

Re the cemetery. W.F. Fales was undertaker in Westminster, died some months ago, and he was a good man too. By your looking up details in Westminster on account of our early cemetery you will be able to find, perhaps, many things that you don't know now. As he was my confederate in my early undertaking business—by the way his man was with him at the time I was in Vancouver or shortly after it—it will pay you to have a talk with him. I was constantly in touch with Fales until I got my new hearse which happened in the fall of '89.

#### **FIRST HEARSE IN VANCOUVER.**

I recall the story of the new hearse. The late Mrs. Hart and I attended the Toronto Exhibition and had seen there the hearse on exhibition. It had the first prize and I bought then from Mr. Nash.

## **EARLY FUNERALS.**

It was a grand affair in those days, and Mrs. Hart said she would like to go with me to the first funeral in the new hearse. You can imagine what it is like; a pair of black horses with nets on completely covering the horses ears and all. Plumes on the hearse, ostrich feathers, perhaps two feet in height, and one in the centre perhaps twice as big. With me as driver, and Mrs. Hart sitting on the seat alongside but lower than mine, I was all togged out with silk hat and all my tenants including the pall-bearers with silk hats. Some style we thought in those days. Another incident happened a year or two later. I had just got my second hearse (white) and I was coming down Pender Street with the black hearse and a long procession after me. Mr. Prior, my assistant, was coming down Richards with a similar procession, both large, and we happened to meet at the corner of Richards and Pender. He couldn't stop and I wouldn't, so we had quite a scene which only lasted a minute. He turned and went the same as I did but slowed down so we could get ahead after awhile.

About 1890 I recall (and Mrs. Hart) being billed for Los Angeles on a pleasure jaunt. The day we left we had an exceedingly heavy day in business having passed the \$5000 mark before three o'clock p.m. Our steamer, "The Islander," left at that time. When we got to Los Angeles we thought we would take a side trip to San Bernodino (Sanburdue). The train got stopped by a cloudburst. We could see nothing of the land but only trees and houses. It seemed like we were at sea. We came to a ridge but did not dare to cross. How long we were there I do not know. We had a telegram as we were leaving Los Angeles that one of our clerks, Mr. Chapman, had died in Vancouver. He was a friend, from the east, of our assistant manager, the Hon. Wm. McCraney, and I wanted to answer it. Anyway the funeral was carried on nice and properly with the Hon. Wm. McCraney as undertaker. He was the ex-M.P. of the County of Halton, Ontario, and the father of H.P. McCraney, ex-alderman (of Vancouver).

## **THE FIRST BURIAL – MR. HIRSCHBERG.**

By the way, in speaking of the funeral, you look up the head-stone. I have forgotten the young man's first name, but it says underneath in small type, "This stone erected by (his fellow) his employer F.W. Hart, and his fellow employees." The reason we did not use their names was that there were too many, perhaps between twenty and thirty. This stone stands about twenty-five feet from the North Arm road and about one hundred feet up the hill from the Hirschberg grave.

## **ARRIVAL IN GRANVILLE.**

I have not described my first coming to Granville. It was about the first week in January, 1885, that I arrived. I came from Fort Walla-Walla, Washington territory. I landed there from the east in March 1878. My first experience as a chamber-maid in livery stable, then as Indian scout and wild bronco-buster. I joined the U.S. volunteer army then afterwards ran a livery stable. The last days of '84 I spent in Halls Prairie at Semiamoo Bay with my brother's family. From there I walked with a companion, J.C. McClennan, ex-city treasurer and assessor in Prince Rupert, over the Serpentine Flat which is worse than the Tea Swamp. We arrived at Westminster late that night after walking through mud many times knee-deep. At Mrs. Austin's Hotel. From there I visited Port Moody a couple of items but found property away beyond my means, and that's the reason I landed in Granville, rented the Harry Mole's cabin which stood where the Dunn-Miller Block stands now. Already for business with a twenty dollar gold piece as all my capital. It is only a few weeks, the stand was too small and I squatted near the Maple Tree site. That, too, became too small and I bought a lot across the street perhaps behind the Europe Hotel, and a large warehouse near the corner of Alexandria and that street about half a block beyond the entrance to the Grand Trunk Wharf.

## **THE GREAT FIRE.**

That's before the fire, which was all wiped out; every house but one was burnt besides McFeeley's store that was then under erection. It was situated across the street from where McClennan [McLennan], McFeeley and Prior are now. The reason it wouldn't burn they had rafted the lumber over on the water and it was that wet it wouldn't catch fire. The flames were pouring through it steadily for some time, but still it did not burn. I could see it from where I was working

when the smoke had cleared enough. My sister was taken to Port Moody and there taken care of along with all the women and children homeless, but the second day after the fire my shingle was out carrying on business as usual and I had a burlap tent to sleep in. It is needless to say that I was one of the heavy losers in the fire. It is no easy trick for a young man who never owed a cent to anybody that he couldn't pay to start up in business with \$6,500 owed and I had \$3,000 insurance to pay it with. My losses had been perhaps 20 or 30 thousand dollars, and now to start was a trick that required some nerve, but the first few days look the darkest, but as I decided to go at any cost I was bound to win. The consequence was that I carried on a more successful business, and my average net gain for 10 and one half years was over \$1,000 a month for the entire time. So you see I had little time for outside business.

#### **BRASS BAND, FIRST WEDDING.**

One of the things I did, I organized the first brass band under Mr. Cramer. *[Note: the first brass band was the Indian Band at Ustlawn, North Vancouver. JSM.]* We got the money together some way and I bought all the instruments (for about twelve). We had many joyful things happen with the brass band afterwards. One thing they gave a serenade at my wedding, the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June, 1889. That reminds me of our wedding; we got married from H.P. McCraney's house who gave away the bride; after we had wedding dinner at our new house, the corner of Cambie and Georgia Streets. We had all the hacks available in the city at that time. We had the Church (St. Andrews Presbyterian) decorated up in great shape with the Rev. Mr. Ebenezer Robson in charge. I was looked upon as being the expert in the town for decorating. My head clerk, Mr. Dixon, was in charge, who did himself great honour. We carpeted the sidewalk for more than halfways to my place one way and the other way less. The band was in attendance at the wedding dinner and we were taking the steamer, "The Islander," to Seattle, for our wedding trip, with Cap't O'Brien, who afterwards became one my prominent confidentials in the Klondike move in my building the Dyea, Alaska.

I don't think you will like all of this stuff, so you can take what you like of it.

Yours sincerely,

F.W. Hart

Prince Rupert, B.C.,  
Aug. 28, 1934.

Col. J.S. Matthews,  
City Archivist.

Dear Sir:

I am sending this to Lillian Salsbury, who is my sister-in-law, and she is the cousin to my present wife, and I will ask her to deliver this message to Edna Morris who is my cousin. She is, or was, writing a sketch of my life story, and they want some of these items that I have written you, so please given Lillian or Edna or both all the information or matter that they want. I will ask Lillian to forward without delay to Edna, and Edna in turn to forward this to you without unnecessary delay.

I have written you many times and many folios. If there is a way I would like you to let them read the whole business. My intentions are in the future to give you more matter than I have given you in the past.

Look out for the naming of the town soon.

I am, most sincerely yours,

F.W. Hart

## EARLY SOCIETIES.

About the first society we had in Granville was Coal Harbour Bachelor's Quadrille Club, of which I was the manager. We had all the young people [*single*] and some of the married people. We carried on most successfully in the winters of '94 and '95 and '96 and about two or three years after the fire. So you see my duties were to see to it that all the members came to our social hop. And at times I had it very difficult to get the girls to come. For instance, there was a Miss Wescott who had no fellow that could dance, only Frank Bell who was a partner of Harry Berry who was the constant running mate of Alice Miller, daughter of Jonathan Miller. I sometimes had to go and get Miss Wescott and many others. She lived on the other side of Yale-town and it was quite a chore to get all the girls. Frank Bell was always there to bring her home. He was a good man, too, but he couldn't dance. By the way, I saw him in Vancouver this spring. Harry Berry was one of the most noted, lively, innocent, amusing fellows in town, who married Miss Miller but died years ago and she went to work in "The World" office with L.D. Taylor [*present mayor*] as editor of the paper. Afterwards Mrs. Taylor died, hence Mr. Taylor is a friend of the oldest timers in Vancouver. He was editor succeeding J.C. McClagan [*McLagan*] who was the editor of "Victoria Daily Times" and I as well as the majority of Granville people took the paper. At one time, about early '85, he said, "Granville! Ah, that little town on the shores of False Creek," would never amount to anything, or words to that effect. The consequences were I quit the paper as did many others. About that time "Volley" W. Brown, started in "The Herald" and we all took it. You will hear more about McClagan [*McLagan*], under the head of change of capital of B.C. from Westminster to Victoria.

The Quadrille Club lasted after the fire and after two or three years died a natural death, but the boys and girls were the true spirit of Vancouver's early pioneers.

The Canadian Order of Oddfellows was the first secret society of Granville. I am not sure but what it was in Vancouver. We called it the Canadian Order. It was in fact the order of Oddfellows Manchester Unity who lived perhaps two or three years after the fire, then joined as a body the Independent Order of Oddfellows. I was elected the first secretary and served as such until the fire. After the fire the town was like anew. For instance, there was about 3000 people before the fire and a day or two after the fire when things got settled to working order we could not rally 1000. Hence there was no meeting called and my term expired and so I took no part since the fire. The Knights of Pythias tried to organize by calling two or three meetings and were all ready to institute when one of our principal officers lost his life in the fire. Hence the organization was delayed till October 30, 1886, the date of our institution when I served as the first Chancellor Commander of the Mainland of B.C. I received my fiftieth year life membership last winter in Vancouver.

There were many societies started in Vancouver and the saying was amongst the boys, "That Hart belongs to all of them." That is not true but I believe I belonged to as many societies as any other one.

## FINANCIAL OR COMMERCIAL COMPANIES.

There was for instance the Union Steamship Company started by Capt. McPhaden and four others including my name.

I have just finished writing a letter of condolence to the Pioneer Assn. whom the Capt. Newcomb, was the ex-president of the Vancouver Assn. He was also Honorary Vice President of the Prince Rupert Assn., and I am past president of the Prince Rupert Assn., and Hon. vice president of the Vancouver Assn. and he, Capt. Newcomb, was one of our first captains of the Union Steamship Co.

Then there was a sealing company of which I have forgotten the name who were seized in Alaskan-Siberian waters. We sued the Russian government for illegal seizure and the case kept coming up in court for twenty or more years. The other share-holders dropped out one at a time and I had to pay. The court settled it in our favour and Capt. Copp took all the proceeds for his share.

We had several other little companies. They all quit something after the same style in the depression of '93-'95 with me loser in every instance. My friends often ask me why I quit Vancouver. My answer is I lost \$25,000 on the running of the furniture factory. Then finally lost \$25,000 on the factory itself, hence my decision to get out.

#### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

In writing on this subject yesterday I omitted telling of my first experience in the undertaking business. First of all I told you I was in the livery stable business, but before that I was in the express business with one of my employers who was the undertaker. One of his first jobs was the disinter a body he had embalmed to ship to Paris, France. The mode of his embalming was not perfect and I had to assist in preparing the body for shipment. Hence I thought I was equal to anything but the first funeral we had in Granville was in early '85. Port Moody was a booming town then and our boys would go up to Port Moody almost daily in rowboats or steamers. This time a man went up and in coming down, somewhere about the second narrows, the steamer Princess Louise ran into his boat and he was drowned, and the body lay on the beach perhaps two or three weeks. It was towed into Granville and Mr. McClarren [*Sergeant of Police McLaren, afterwards Chief McLaren*] our police came to my place and said for me to take charge of the body. It was laying in the water tied to Andy Linton's boathouse, which lay in the water off the foot of Carrall Street perhaps 100 yards from the beach with a small sidewalk perhaps 2 or 3 planks wide on top of logs. How to get it up I couldn't tell, nor could the police and after we did get it up it was so large that we had no coffin big enough to take it. We had to build one. I was almost sorry I was undertaker. Where they buried the body I don't know, as it was a usual thing for to get coffins only, and sometimes for the undertaker to prepare the body and place it in the coffin and that was the end of his undertaking.

About the next year it started with the undertaker in full charge all the way through. Hence you see we had no use for a hearse, we would hire Fales' hearse and the funeral would go to Westminster.

This will give you a clue to the load of carrots funeral. We generally sold the coffins only. [*See Mrs. Oben.*]

#### **HART'S OPERA HOUSE.**

The people were clamouring for attractions. We had several citizens that would get up some thing, hire halls, rent chairs and furniture. I did well on renting those things but I was not satisfied because we did not furnish attractions enough; so I took a lease on a hall and fitted it up for operatic attractions. No doubt you have heard of many things that happened in Hart's Opera House. It usually went well with us but at one time we were short of bookings when I heard of Frank Cleaves, who was in Seattle. He was at one time a noted actor in the Northwest. I wrote and asked him for goodness sake to get up a company in Seattle and come and play to us. He wrote that he could only play "Davey Crocket" and he was short perhaps one or two of the actors and flat broke. My answer was "Come, I'll pay the fare," and we got the principal actor that he was short of. It was taking the part of the minister. A young man, one of clerks, and an ex-member of the Quadrille club, a nice, straight, good-looking young man, he played his part well, was dressed for his part. Everything went fine to a capacity house of about 1000 people. He had only a few words to say in his part when the young lady and young man came out to get married on the stage. His words were "Have you a license to marry?" The answer to that would be "Yes" but on the other hand the man said "no." Then the minister should be puzzled what to do or say so his words were (using the American slang) "I reckon it can't be done," but he said, "I reckon it cawn't be done, you know." Consequently the audience caught on to the language and the voice of our Quadrille Club gang. And it created a terrible uproar. The consequence was that the second night we played to less than half a capacity house.

Another time we engaged J.P. Howe, Portland, Oregon, to play the Mikado Opera, with a juvenile opera company. The company was all girls from twelve to sixteen. We played to a capacity house the two nights. The next day was Sunday, we hired all the buses, carriages and

stages we could get and took them for a ride to Hastings or George Black's which was a summer resort. The village was then opposite Moodyville and we had a great time.

F.W. Hart

Prince Rupert, B.C.  
Aug. 29, 1934.

Col. J.S. Matthews,  
City Archivist.

Dear Sir:

I am writing you again today.

I feel a little dubious about my dictation and I think that there are too many I's in it, and I would like to have your advice on generalities. So I will wait until I hear from you in answer to this letter.

### **THE NAMING OF VANCOUVER.**

It was suggested that it was to be called Vancouver and in fact a bill was brought before the Houses of Parliament in Victoria to name it Vancouver. There was a whole lot of opposition to the name, in fact it was argued many times for two or three weeks. At last the leader of the opposition party got up and said, "All right, call it Vancouver, it won't be there more than two years, then we will have the terminus in Victoria."

Now the members of the Parliament nearly all lived in Victoria and there were very few representatives that lived on the mainland. Most of the representatives were retired miners from the Cariboo but who now lived in Victoria. They represented all the districts on the mainland of B.C., but just the same they had the Island more at heart. The reason was that they moved the capital from Westminster to Victoria a few years before and the whole mainland was opposed to it, and the fight was still going bitterly strong at this time. The play was to get the terminus to Victoria and they thought that they would get it. All the same they laid the plans for the foundation of the new Parliament Buildings in Victoria that year and as sure as anything if they had not made those plans in that term the capital would have been in Vancouver.

The term "mainland" was used almost altogether on the Mainland at that time. We have the Mainland Transfer Business with us yet, having been started by Harry Berry and Frank Bell. We had many names in each town and village suggestive of the feeling of the Mainland against the Island. We even had comic things, for instance: if we are going to have the capital of the province on an island, why not have it on Queen Charlotte Island, among the Haida Indians, where the rest of the cannibals live. There were many others, things after the same style, making light of the capital being on an island. We often saw slurring things in the newspapers. Once we saw an article come out in the "Victoria Times"; the paper was nearly new then and the editor the same, he said, "Ah, Granville, that little village on the shores of False Creek." That was a sign that the Victoria people believed that the terminus was sure to come to Victoria.

We have a drinking fountain established at the old Maple Tree site with the inscription on it, "Here is where the pioneers met to discuss the question what we will call the town etc." We had actually nothing to do with the naming, but we could discuss it. The inscription was put up to me for approval by the Pioneer Ass'n., and I okayed it as being correct as above mentioned. Van Horne, the president of the C.P.R., had the naming of it. We knew that, and so we could only discuss it. I was the instigator of the movement of establishing the Maple Tree site and had charge of same.

The people of Granville didn't take to the name, first because it was Vancouver Island's name, then because there was a Vancouver, Wash., close by, and then too we did not want anything on the mainland to remind us of the Island. The feeling was so bitter that we kept the

name both in our letterheads and other stationery and directed all our correspondence to Granville just the same. The thing was so annoying to the postmaster and the Powers—that were that he got orders from somewhere to himself and the police to go around town and notify each and everyone, the storekeepers especially, to change our names on the first of May. I know for one I destroyed my printed stationery at that time. The incorporation of Vancouver took place in Victoria on April 6. We did not change locally, but emphasised Gas-town more than Granville. Coal Harbour was still the Marine name of the town. All of which has been dropped out gradually since that time.

#### **EARLY ROADS.**

The roads in Granville were something awful, but the road from Hastings to Granville was the only decent road. It was called the Four-mile road to Black's.

We had a road from Granville to the Fraser River to about where Eburne stands now. From there down the river past McCleery's, Harry Mole's, and Lawson's to Magee's ranch, which was a very prominent promenade on a Sunday in the summer time but in the winter it was bad on account of trees falling across the line. I recall a time when Lawson was in town with some other men and his son and they left to go home when it was nearly dark. The wind was up roaring hard. A tree fell across his wagon, crushing the boy to death. They were a prominent family then and are even more-so now. The road went through straight lines to the Fraser River. It left Westminster Road at the Tea Swamp and then crossed the Tea Swamp perhaps all the way from a quarter to a half a mile. The cemetery corner stake stood about 100 feet from the Tea Swamp. Then it went straight to the North Arm after which it is a regular meandering road, dodging big trees and boulders. It was not well cared for and it was all you could do to drive through with a vehicle of any kind. I remember I was going out one Sunday to see my best girl, I was all toggled up in fine shape so I thought, I had the swellest livery-rig in the town, and Oh my! What a time I had getting over that road. There had been late rains and it was very muddy. I met with an accident not so severe in going but came back all right.

The road to Westminster from Carroll Street meandered from the corner of Carroll and Cordova Streets to False Creek about where the B.C. Electric Machine shops are now. It then followed the shore line to the bridge and then crossed the bridge and followed up the hill as far as Bill Blair's House. Then almost straight from there to the Tea Swamp and then almost straight to ? Castle and there to Westminster straight. We chose this for walking to Westminster on account of it being shorter than the Black's at Hastings Road. Although that road was in a letter better condition. The stages almost all took the short road but at times they had a hard time to get through with a small load. The fire changed all things. The gov't went to work and fixed the roads and seemed to care more for Vancouver than they did FOR GRANVILLE.

#### **MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY.**

I recall sitting on the jury of coroners inquest of the nine or eleven corpses which came out of the fire. There has been a lot of talk about how many bodies there were at the inquest. There were thirteen lost their lives in the fire but I have forgotten whether there was nine or eleven at the inquest, as the inquest was held the next day or so and they had not brought in all the dead. They discovered the last one five or six days after the fire. It was taken out of a well. Brother Fales, I think, had the funerals, of the whole lot. In some instances there was only a bit of char left and it was past recognition. They could only tell it was a human body. Everything was excitement at that time, uproar and disorganized bodies of men, women and children. But within a week's time they were all settled down peaceably as we got relief from every nearby city. We will never forget Nanaimo, for their goodness and kindness, also Col. ? at Moodyville, who cared for our women and children so well. In fact, everyone seemed more hospitable; even George Black was there every day to see what he could do.

These were peculiar days because the people were all strangers, not many Canadians, *[those from Ontario were called Canadians in those days]* quite a number of Winnipeggers, *[all the people between the Rocky Mts. and the Great Lakes were called Winnipeggers]* a few Canadian French people from Québec, *[all the people from the Québec and the Maritimes were*

*considered Canadian-French]* with Americans predominating and with some English at Vancouver, but they predominated in Victoria.

When the railroad was completed there were no more Americans, French, Canadians or English; we were all Canadians after that. Before the railway came in we considered ourselves a separate British Colony.

#### **THE WELCOME ARCH. DOMINION DAY, 1887.**

I built that in 1897 *[1887]*. I had never seen an arch before but I built it totally at my expense. After placing four guy ropes to hold it in place and the evening before the celebration everything had been completed, even the lettering with "Hart's Welcome" had been placed there. I went home satisfied that I had done the right thing. I patted myself on the back and said good enough. Early the next morning I discovered the guy ropes were cut and the least little wind would upset it, and bring to smash our hundreds of dollars in expenses. It wasn't but a few minutes till I got the ropes tied up again. The Mayor Oppenheimer *[MacLean]* called on me to ask me to remove my name *[Hart's]* from the top of the arch. You will notice on the picture a blank space with nothing on it. He said we don't want your name as it would look better for the city's welcome, hence no name was put on it. The next day after the celebration a lady living alongside of the arch said so-and-so cut the ropes. I at once had him arrested. The police court was coming off at a certain hour where I was supposed to appear but I didn't.

*[unsigned – F.W. Hart]*

Several inconsistencies due to failing memory – J.S.M.

Prince Rupert, B.C.  
Sept. 21, 1934.

Col. J.S. Matthews:

Yours of the 18<sup>th</sup> also yours of the previous date acknowledging the receipt of my manuscripts. There are many questions and things that you have reminded me of but this time I will take up the picture of the "Welcome Arch." We were about a week planning, figuring and getting the signs painted on there.

#### **THE "WELCOME ARCH," CORDOVA STREET. ARRIVAL OF C.P.R., 23 MAY 1887.**

Getting busier and busier as the day approached. The night before the celebration or of receiving the first C.P.R. train, a certain prominent man cut the guy ropes expecting the many hundred dollars worth (? See narrative re conversation with Mayor MacLean and \$25) of labour lost. It was very calm that night and the arch refused to fall. Early the next morning I was on the scene, discovered the guy ropes had been cut. I quickly fastened them up again and went to search for the evil-doer. At last a lady, a prominent citizen who lives in Vancouver yet, told me who it was and at once I had him arrested, the trial coming off 10 o'clock when I should appear but did not appear, consequently the charge was dropped. Everybody in the city, made a special journey to see the Arch and criticize it, both the architecture and the lettering. For instance, you will notice a space at the very top is vacant now on the picture, but we had "Hart's Welcome" on it. Many people thought we should have "Vancouver's Welcome." Finally the Mayor came for a consultation and insisted on not having "Hart's" on top, thence it is vacant. I wouldn't allow them to have "Vancouver's Welcome" because I paid for the whole thing. There was a flag on each side of the street and in the centre of the Arch. While the scene doesn't appear to be very great it was an immense thing for those who had never seen one before. On the right hand side of the picture is my place of business where the flag hangs in front of the building with a flag on the flag staff on top of our building. Those were very exciting days in B.C. as we had about 60,000 people in B.C., and now we have over 600,000. Vancouver or Granville itself had about 300 people in '85 and now they have 300,000. They had about 3,000 in '87 when this picture was taken, so you see things have moved briskly and have done so every since.

### **SQUATTERS. "CAMBIE STREET MILLIONAIRE."**

Re Herman, Garden, and Burwell or the corner of Cambie and Cordova. Jack McGregor or the Cambie Street Millionaire before the fire, that was his corner and sure enough he did claim as a Squatter and he went to law with the C.P.R. and won the battle. Herman Garden Burwell bought the South Half or 25 feet of the South End, those lots were originally surveyed for the town of Granville as Granville was bounded by that which we call Cambie now. On the South Side, about Hastings, is now, and on the East by Carroll Street. These lots were 66 feet wide, 126 feet long when he sold that part to Herman Garden and Burwell. He had so much money that the girls dubbed him the "Cambie Street Millionaire" although he may be broke. The late Garden of the firm of Herman Garden and Burwell was our mayor in the late '90s and a good man too. In fact the whole firm was estimated as the best of their kind of business and thorough gentlemen. Jack McGregor had a spot cleared at this corner (corner Cordova and Cambie) which we used for jumping where all the boys would congregate there on Sundays and a fellow by the name of French was the champion in "hop step and jump."

### **SEMAHMOO TRAIL.**

This man took the "Semi Ahmoo Trail" which was not a very good name as all the fellows skipped out that way from not paying their debts, etc.

### **THE MAPLE TREE. CLEARING THE FOREST.**

Nearly the whole summer of 1885 that place was noted for its gathering place on Sundays. It was 1885 when the tall timbers were cut, about near the corner of Cordova and Abbott where the timber then began.

One of our early doctors was Dr. Beckingsdale; he wanted to get that corner afterwards, but finally got the corner across the street some years later. He and myself bought the corner of Gore and Alexander Street where my factory and warehouse was located before the fire.

When I first struck the coast in 1878 I was engaged as a feeder for a steam thrasher; I would feed the machine so fast and so strong I would continually signal the engineer for more power, he in turn would signal me to not feed so fast and strong. You might take your queue from the above. Don't work so hard.

*[unsigned. F.W. Hart.] JSM.*

(Dictated)

Prince Rupert, B.C.  
Oct. 16, 1934.

Dear Major Matthews:

Yours of the 11<sup>th</sup> inst. to hand. In reply will say you're sure a brick (brickstien).

### **TROUNCE ALLEY.**

Re the old Negro. You told me that the Negro said "Trounce Alley" was named after a man who was an architect. But he didn't say that he was also an auctioneer and a kind of a general purpose character doing all sorts of jobs around town. He was also an ex-navy man. My friends told me "that he was a sailor also."

### **HOGAN'S ALLEY.**

In re Hogan's Alley it was not named in my time; in fact I don't think there was any alley in that neighbourhood, at that time.

## **BRIDGE HOTEL.**

The Bridge Hotel has gone many years ago, perhaps 20 or 30 years. Also the people who ran it. There may be a Mrs. Orr, he was an ex M.P.P. She was the oldest daughter and can tell you more than I could. There is also a Mrs. Gilbry. Mr. Gilbry was a railway contractor and died in the Kooteney some place with the small pox. There is also a Mrs. D.C. Marshall. He was of the firm of Davies, Marshall and McNeill (my lawyers), the best in the land. All these girls were daughters of Mrs. Austin of the Bridge Hotel and can tell you a lot of stuff. They were all born in B.C.

(Can't see to read or write. The girl is gone and I can't see.)

Yours truly,

F.W. Hart.

## **PHILLIP OBEN, PIONEER.**

**J.S. MATTHEWS.**

Published *Daily Province*, 31 July 1933.

Philip Oben has gone, aged 78, and the "Builders of Vancouver" are one fewer.

What did he build? He cleared the ground—or some of it—he swept away the forest that we might have a street, a home, a lawn; he banished age old shadow; he let the sunlight in.

Come to the West End, and there, from the brow of the hill which slopes gently westwards towards Stanley Park, gaze over the panorama of splendid homes which cluster, row on row, between the waters of English Bay and Lost Lagoon; there, all below, below Nicola street, Oben first labored.

Peer into the past, and see the sights that Oben saw; the towering forest, dark and damp; feel the solitude; glimpse the hastening deer. Or listen for the sounds that Oben heard; the slow measured chock, chock, chock, of the woodsman's axe; hear the long swish as falling trees sweep earthwards, the dull, heavy thud as great trunks bump to ground.

Then, phantomlike, glide down to the bunkhouse on Georgia Street, near the park entrance. Watch the cook draw his water from a spring, or "haul off," and with iron bar, strike the steel triangle; a piercing ring, metallic, musical stings the ear, and serves as dinner gong to call weary men to supper. Here comes the tired bull puncher, and his eight yoke of oxen—hauling forest debris into heaps for burning is hard work—and following down the skid road, plods "The Boss," Oben.

The Royal Engineers, who in 1863 first surveyed the "Brickmaker's Claim," i.e., the West End, wrote across their map, "heavily timbered land, very swampy in places," and so it was; old logging bosses say "the finest stand of timber I ever saw"; old sportsmen shot wild duck in the swale below the Court House. Then Morton, Hailstone, Brighthouse, the original preemptors, who got their land title at "Our Government House in Our City of New Westminster" from "Victoria, by the Grace of God, etc., etc., and of the Colonies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, Queen," sold some logs to Moody's Mill (North Vancouver), more logs to Capt. Stamp's Mill (Hastings Sawmill) and the "oregon pine" (lumber) made went to foreign parts by sailing ship. Solitary axemen hewed octagonal spars for the British Navy.

But the West End forest was seemingly inexhaustible, for in the late eighties, even, oxen were still hauling "turns" of logs to the "rollway" beside the logger's cabin and pigsty at the foot of Davie street, and dumping them into English Bay. Then came Oben, and finished the job; what logs were left he sold to Fader's Mill, (Robertson and Hackett's now).

Oben cleared the land, but it took some winning; the Royal Engineers were right; it was "heavily timbered." Then fire got into the slashings, excitement ran high; one terrible fire and two

frights had made Vancouver nervous, and, too, Stanley Park was in danger. Our first fire boat, a tug, was improvised, and pumped water; the park was saved. Oben won the struggle but lost his fortune.

Phillip Oben was a discoverer. Vancouver's water supply first flowed beneath the Narrows about midnight, March 25, 1889, but none knew positively where it came from. Oben undertook to discover the source of the Capilano River. Together with Capilano Joe and another Indian as guides he set out—no trail existed—each carrying sixty pounds of “grub,” rifle, and blankets, followed upstream, crossed and recrossed waist deep in water, until finally, high up on the precipitous mountainside they found a lake, frozen solid in June, crossed its surface, reached the topmost ridge, food became exhausted, and, half starved, they descended into Howe Sound where they were succored at a pioneer cabin on the shore. Chief Joe (Capilano) said Oben was the first whiteman to traverse those parts.

The pioneer often pays for his courage; Oben paid well for his. He came with wealth of one sort; he departed with wealth of another. He left us a legacy more priceless than jewels; the memory of indomitable courage, of service to his fellows, an honored name, and a gallant sailor son.

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. FLORENCE OBEN, WIDOW OF THE LATE PHILLIP JOHN WILLIAM OBEN, OF VANCOUVER AND CENTRAL PARK (WHO DIED 4 JULY 1933).**

Mrs. Oben was responding to the request for photographs of Mr. Oben by J. White, photographer, corner Oppenheimer and Carrall streets, which shows them at the time Mr. Oben cleared the forest off part of the West End (1889-1890); the other, of Mr. Oben only, taken by an unknown photographer, and used in Judge Howay's *History of British Columbia*.

Major Matthews: (looking at photo) How like Sir Wilfrid Laurier!

Mrs. Oben: “Mr. Oben has been stopped on the street in Vancouver and asked if he was Sir Wilfrid's brother; I believe Sir Wilfrid had a brother visiting in B.C.”

#### **OBEN FAMILY, GENEALOGY AND NAME.**

“Oben is not the real name, properly it is Aubin, French Huguenot—they were of the French Huguenots driven out of France in the persecutions some three or four centuries ago, and settled in the nearest land of freedom, the Channel Islands. They were a family of note. My husband's grandfather on the maternal side, for instance, was Major De St. Croix” (English—Cross) “of the island of Jersey, where he lived in a manor house, and served in the island militia—hence his rank—the citizens were expected to raise for the defence of their islands. The major's daughter, Elizabeth, married Captain” (master mariner) “Phillip Aubin, my husband's father. Under the law of the land, the major's estate, at his death, was divided, each child—there were twelve—getting his or her share, the eldest son taking in addition the manor and its lands. My mother-in-law, Elizabeth Aubin, one of twelve children, got her share, one twelfth, in money.

“Elizabeth was a woman of extraordinary capability, and while her husband was at sea on his long trips, managed the family affairs alone. She placed the inheritance, and other monies of her own, in a bank in Jersey, but the manager speculated, the bank became bankrupt, and her money was lost. She had a brother, a Mr. De St. Croix, in Canada, and he suggested that she come to Canada, bringing her children with her. In the absence of her husband she made the decision herself, disposed of her farm—there were 27 cows—all jerseys—and with the money thus acquired proceeded to Toronto, arriving in May 1870, taking with her all her children save Annie and Elizabeth, both married, and one other; three in all, who remained behind in Jersey. Her children, all born in Jersey, were Phillip, my husband, the eldest child who came to Canada, 14 years old at the time; Frank, Carrie” (Mrs. Scott, died in Vancouver six months ago) “Johnny, also a pioneer of Vancouver” (John Oben's early bakery) “and Eliza.”

#### **OBENS ARRIVE IN CANADA. TORONTO, MAY 1890.**

“Mrs. Aubin had no sooner started for Canada than her sailor husband died suddenly; dropped dead while walking on some street in Newfoundland; she thus landed in Canada a widow with several children, my husband, Phillip, the eldest, a mere lad of fourteen, among them. Phillip had to go to work. She just

stayed in Toronto and Phillip was taken by his uncle and learned the building business, particularising with plastering; as her boys grew they all learned trades.”

#### **HOW NAME AUBIN CHANGES TO OBN.**

“When the children went to school, the teacher very properly asked their names and recorded it, but the Channel Islanders had their own peculiar dialect, and the teacher put it down the way she heard it, ‘Oben.’ Evidently she did not trouble to ask how it was spelt; she might have asked them to ask their mother to write it on paper; she just wrote down Oben, as the children pronounced it, and Oben it has remained ever since.

“My maiden name was Florence Edith Grant” (sister to E.J. Grant, barrister, of Vancouver) “born in Paddington, London, of a family originally from Bratton, Wilts., near Salisbury Plains. I married Mr. Oben at the Church of Our Redeemer in Toronto, fifty-one years ago; we had celebrated our golden wedding before he passed away.”

#### **AN EARLY FUNERAL.**

“I was here before my husband. I came February 11, he came March 25, 1887. The doctor in Toronto ordered me away from the cold climate. My father brought me—my husband, mother, and brothers following as soon as he could make arrangements.

“The first funeral I saw in Vancouver was on Cordova Street; I saw it passing down between Abbott and Carrall streets. A girl had died; there was no hearse here then, so it was placed on top of a load of carrots which a man, they called him ‘Shorty,’ was taking out by horse-drawn wagon, of course to some farmer who had cattle out Mountain View Cemetery way; it was unavoidable, of course, there was not a hearse here; they simply had to use an express wagon.

#### **FIRST HEARSE.**

“The first hearse in Vancouver belonged to Frank Hart of Hart’s Opera House, and he stored it at Queen Bros., of the Stanley Park Stables, south side Georgia Street, between Granville and Seymour streets.” (Photo, Bailey Bros, in Archives.)

#### **FIRE OF 6 JUNE 1887.**

“On the night of June 6, 1887, we had a bad experience. There had been clearing fires at the rear of where we were living on Howe Street, and they got so bad with the high winds that we were in danger of being burned out. The Superintendent of the C.P.R., Mr. Abbott, came and told us there was a car on the track, and anyone who wanted to could go on the train and if it looked as if the town was going to burn up again, the engines would take the train away. As I was not very strong, having come to this country for my health, my husband insisted on my going with my father and mother and brother on the train. That afternoon a young girl had died and her father carried her dead body in his arms to the train and she was in the next compartment to us all night. Neighbours wished her father to bury her in his yard but he was afraid if the town did burn he would never find her body again. In the compartment on the other side of us were women and men from the Red Light district—Dupont Street it was, now Pender Street East. They were drinking, swearing, and it was just awful to hear them. It was sorrow and death on one side and Hell on the other, and all the time menaced by fire on all sides of us as we passed through blazing trees all along the track.”

#### **METHODIST CHURCH, FIRST AT CENTRAL PARK.**

“The first Methodist church in Central Park at Collingwood nearly, was started in this way. There was already a Presbyterian Church there, but an elderly lady, a Methodist, formerly a Mrs. Lawson, who had a son in Vancouver, but Mrs. Major by her second marriage, came to Mr. Oben, who was strict Church of England, as also I am, and said she did wish a Methodist Church could be started, as she preferred it to Presbyterian. Mr. Oben and I discussed the matter with her, and my husband said, ‘We have that big front room, you’ (addressing me) ‘have your organ,’ and so the church was started in our front room. The Rev. A.E. Green used to come out to hold the services in our house, and talk began to be of building a church. So Mr. Oben and others said, ‘Let us see Rev. Mr. Green.’ The next step was as follows. There was an old man, a Mr. Bunting, living on a lot which he had contracted to buy from Mr. H.A. Jones, a well-known early real estate man, but he was having difficulty in paying for it, so Mr. Oben went to Mr. Jones, a large

hearted man. Mr. Jones said in reply, 'I know this old Mr. Bunting will never be able to pay for the lot he is on; he's living in that old shack; if you church people will promise to look after the old man for the rest of his life, I will give you the lot as a present.' Ultimately he did. They agreed to look after the old gentleman, but he did not live long."

#### **COLLINGWOOD METHODIST CHURCH. KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, COLLINGWOOD.**

"The original Methodist Church was known as the Collingwood Methodist. It stood on Kingsway near Joyce Road, but it is gone now. The original Presbyterian Church was known as the Knox Presbyterian; both are now united as the Collingwood United Church."

#### **BAPTIST CHURCH. FIRST IMMERSION.**

"I have a vivid remembrance of the first church service I attended in Vancouver. It was a Baptist service held in a small room on Cordova Street. There were twelve people including the minister. The first baptism immersion was held in False Creek where a bridge used to cross on what used to be called Westminster Road. Now Main Street. This has all been filled in and now the railway stations are there."

#### **NEWSPAPERS, *THE PROVINCE*.**

"Roy, my son, now teacher and postmaster at Lasqueti Island for the last seven years, was the first boy who delivered the evening newspaper, *The Province*, around Central Park. The distances between homes was so great that his father bought him a pony so that he could ride around. He started with eighteen customers and before he quit to go to college, the route had been split up five different times, five boys instead of one. Roy did most of the soliciting."

(Edited by Mrs. Phillip Oben, and approved.)

#### **REFERENCES.**

*Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, 1932.

*Daily Province*, 31 July 1933.

Howay's *History of B.C.*

#### **CONVERSATION WITH MRS. FLORENCE OBEN, WIDOW OF THE LATE PHILLIP OBEN OF CENTRAL PARK, ETC., AT CITY HALL, 20 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

Major Matthews: A letter from Mr. F.W. Hart, Prince Rupert, received recently, denies that a girl's body was transported to burial on top of a load of carrots.

Mrs. Oben: "It was. I arrived here in February 1887 from Toronto with my mother; I had been ordered to the coast for my health; we came together; Mr. Oben came a month later in March, 1887. Mother and I stayed at a boarding house known as the 'Maison Dorée,' which is French for Gold House, and it was built next door to the Dougal House or the southwest corner of Cordova and Abbott streets. It was while we were staying at the Maison Dorée that I saw the funeral I speak of; Mother and I stood on the sidewalk and watched it; Mother was horrified, and spoke of it frequently. It was before there was any system of burials; we were newly arrived, observant, and the rough and ready methods improvised startled us.

"We learned that a servant girl at the Dougal House had committed suicide. The coffin was taken out of the Dougal House, and placed on top of a load of carrots. The wagon was driven by a man nicknamed 'Shorty'—I knew him only by that name; he drove the wagon for Robert Grant, who kept a general store near the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, next to Thos. Dunn's hardware store. Frank W. Hart's was right across the street. The wagon drove off up the Westminster Road way. The story is quite true; the only witness, besides myself, was, as far as I know, my mother, who is dead now."

Major Matthews: I don't think the Mountain View Cemetery was opened then—February or March 1887. They used to bury Indians and Chinamen on Deadman's Island, and take whites to New Westminster; do you suppose they were taking the body to New Westminster?

Mrs. Oben: "Perhaps they were; I don't know where they went to; they went off up the Westminster Road."

Major Matthews: Were there many carrots in the wagon?

Mrs. Oben: "Well, you know what half a ton looks like."

#### **SMITH AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK.**

Mrs. Oben is authority for statement that Smith Avenue is named after Maxwell Smith, the first postmaster at Central Park, and a well-known British Columbian.

#### **PATERSON AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK.**

Mrs. Oben also says, "It was named after D.C. Paterson, who had a boiler works—I think the Vulcan Boiler Works—in New Westminster; he has a son in Vancouver—a barrister, who went to the war, was invalided home, and died about 1931. The family live on Edmonds Street, Edmonds, B.C., right behind the Burnaby Municipal Hall."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. PHILLIP OBEN, RELICT OF PHILLIP OBEN OF CENTRAL PARK, 28 JUNE 1934.**

#### **THE WEST END. CLEARING THE FOREST OFF. HOWE STREET.**

"I came to Vancouver on February 11, 1887. Mr. Oben followed on March 25, 1887. Almost immediately Mr. Oben became engaged in building houses. First we built the houses on Howe Street, on the west side; there were two lots between our houses and Pender Street; there is a big garage" (537 Howe Street) "there now." (Note: the houses were south of the lane running east and west.) "That was the same summer as we arrived; Howe Street was graded that summer so that Mr. Oben could get his lumber in to build; the same summer as the fire scare of June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1887. Two of the four houses we sold to Dr. Bodington." (See *Early Vancouver*, Schetky, in Vol. 1, and *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

#### **FIRE OF 1887 (SECOND FIRE).**

"At the time of that fire there were all kinds of people, a crowd of them, standing at the corner of Hastings and Granville streets; they were afraid that if our Howe Street houses caught, that the Leland Hotel, a great big wooden building on Hastings Street, south side, close to the corner of Granville Street, would catch too, and if the Leland Hotel got on fire, that great big wooden building would set the whole town on fire again."

#### **GEORGIA AND JERVIS STREETS. SLASHING IN THE WEST END.**

"Then, in the fall of 1887, Mr. Oben bought the property at the southeast corner of Georgia and Jervis streets. I know it was the fall of 1887, because the house was damp when we moved in. The timber" (trees) "were not standing; they had been felled, and the ground slashed, but the debris was lying on the ground because he had to clear it away before he could build. He built a small five-room house for us to live in. I was very poorly at the time, and it was while I was so poorly that he got the contract for cutting the forest off the West End. That was in the spring, or about" (1888), "the following year. It took quite a while to clear the forest off; that was done in 1889, and I don't think it was quite finished until 1890."

#### **LORD STANLEY AND STANLEY PARK.**

"It was being finished as Lord and Lady Stanley opened Stanley Park, because I remember being at the ceremony; there was a man named Avison—he was the first official in charge of Stanley Park, and lived across the bridge—and we were at Avison's place the day the park was opened."

#### **OBEN'S CAMP.**

"Mr. Oben's camp was down at the bottom, below Georgia Street, between Nicola and Denman streets, down on the waterfront where those ship-building places are now, a long wooden shack, 50 or 60 feet long, with a kitchen at one end, and the bunkhouse included under the same roof. It is nothing like this photograph numbered 56 which you say is in the Provincial Archives, and supposed to have been taken by Mr. Dally in 1867-70."

### **GEORGIA STREET TRAIL.**

"After the Georgia Street Trail was cut, the land was comparatively clear of trees below Georgia Street; nothing like this photograph. Beyond the bunkhouse, further west, a half-breed woman—she had two daughters, and her husband was a ne'er-do-well white man—lived; the city evicted them, and there was a great to-do about it. They were squatters; had a garden there, and a little shabby sort of house. Mr. Oben's bunkhouse was fifty or sixty feet long, but while the white men drove the oxen, it was the Chinamen who did the work; at one time, there must have been 150 Chinamen there; I remember, because they were always playing tricks on them, and some times in the middle of the night someone would strike the gong outside the cookhouse" (big steel triangle) "and get them all out of bed on the pretense that the place was on fire."

### **CLEARING THE FOREST OFF THE WEST END. BULL PUNCHERS.**

"Then there was a great runway for timber coming out of the woods; it shot out into the water; but below Georgia Street was all cleared land. I used to go down into the woods south of Georgia Street to see the oxen; I had never seen oxen being driven in the woods and I got into a 'spat' with one of the bull punchers. The bull punchers had a long pole with an iron spike on the end, with which they prodded the oxen when they thought it necessary, and I saw one bull puncher do this and bring the blood, and I told him what I thought of his cruelty; so they ordered me out of the bush, and told me to stay out."

### **J.J. NICKSON. CAPILANO WATER WORKS.**

"Before the work of clearing was finished, that is, the clearing of the trees from the brow of the hill to Stanley Park, Mr. Nickson came over from Victoria in connection with the Capilano Water Works, and went to live on Melville Street as our neighbour" (see T.R. Nickson), "and Mr. Oben and Mr. Nickson became very friendly; that was how Mr. Oben got connected with the water works and made the famous trip to Capilano." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

### **CAPILANO WATER.**

Joseph W. McFarland, secretary, Vancouver Water Works, called for tenders for construction of dam and weir at Capilano River on 23 December 1887. Some months later the contractor threw up his contract, and the work was completed by others.

The water first flowed through pipes under the First Narrows at ten minutes past eleven on 25 March 1889. (See *News-Advertiser*, 26 March 1889.) There is a very long report, and a very complete one, several columns long, of the whole history of the Water Works in the *News-Advertiser* about this time.

### **CONVERSATION, JUNE 1933, WITH J.W. MCFARLAND, FORMERLY SECRETARY, CAPILANO WATER WORKS BEFORE SALE TO CITY OF VANCOUVER**

After telling him of W.F. Findlay's recollection of Mayor Oppenheimer's conversation with Lewis Carter re Capilano water pipes under First Narrows: (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

"No, Bill Findlay's wrong. How could Oppenheimer be advocating the Capilano Water System? Oppenheimer was mixed up in the Coquitlam Water Works scheme, which was defeated. Mr. Findlay must have been confused, or you have been, or some other explanation applies. I don't know. What I do know is that when I cleared out our offices and sold Mahon, McFarland and Mahon to the Royal Trust Co., that I gave all my early newspaper clippings, etc., etc., to the City Engineer at that time; and they never said thank you. They were wonderfully complete plans. The early engineers surveyed all the watersheds; they even went up as far as—what's the name of that lake the B.C. Electric Railway Company have been doing development works on? The Allouette, that's it; they surveyed all around for water. All that work was done long before the Greater Vancouver Water Board came into existence. We had a charter to build a tunnel under the Narrows." (Note: the above-mentioned papers are now in the Vancouver Public Library.)

### **C.P.R. S.S. *ABYSSINIA*.**

"I lived in the cottage shown in the photograph of Vancouver, 1886, as not being burned in the fire. While I was in the cottage, one night, I heard a moaning sort of howl, and went outdoors to 'murder' a supposed cat, but it was the C.P.R. *Abyssinia*, the first steamer to the Orient, coming in. We were not accustomed to such noises in those days.

"The above cottage was on Dunlevy Avenue, just below Powell Street. That was the 'swell' residential district in those days. Those who lived there were R.H. Alexander, R.G. Tatlow, C.E. Hope, Henry Bell-Irving, John Boulton, Thos. F. McGuigan, Mayor MacLean, and—myself."

### **ST. JAMES CHURCH AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE TREE.**

"St. James Church was at the foot of Westminster Avenue. The Princess Louise Tree was just west of the corner of Gore Avenue. Those buildings behind are tenement buildings, on Powell Street, I think. Single men paid \$5 a month for them, and eked out a living; a loaf of bread and some fish, or clams.

"F.W. Hart's place was on Alexander Street, about where the Europe Hotel is now; one of those shacks on the beach east of the Sunnyside is my office. My Chinese servant saved my laundry; it was clean, just come from the laundryman. He took it down to Hastings, but it got dirty, and had to be rewashed; for a time I was the only man in town with a white shirt."

### **CONVERSATION WITH MR. THOMAS RALPH NICKSON, OF STANLEY PARK MANOR, VANCOUVER, 5 OCTOBER 1933, AT CITY HALL.**

#### **J.J. NICKSON. VANCOUVER.**

"My father, John Joseph Nickson, was born in Runcorn, Cheshire, near Liverpool, England, and left there, together with his family, consisting of my mother and three children, for British Columbia in 1885, travelling from Liverpool to New York on the S.S. *Baltic*, thence via Northern Pacific Railway to Portland, thence to Tacoma, and from Tacoma to Victoria, where he arrived in the month of April 1885. The family consisted of my mother," (née Miss Jane Allen of Birkenhead, Cheshire) "an elder sister Catherine Louise, myself" (Thomas Ralph) "and a sister Lindsay. My father was educated at the Liverpool Institute, Liverpool."

#### **ESQUIMALT AND NANAIMO RAILWAY.**

"On arrival in Victoria, he secured a subcontract under Bell, Larkin and Patterson, to build the bridges and trestles between Victoria and Shawnigan on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway then under construction, and built all the wooden bridges from Victoria north to Shawnigan. He had been a bridge contractor on railways in England. My uncle, Thomas Ralph Nickson of Liverpool, a civil engineer, and formerly a partner of my father's in England, came out to Victoria, but he did not like the construction of the bridges after he had seen the drift bolts—said there was not enough iron in them—and returned to England where he became associated with Messrs. Lever Bros. of Port Sunlight, building their Sunlight Soap Plant there, and laying out their townsite."

#### **VICTORIA WATER WORKS.**

"My father next secured an appointment as superintendent of construction of the Victoria Water Works system, which procured its water from Elk Lake. He was not impressed with the source of supply of water, contending that the water from Elk Lake was of poor quality, but other plans were too costly—there was not enough money to go further away for better water—so the Elk Lake plant was built. He superintended the laying of all the steel pipe, with lead joints; employed by the City of Victoria, of course, that was about 1886."

#### **VANCOUVER WATER WORKS.**

"In the fall of 1888, my father was appointed by John Irving of Victoria, Superintendent of the Vancouver Water Works Company, and then we moved to Vancouver. We came over to Vancouver on the old *Princess Louise* and went to live in a small shack built on land which my father had purchased from the C.P.R. The exact spot is now 1270 Melville Street. It was a cheap board and batten cabin of two rooms, without garden or anything of that sort, and surrounded by enormous stumps of cedar and fir trees in all

directions from Granville Street to Nicola Street. I recall that the night we arrived from Victoria, Steve Maddison, afterwards Water Works Superintendent for the City of Vancouver, was working at the shack. He was then a boy and was trained by my father."

#### **C.P.R. CLEARING WEST END. WILD OXEN IN STANLEY PARK.**

"The C.P.R. clearing had been slashed pretty well as far as the brow of the hill sloping down from Nicola Street; beyond that was forest. Phillip Oben was logging there with oxen, and some of the oxen got loose, wandered off, invaded Stanley Park, and could not be found again. The rumour got around that there were wild bulls in Stanley Park" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2) "and children were warned not to go there. Burning stumps and smoke were in evidence in all directions from Hastings Mill westwards.

"Where the Canadian Bank of Commerce now stands at the corner of Granville and Hastings Street, there was a one-storey grocery store" (DesBrisay's.) "Hastings Street was a corduroy road, with a three-plank sidewalk on the south side running past the old Leland Hotel. Georgia Street was just being opened up, and had reached about as far as Howe Street. Beyond that there was a slashing as far as Stanley Park. The skids had been taken up on Georgia Street as far as Howe Street, and a narrow trail, sufficiently good to get a light wagon over with a load of furniture remained where the skid road had been. To reach our house we turned down the hill to what is now Melville Street; there was no other means of access at that time. My father petitioned to have Melville Street opened up."

#### **VANCOUVER WATER WORKS. FIRST DAM AT CAPILANO.**

"The first work was the slashing of the pipe line down Georgia Street, the putting of the road in readiness, and digging the ditch for the pipes. Then the Pipe Line Road was slashed through the park, the Narrows crossed in boats, and the slashing went on up almost to the site of the present intake up the Capilano River. They then started to put in the log cribbing at the first dam, and finally Steve Maddison's father became the first caretaker at the Dam.

"The ditch from Georgia Street to the intake having been completed for the receiving of the pipe, the drawing of the second line of pipe under the Narrows was undertaken and took three summer months to complete. The pipes were pulled across with a windlass and horses; and the launchways were built on the north side, and the pipe put together on the north shore. It was completed without mishap. Llewellyn was the diver." (See photograph attached.)

#### **WATER REACHES VANCOUVER. S.S. ABYSSINIA BREAKS MAIN.**

"The water, when turned on, came through the pipes quite as expected, but not long afterwards the steamer *Abyssinia* 'sat' on the pipe and there was a 'compound fracture' for one end of the pipe went west and the other went east. However, in due course it was repaired, but in the interval Vancouver went around getting its water from horse-drawn wagons and buckets. When the pipe line had been repaired, my father put on a diver's suit, went down, and inspected the work himself.

"He then became the general superintendent of the company; J.W. McFarland was secretary, and Geo. H. Keefer, engineer. The first office was located on Hastings Street, about midway between Columbia Street and Westminster Avenue" (now Main Street.) "On the south side. It was a little wooden building" (about the site of the present Hotel Howard.) "This arrangement continued until the City purchased the Vancouver Water Works Company, by which time a third pipe line had been laid across the First Narrows. When the City took over the Water Works, my father was appointed Superintendent, which post he held for many years. Later when Colonel Tracy was appointed City Engineer, my father resigned, and went to New Westminster as manager of the Gas Works there. Some time later he formed the Vancouver Construction Company in partnership with Tom McGuigan, City Clerk, and myself—then a youth."

#### **SEWERS AND WATER MAINS, VANCOUVER.**

"He constructed a very large number of the original water mains and sewers on the streets of Vancouver, and the first septic tanks."

#### **C.P.R. IRRIGATION DITCH, CALGARY.**

"He also built the intake, and started the great C.P.R. Irrigation Ditch (I think it is about 200 miles long) in Alberta."

### **FIRST CRUSHED ROCK. COAST QUARRIES LIMITED.**

"We secured the contract from the City to supply them with crushed rock for the streets. It started in this way: a man named Captain Williams had started a little stone quarry at Granite Falls up the north arm of the Inlet. We bought him out and formed the Coast Quarries Limited. The Canadian Pacific Railway had used rock previously to rip-rap the fills of their track from Port Moody, and to prevent the fills from being undermined by the wash of the sea, but the man who did that got his rocks, etc., from the shores and beaches of the North Arm, much of it around the Jug Island area. Later we sold the Coast Quarries to the Dominion Trust Company of Vancouver, and they in turn sold it to the late Mr. Bicknell, whose son still operates the old quarry at Granite Falls."

### **LIKELY, B.C.**

"At an earlier date, when the Golden River Quesnel Mining Company started at Quesnelle Lake" (now known as Likely, B.C.) "my father built the dam there for that company. It was a tremendous task, coasting approximately two million dollars. His old camp site is now called Likely, B.C."

### **EARLY "RADIO."**

"Another incident might interest you. We had an organ in our home on Melville Street; also a telephone to the dam at the intake, and we used to play the organ, and at the same time remove the telephone receiver, and the lonely men at the intake would have music over the telephone wire from our organ."

### **TELEPHONE: FIRST ACROSS NARROWS.**

"The first telephone across the Narrows was stretched from the top of Prospect Point; the first steamer which came along tore it down; afterwards it was put in a cable."

### **EARLY STREET CARS – ROBSON STREET.**

"You know, the first street cars on Robson Street ran to a terminus about Nicola Street; well, they ran right up to the forest then."

### **CAMPING AT ENGLISH BAY.**

"Then again, we used to camp on the beach at English Bay in the summer, just set our tents down anywhere along the beach, where it suited us."

### **RETIREMENT TO SECHELT.**

"Father began to retire from active business about 1907. He went, at first, to look after a small quarry we had at Sechelt, and from which we got the first rock paving blocks used for paving the downtown lanes. It was a small quarry located about two miles west of the Indian village of Sechelt. He remained at Sechelt until he died of heart disease on July 12, 1912, and he was buried with Masonic honours" (Cascade Lodge) "in Mountain View Cemetery, Vancouver."

### **MRS. NICKSON, SECHELT.**

"Mother still resides at Sechelt; a home has been built there, some acres cleared, and known by the cognomen of 'Rexwood.' Mother was 78 on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, 1933."

### **THE BELL OF THE HUDSON'S BAY STEAMER *BEAVER*.**

"It was Mother who presented the bell of the historic steamer *Beaver* to the gentlemen of the Merchants' Exchange, to be placed in their offices in the Marine Building; I think you will find an inscription upon it to that effect. It came into her possession through the fact we boys, her sons, and other boys, used to play around the wreck of the old *Beaver* at Prospect Point; we took the bell home, Mother treasured it for many years, and it was finally presented to the Merchants' Exchange."

### **THE OLD MELVILLE STREET SHACK.**

"Our first shack, the two-room affair, is at the back of the house at 1270 Melville Street, but on account of alterations is not recognisable now." (See photo of house built later on same land.)

### **LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN VISIT VANCOUVER. EARLY SCHOOLS.**

"This photograph, by Bailey and Neelands, of a great group of children on a grandstand adorned with bunting and flags, etc., is of a school children's reception to His Excellency the Governor General Lord

Aberdeen, and Lady Aberdeen. All the school children were there; they came from the Central School on Pender Street, and from the little wooden school house which stood on Burrard Street, at the corner of Barclay and Burrard." (The Aberdeen School is built there now.) "The Dawson School further south was built afterwards. I am somewhere in the group; Mother is also. The children of all schools were given a holiday and sang songs from the grandstand, for the edification of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. This took place in the C.P.R. Park, which faced the Hotel Vancouver." (Photo No. ?)

#### **CHILDREN OF THE LATE JOHN JOSEPH NICKSON AND MRS. NICKSON OF SECHLT, B.C.**

(Eight—three sons and five daughters.)

Catherine Louise, born at New Brighton, near Birkenhead, Cheshire, England. Widow of the late Fred S. Deal.

Thomas Ralph, born at Seacombe, near Birkenhead, Cheshire, England. Married Bay Banfield, daughter of J.J. Banfield; has three sons—John, Allen, Rex. (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: died 16 or 17 March 1939.)

Margaret Jane Lindsay, born at Somerville, near Birkenhead, Cheshire, England. Unmarried.

Edith Hilda Charlotte, born Cobble Hill, Shawnigan Lake, B.C. Widow of late Arthur Follett Paddon; has two children—Edith Frances Jane, John Reginald.

Martha Beatrice, born 1270 Melville Street, Vancouver, B.C. Married E.S. Baylis; has two sons—John, Denbigh Hoults.

John Reginald Washington, born at 1270 Melville Street, Vancouver, B.C. Went overseas in 1915 with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Canadian Mounted Rifles; afterwards Pilot in the Royal Flying Corps, in England; was killed on 2 January 1918 whilst training an American airman to use "Bristol Fighter" aeroplane. Was unmarried.

Robert Harold, born at 1270 Melville Street, Vancouver, B.C. Unmarried.

Jessie Irene, born at New Westminster, B.C. Married Major Thomas Douglas Sutherland, D.S.O., M.C., etc., Imperial Army. Has one son—Thomas Douglas Lindsay Sutherland.

N.B. "I notice that no mention is made of the work Father did for the Canadian Pacific Railway, including the work in connection with the Loop—Cambie Station, the Roundhouses he built for them in Regina and Kamloops—also the clearing of the original Shaughnessy Heights.

"Other works which might also be mentioned are:

"Building the Railway in the State of Washington.

"Clearing of the land in North Vancouver for the Lonsdale Estate.

"The railway, etc. built for some American firm at Three Valleys. (Mr. Mundy was one of the principals.)

"The first stone sea wall at English Bay, built near the entrance to Stanley Park, for Dr. Lefevre."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. JANE NICKSON, MOTHER OF T.R. NICKSON, 13 JUNE 1934.**

(After reading her son's narrative to her.)

##### **CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.**

"The one-storey grocery was DesBrisay's; I got my first groceries there." (Southeast corner Hastings and Granville Street. See photo No. ?)

##### **GEORGIA STREET.**

"The cart bringing our furniture got stuck in the mud on Georgia Street about Thurlow Street, and we had to carry it; everything, down to our cabin on Melville Street."

### **VANCOUVER WATER WORKS.**

"McGillvary pulled the first line of pipe over, my husband pulled the second; they were taken up again, I believe, about a month ago; no longer of use now that the tunnel is completed."

### **S.S. ABYSSINIA BREAKS WATER MAIN.**

"The water pressure gauge was in our house, and I used to watch the gauge; a gauge like a steam gauge; if the pressure went down, the indicator needle went back. I saw the pressure had gone, and telephoned the water works.

"The people used to come to my house, too, for water. We had a big cistern made of wood and lined with lead or zinc; all my neighbours came to us for water."

### **LIKELY, B.C.**

"They nicknamed my husband 'The Beaver'—i.e., because he built the dam."

### **EARLY STREET CARS – ROBSON STREET.**

"Yes, the end of the street car line was about Nicola Street. Oben was clearing the forest at the time." (See Oben.) "The street cars went right up to the forest on Robson Street." (Note: the first street cars in Vancouver operated 26 June 1890.)

### **BELL OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY BEAVER.**

"I used it for a call to meals at one time; used to strike it."

### **CLEARING OF SHAUGHNESSY.**

"He was the first one to start the clearing of Shaughnessy Heights and started the first fires of the huge pyramids of stumps piled up for burning."

### **GRANVILLE STREET SIDEWALK.**

"I don't know who the boys who had the play house Captain Nye speaks of" (Vol. 2) "underneath the Granville Street sidewalk" (west side) "unless it was my boys or the Dunn boys; there weren't many boys around in those days. I used to walk over that way, through the swampy land, and bushes; it might have been myself whom Captain Nye heard calling across to him." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH T.R. NICKSON, 13 SEPTEMBER 1934.**

### **GRANVILLE STREET.**

(See Captain Nye in *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, re boys having a play house lined with newspapers under the Granville Street sidewalk, west side, between Dunsmuir and Georgia streets.)

"That was our little playhouse; just a little place under the sidewalk, lined with newspapers, a bit of a table the boys had made, and a few boxes for seats and heater, just a little heater. I don't recall just who all the boys were which used it, there was not such a heck of a lot of boys around, but there were Norman and Andy Forbes" (Forbes Realty Co.) "and Ralph Berteau, and the Dunn boys" (Thomas Dunn's sons.) "It was only about six feet square. We used to be pretending to sell newspapers, and when we saw anyone coming who knew us, we ducked into there out of sight. The C.P.R. had their park there at the time."

### **MOODYVILLE.**

"The Spit, Moodyville! Oh, the sawdust pile. I remember winning a race there, a running race. We ran around and around and around. I won. Old Captain Mellon was a judge, and was to give me a prize, but I never got it."

### **CONVERSATION WITH MRS. J.Z. HALL (NÉE GREER).**

Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, and "The Fight for Kitsilano Beach."

#### **GREER'S BEACH. KITSILANO BEACH.**

"We wanted for nothing. If we wanted any trout, we just took a boat and came along the shore; there were lots in the sea and streams. We could shoot, too. We very nearly lived in the boats.

Query: What about smelts?

Mrs. Hall: "Oh, we did not bother about them. The smelts were there in shiploads, yes shiploads. We could fill a boat in fifteen minutes. I myself, as a girl, have filled three or four sacks—potato sacks—and towed them behind the boat. You could almost tip the boat over, and fill it. But they have all gone now. Now, where do you suppose they have gone to?"

### **CONVERSATION WITH PAUL MARMETTE, 19 JUNE 1933.**

#### **FALSE CREEK, 1888-1889, NOW GRANVILLE ISLAND.**

"Those piles which you see driven in a sort of great circle enclosing the sandbar, now known as Granville Island, were driven about 1888-9 for or by Mr. Vashon, a contractor who cut out piles for the C.P.R. He tried to preempt the bar—they were not to hold logs, but to mark the boundaries of his preemption. I don't know the details, or who or what was behind him. He was very secretive about it. All I know is that he tried to preempt that sandbar in False Creek, and either the city or the government stopped him. The day of the Great Fire they phoned us that Vancouver was burning, so he and I took a boat, and it took us an hour or more to row from Hastings to Hastings Mill—the wind was so strong we could make little headway, and Mr. Vashon was a strong man. The boat was half full of water by the time we got to the mill. He was drowned near Dawson, Yukon Territory, afterwards; his wife still lives, I think. At the Hastings Mill, Mrs. Alexander was attending to a woman—dying from burns, her face was all black." (See well-known photo, "West End 1890.")

#### **ATHLETICS, GEORGE BLACK'S. HASTINGS.**

"The C.P.R. offices at Hastings, where I drew the bridge plans, was a two-storey house; no dances were held in it in my time. West of this house was the recreation field. The C.P.R. used to run special trains on Saturday afternoons during 1887-1888 to the football matches held there."

### **NEWS-ADVERTISER, 5 JANUARY 1889.**

#### **FIRST GRANVILLE STREET BRIDGE.**

"Formally opened yesterday, January 4<sup>th</sup>, by the Mayor" (Oppenheimer.) "Was designed by city engineer." (See Vol. 2.)

### **10 MAY 1933 – WILD ANIMALS. KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE.**

"One night, it must have been about 1906, I was returning to Kitsilano Beach by street car when, as we passed through the Indian Reserve, the street car ran over a skunk, and oh boy! And my friend—I don't know his name, but he is a member of Composite Masonic Lodge—made fearful grimaces, and wildly waved his hands across his nose, while we laughed at his antics illustrating his vivid memories of a smell twenty-seven years old; a pretty strong smell to be so lasting."

For further items re wild animals which lived around Kitsilano Beach see elk, muskrat, coon, wolf, (Wild Animals), etc.

**CONVERSATION WITH CAPTAIN HOLMES NEWCOMB, FORMERLY COMMANDER OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT STEAMER *KESTREL*.**

**EARLY SHIPBUILDING ON FALSE CREEK.**

Major Matthews: I have an old photo of the Leamy and Kyle mill on False Creek; it shows two vessels being constructed on the stocks; they tell me one of them was the old *City of Nanaimo* steamer. Do you happen to know what the other one was?

Captain Newcomb: "*Thistle*. I don't know just what she was; not tug; sealing schooner, I think."

**EXCERPT FROM *THE KITSILANO TIMES*, THURSDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1933.**

**OLD MILL IS DEMOLISHED.**

**RAT PORTAGE MILL IS BEING RAZED.**

One of the familiar landmarks on the West of Granville Bridge is slowly disappearing. Since the fire in the abandoned mill last spring wreckers have been busy taking what good timbers remained in the old Rat Portage mill, and, in the last few weeks, have started to take down the large sawdust burners near the creek-side.

The old company's offices are now occupied by the Finnsson Lumber Co., who have established a retail yard across the street on Second avenue. They are much interested in getting suburban trade, and carry a full stock of all lumber that may be needed by any householder or carpenter. They still use the old Rat Portage Lumber Co.'s phone number Bayview 354.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH ISAAC HENDERSON, OF 1045 MELVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER, 9 JULY 1934.**

**HASTINGS STREET SQUATTERS. HENDERSON BROS. JOHN B. AND ISAAC. CEDAR COVE.**

"My brother John B., commonly called 'Jay B.,' came to B.C. in 1875. He located at Chilliwack, near Popcum, and started to clear 160 acres with his newlywed bride. Got flooded out by the high water and had to build a raft to get wife away. He built about half of the town of Yale. He contracted to keep about 110 miles of the Cariboo Road, Yale to Cariboo, in repair during the building of the C.P.R. railway through the Fraser Canyon. The river rose again, washing out bridges and road. Was given a commission as Justice of the Peace for all B.C. He started the Dominion Sawmills, sash and door and furniture factory in New Westminster, afterwards the Royal City Planing Mills.

"He staked off a sixty-six foot lot on the south side of Hastings Street West, Vancouver, about 1884 or 1885, where the Columbia Theatre stood" (Lots 7 and part of 8, Block 29, D.L. 541) "and just east of Abbott Street South, after a fight with the C.P.R. his claim was allowed. His land was sixty-six feet frontage, which did not coincide with C.P.R. survey ideas; they surveyed the lots in twenty-five foot lots, so he afterwards bought the fraction, nine feet, from the C.P.R. He had quite a fight with the C.P.R. over it; there were four or five others who did the same."

**DOMINION SAWMILLS.**

"He was at that time manager of the Dominion Sawmills, and he put up a little shack, about ten feet square on the lot, and afterwards learned that an old cedar shake maker had gone to live in his little shack, so John came over from Westminster and made a deal with the old cedar shake maker to stay right there in the shack to hold it, and promised him half. Five or six of them had quite a time establishing their squatters' right. The property was afterwards sold for \$10,000."

(Note: an examination of the land registry records shows that the crown grant for D.L. 541 to the C.P.R. is dated 13 February 1886, and with certain exceptions, one being the old Court House Site—Victory Square—the whole area is granted to the C.P.R. It is therefore obvious that any arrangement re squatters rights was made between Mr. Henderson and the C.P.R.)

(Mr. Isaac Henderson, after reading and approving of above, says that the cases were subsequently—about a year—adjudicated in Victoria, and about four or five, of which J.B. was one, had their claims granted.)

(The Columbia Theatre stood on Lot 7, and west seventeen feet of Lot 8, Block 29 [42 feet frontage.] The National Theatre next door stood on east eight feet of Lot 8, and Lot 9 [33 feet frontage] east of Abbott Street, 62 Hastings West. See Cambie Survey, 22 February 1886, in Land Registry.)

#### **FIRST SCHOOL TRUSTEES.**

“John and myself had a wholesale grocery and food store on Cordova Street. John was one of the first three school trustees in Vancouver, with Dr. Beckingsdale, and Charleson of the C.P.R. The first school was situated about the corner of Cordova and Jackson Avenue. He built a shingle and sawmill at Cedar Cove.”

#### **CEDAR COVE. E.H. HEAPS AND CO.**

“He had a thousand dollars to start, and three hundred feet of water frontage and about seven hundred feet out into the inlet. When we started, shingles were two and a half a thousand, but by the time we got going they were selling for ninety or ninety-five cents, and E.H. Heaps, who had a mortgage of thirty-five hundred dollars, got possession of the property, including the house we built, where E.H. Heaps afterwards lived. John was always ‘missing things.’ Heaps wrote to him up country, where he was mining, asking what he would take for a quit claim to that mill property. W.H. Gallagher, the real estate man, still on Pender Street, advised him to claim for an equity, but he never bothered; same thing afterwards happened in Seattle, but he was so interested in mining. He could have been a millionaire. The property could have been sold later for a quarter or half a million dollars.”

#### **GREER’S BEACH.**

“Along with Sam Greer and Mr. Spinks they came very near getting 160 acres at Kitsilano Beach. He was also partner with Mr. Green, of Garesche, Green, bankers, and staked some hundreds of acres in what is now known as the Nicola Coal Fields on a half interest agreement with Green. Green died suddenly. John lost his copy of agreement with Green. He did not trouble the widow afterwards. This coal field was sold for \$150,000. John had no papers to show and did not bother the widow.

“Henderson Bros., myself” (Isaac) “and ‘Jay B.,’ were the first Hendersons in Vancouver. We brought in the first carload consignment of butter from the Eastern Townships, and also a lot of eggs from China. The Chinese eggs were all rotten. We threw them out on the manure pile at the back of the store, and now and then someone would kick one, it would explode like a bomb, and they would get” (laughingly) “the surprise of their life. That’s fifty years ago almost, and I can smell them yet. I tried to candle some, but they blew up in my face.

“John B. had ten children; three of the four sons were killed in the war, and the only other son is now living at Powell River. Of his six daughters, Mrs. Nelson is now a commercial traveller’s wife at Calgary; Mrs. Lutley lives near Wellington, B.C.; Mrs. Campbell” (dead) “was the wife of a government commissioner in New Westminster; Mrs.” (Eva) “Coughlan is in Calgary; Nellie is Mrs. St. John Miller at Calgary, and Mona is Mrs. Wilmot, a commercial traveller’s wife at Calgary. I am an old bachelor. J.C. Henderson had the general store at Chilliwack, and is a cousin of mine, and so was Dr. Henderson who practiced from Hope to Sumas; people used to send for him all over the country, and I have heard him tell that one night, when he was riding down the Cariboo Road, the water had washed out the road, and his horse slipped down the steep slope, and in the darkness he was afraid to move; and the mosquitoes were bad, so he had to stay there all night on the steep slide holding his horse, afraid to move until daylight came so that he could see.”

#### **ISAAC HENDERSON.**

“I came to Vancouver in July 1886. I picked up a newspaper one day in New York and read about the burning of Vancouver, but did not know there was such a place. After I got here I remember walking up to about the present corner of Hastings and Granville streets; just a trail winding in and out; the tree trunks were lying about criss-cross all over the place and there was a winding trail through them. Then the next year there was a fire up there” (6 June or 30 May.) “The place was all burning, so, after beating the fire

from 5 or 6 o'clock to midnight, I cleared out to the east end and let her burn; it was dry and there was so much rotten stuff about."

### **JOHN BAPTIST HENDERSON. HASTINGS STREET SQUATTER.**

Extract from narrative entitled "Story of an Old Timer of B.C." by J.B. Henderson (Preserved by Isaac Henderson; copy in Provincial Archives.)

About this time I got a note from one of the Hastings Mill Co.'s loggers, named Gillespie, that he had a small boom of cedar logs for sale over at "Gastown," and suggested that I should come over and see them. As the mill shipped nothing but fir at that time, their logging contractors were allowed to dispose of any cedar they might have run across. So I went over, bought the boom, and then, struck with the appearance of the harbour, and with a vision of its possibilities, I said, "Jim, get a shack built for me out in the woods here some place, and I'll settle with you for it." "All right," he said, "I'll do it."

Shortly before this Mr. Webster who was always very good to me, told me one day, "Henderson, you go over to 'Port Moody' and pick out 3 or 4 lots of mine, I won't ask you for any money until you sell them and make something out of the deal, I've got hundreds of them."

Port Moody was then the Govt. Terminus of the C.P.R.R., and had quite a boom on at that time. I believe he repeated this offer once or twice. So one day I got a horse and rode over there, spent the day sizing things up, saw the tide go out, leaving the mud flats bare, with a small strip of deep water where the Govt. had built a fine wharf on steel piles.

It didn't appeal to me at all and I did not accept his offer; but "Gastown"—as Vancouver was then called—looked quite different.

So the shack was built, about 12 by 12, shed roof, with one small window, cost me 27 dollars, and it stood where the Columbia theatre now stands on Hastings Street. I got an old fellow named Hyatt to live in it and hold possession of it for me, promising to give him half of it if I ever got title to it.

Some 12 other men mostly mill workers, or doing something over there, had built themselves little houses, scattered around for their own use, but possibly I was the only clear "Outsider" at that time, with any vision of the future.

Years before there had been a town called "Hastings" laid out by the Govt. and some lots sold at an upset price of 200 each—one chain by two—66 by 132—but they had been taken off the market long before.

### **SAM GREER. GREER'S BEACH.**

Going up to the Post Office one afternoon I saw Sam Greer (whom I had met at Chilliwack) standing on the sidewalk looking rather blue. He accosted me, when I stopped for a moment, and he told me all his troubles. It appeared that he and a man named Spinks had been struck with the possibilities of English Bay. They had found an old Indian who had been living beyond the line of his "Reservation" at Kitsilano for some twenty years. And he had agreed to sell out such interest as he may have had to them for \$125. Spinks had gone to Victoria to raise the money and be back by a certain date. The Indian was to be over by the time agreed on, and the money was to be paid over in the Indian Agent for that district, living in Westminster.

The day had come, the old "Enterprise" had arrived from Victoria—but no Spinks and no money.

This was the story he told me. Greer showed me a kind of an agreement ready for signature. "Now," he said, "John, if you can find the money for the Siwash, I'll guarantee you a third interest in this proposition." Of course I knew it was one chance in a thousand, but always ready to venture, I accepted the proposition—walked right across the street to the Bank of B.C., cashed my own cheque for 125 dollars and gave Greer the money—who left me with the expressed intention of going up to McTiernan's house to meet and pay the Siwash, and I believe this was done.

"Here endeth all that I find in John's pencillings in his Memorandum Book."

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH ISAAC HENDERSON, 13 SEPTEMBER 1934.**

### **FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. HASTINGS STREET.**

"I came here in August 1886. This photo, No. ?, is of the first church used by the Presbyterians after the Fire, up on the corner, on Westminster Avenue between Hastings and Oppenheimer streets. It was the one they used before they built the one called St. Andrew's on the northeast corner of Georgia and Richards streets.

"You know, it makes me smile to think of it; to think of Hastings Street in the winter of 1886-1887 after I came and before we got electric light a year or two later. In the winter, a great big pool of water on Hastings Street between Columbia and Carrall streets, great big pool spreading out all over the land about there; it was low land, almost level with high tide" (see Hugh E. Campbell re building bridge on Dupont Street, and Mayor Oppenheimer's brown book of printed reports) "and when, of a Sunday night, the people would be going up Hastings Street hill to the Presbyterian church on Westminster Avenue, they would use the stepping stones put down so that they could cross the pool. Not every one, but say one person in every little group, would have a lantern; a whole string of lights like fireflies, bobbing up and down in the dark." (See George Cary and the Cordova Street lanterns.)

### **WESTMINSTER AVENUE. ST. JAMES' CHURCH.**

"There was a young fellow sparking Miss Welsh who used to go to St. James' Church on Oppenheimer Street, and they came up from the Westminster Avenue Bridge way. Down by Prior Street the sidewalk was about six feet above the earth, and one night as she and her young fellow were coming along there was a yell. The young fellow, all dressed up for church, had stepped too near the edge of the sidewalk and fallen into the water."

### **HASTINGS AND GRANVILLE STREETS.**

"As I first saw the corner of Hastings and Granville streets, where the Post Office is now, the trees were all lying around; it was just a trail, and the water came up to the cliff on Cordova Street."

### **THE FIRST HOTEL VANCOUVER.**

"A story used to be told that, when Sir William Van Horne was visiting Vancouver about 1900, a gentleman approached him in the rotunda of the Hotel Vancouver and introduced himself as the architect of the hotel, and, the story goes—probably not true—that Sir William replied, 'Oh, you are the fool who built this.'

"The story simply illustrates the fact that the first hotel was a bit of a disappointment from an architectural point of view; a glance at photographs of the exterior will prove this."

### **INDIAN BURIAL GROUNDS.**

Some of the Indians' burial grounds, before the whiteman came, near Vancouver, were:

Deadman's Island in Coal Harbour. See *Early Vancouver*, Joseph Morton narrative, etc., Hill-Tout, etc.

Foot of Howe Street, False Creek. A tiny low island covered with a bit of grass and with a tree or two on it, was known as "Smamchuze" (see Jim Franks, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

Two bare rocks off Point Atkinson. See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.

Defence island, near Squamish.

Stanley Park:

Chaythoos, near Prospect Point. See *Early Vancouver*, volumes 2 and 3.

Whoi-Whoi. In First Narrows; see *Early Vancouver*.

### **LIONS GATE (FIRST NARROWS).**

*The Queen A Lady's Newspaper*, No. 2436, 2 September 1893, page 405, contains an article on Vancouver by Douglas Sladen which concludes with the words: "The most untiring of commercial nations has at last found the Lions Gate to the Western Pacific."

It is generally thought that the expression "Lions Gate" was a new cognomen "invented" and applied some years after the Great War, but a pamphlet issued by the Publicity Committee of North Shore Municipalities about 1926 says it was shown as "The Lions Gate" in old British Admiralty charts.

### **NEWCASTLE. WEST VANCOUVER. COAL.**

Some of the old Admiralty Charts show the name "Newcastle" as a town or village on the north shore just outside the First Narrows. In the "Secretary's Report, March 4, 1890, to the Vancouver Board of Trade," the secretary (A.H.B. Macgowan) states in part (see page 49, Mayor D. Oppenheimer's private printed notes), "A rich coal deposit is claimed to have been discovered on the north of Vancouver Harbour, on Burrard Inlet, nearly opposite the city. I hear the site is already named 'Newcastle.'" (See W.A. Grafton.)

### **FIRST BANK.**

The first bank in Vancouver was the Bank of British Columbia. Note: one of the matters engaging the attention of the City Council in 1887 was the establishment of a Post Office savings bank. See Mrs. Emily Eldon's experiences in Victoria, the week following the fire of 1886, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, J.S. Matthews, 1932.

### **YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**

Excerpt from *Daily News-Advertiser*, 13 November 1888, page 8: "There were about seventy men at the evangelistic meeting at the Y.M.C.A. last evening."

### **VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

Advertisement:

Lecture in aid of Vancouver Reading Room  
144 Cordova Street  
On Dec. 19  
Mr. George Pollay

Subject: "Labor Problems—Past and Present."

Mr. Pollay was the first librarian, Vancouver. Mrs. Pollay, over ninety, still lives (1934). Photo of both in Public Library. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.)

### **JANUARY 1934 – BRUNETTE RIVER.**

According to Mr. C.D. Gillanders, Central Drug Store, Cordova Street, Vancouver, this river is so named on account of the colour of its water, which, having its source in Burnaby Lake and surrounding peat bogs, is brownish.

Mr. Gillanders said, "My mother told me that her mother, Mrs. William Holmes, a settler on its banks in 1860, told her (my mother) that she (Mrs. Holmes) named it thus."

### **BURNABY CEMETERY (UNDEVELOPED CITY CEMETERY).**

At this date, 1934, it is said that there are four graves in this, as yet, undeveloped cemetery. All four are pauper burials, interred there for legal reasons, i.e., to escape taxation on land, which taxation does not apply to ground used as a cemetery.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH DR. A.M. ROBERTSON, 5 JULY 1934.**

### **FIRST HOSPITAL.**

"I arrived in Vancouver from Montréal in January 1887, and immediately started practice at the little old C.P.R. hospital with Dr. LeFevre; I had come from Montréal to enter partnership with Dr. LeFevre. The little hospital had nothing to do with the city, but a C.P.R. construction hospital. It was right on the corner of Powell and Campbell Avenue, or about there." (Note: Dr. Langis, Vol. 1, says "Not quite on corner, but on north side Powell Street, between Hawks and Campbell avenues.") "A little two-storey structure, or perhaps a storey and a half; a standard type building of that period, with a little verandah in front, two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. There were no tents in the surroundings, just the graded railway track without ties, and a mud road from Hastings, and plenty of stumps in the clearing nearby; it was down opposite where the old Barnard Castle Hotel used to be. The staff consisted of one man; his name was Hughes; he was nurse, cook, and everything else, and," (laughingly) "he was dirty too. It the two wards on the ground floor there were about six beds; usually we had two or three patients, sometimes as many as all the beds would hold.

"It was my duty to walk from Port Moody to Vancouver twice a week and back again; I walked down the right of way; there were no ties or rails down at that time, and I visited all the construction camps between here and Port Moody as I passed by.

"Then I became City Health Officer, and the C.P.R. and the City combined together to build the little old wooden hospital on Beatty Street, now on the lane corner, and used as a Labour Temple. Still later they built the first brick hospital on the southeast corner of Cambie and Dunsmuir, afterwards McGill college, now City Relief Office.

"Mayor MacLean, whose wife was buried today, was a very good speaker. I remember the speech he made down on the dock when the first C.P.R. train arrived; it was a fine speech."

## **CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAMES BROWN KAY, 1150 COMOX, 10 JULY 1934.**

### **VANCOUVER'S FIRST HOSPITAL.**

"What Dr. A.M. Robertson said to you on July 5, as you read it to me, is absolutely correct. Hughes was a Welshman who came here on a sailing ship up to Moodyville. The only other things I know about him was that he slipped off a wharf in Seattle and was drowned. He was the 'whole thing' down at the little old C.P.R. hospital. I know, because I was a patient there, with mountain fever, for about a month in September or October 1887, under Dr. Beckingsdale; Dr. LeFevre used to come up too."

Query: Was Hughes dirty?

Mr. Kay: "He most certainly was. As Dr. Robertson says, he was cook, nurse, and everything else; he slept on a bunk in the kitchen.

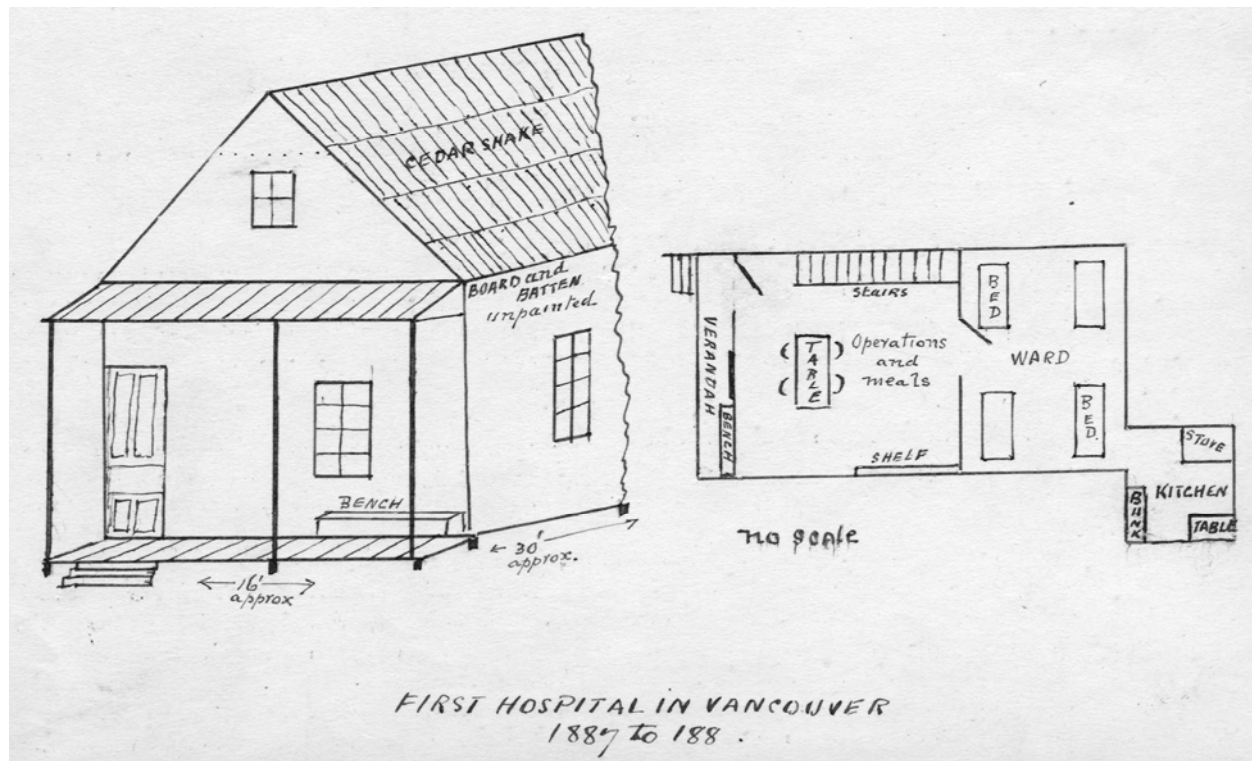
"The building was just a rough shack, no paint, and faced the water. It was just a few steps south from the mud road from Gastown to Hastings, and quite close to the C.P.R. track which was then without ties or rails; it was on the north side of what is now Powell Street; almost entirely surrounded by stumps of the clearing. A regular storey-and-a-half small building with a cedar shake roof, and a little narrow verandah along the front. There were four beds upstairs and four down. My bed was upstairs, and the ceiling was so low that I could touch it with my hand, and the sides were sloping. The verandah was narrow, with a door on the eastern corner; at the other end of the verandah, beneath the window, was a cheap board bench on which the patient used to sit and look out over the inlet. On entering the door, you passed in to the first small room where there was a table on which we had our meals, and also on which, when necessary, operations were performed; in one corner were some shelves on which doctors kept their paraphernalia and medicines; there was also a bed in the front room, which was not often used.

"Behind the front door a stair led up the wall of the building to the upstairs. No hall; you walked right in.

"The second room was behind the first" (downstairs) "and had four beds in it, and behind that was a bit of a kitchen in which there was a cook stove, a few shelves, and a bunk where Hughes used to sleep; the cook house or kitchen might have been a lean-to, but it was very small.

"Of course, it was a C.P.R. hospital, but the city also had an interest in it because, when that fireman got hurt, they sent him down there, and Mayor MacLean used to come down every day, and enquire how he was.

"The location is not easy to define, but Mouat, the bookkeeper at the Hastings Saw Mill, built two or three little cottages on the other side of the street about a block east of the hospital."



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_028

### CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAMES BROWN KAY, 1150 COMOX STREET, 12 OCTOBER 1933.

"I came to Vancouver in June 1887 from Manchester, England, just out on adventure. Then I heard they were wanting men on the C.P.R. and came on to Vancouver. I was born on 16<sup>th</sup> July 1862, married Miss Alice Dixon of Dumfries, Scotland, August 1910, at her home on Pender Street. There are no children, and we now live at 1150 Comox Street. Cousins are Charles Victor Kay and Stanley Kay of Point Grey."

### VANCOUVER ELECTRIC COMPANY.

"I started to work for the Vancouver Electric Co. in December 1892, as fireman in their Prior Street power house, then became engineer. We got our coal the, as now, on a scow up False Creek; our machines were Thomson Houston machines. It was the Vancouver Electric Co. then, now the B.C. Electric Co., and Oppenheimer was at the head of it. They had just moved from the first little plant near Abbott Street. The reason they moved was that Abbott Street was getting too small; they had only one boiler and one generator, so they moved the plant down to Prior Street, added more, and got Tom Barnet, who died last year, in charge as Chief Engineer, Mr. Jimmy Leslie, assistant engineer, and about four others—six, in all, was the entire staff in the machinery end of the company. Fares? Oh, cash, five cents, then got tickets afterwards.

"At the time I joined all they had in the way of track was from the Yale Hotel near Pacific Street to Campbell Avenue, and on up Westminster Avenue across the bridge to Ninth Avenue, Mount Pleasant, but not along Broadway; there was no track along Broadway" (9<sup>th</sup> Avenue) "for some time afterwards. They had six cars, just single track cars, all closed cars" (note: not according to other accounts) "at first; they got the open cars afterwards. We used to have lots of trouble in those days."

Query: How? Why?

Mr. Kay: "Well, getting up the hill at Mount Pleasant, the 'juice' was weak; probably some other car downtown was starting up just at the same moment, so the conductor would shut off the juice, wait a while and try again, and finally he got up the hill."

#### **C.P.R. WATER WELL.**

"That" (looking at photograph) "is the old C.P.R. wooden office at the foot of Richards Street; they had the best water well in town; everybody went there to get water; it was the best water in town."

#### **LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON (GOVERNOR GENERAL). CHRIST CHURCH. STANLEY PARK.**

"Everybody turned out the time Lord Stanley, the Governor General, drove around Stanley Park. I don't know just what they did as I stayed in town, but they finished at the Hotel Vancouver, and he made a big speech from the steps of the Hotel Vancouver. He went to Christ Church the next day, Sunday, and I sat behind him; I suppose he was the first of the many governors general who have since attended Christ Church."

#### **CRICKET. BRITANNIA CRICKET CLUB.**

"I attended St. James' Church as a rule; Father Clinton was quite a footballer and cricketer. I was secretary of the Britannia Cricket Club. It was started after the Vancouver Cricket Club, which was the first; the Britannia came after. We played at Brockton Point, and used cocoanut matting for a pitch; there was nothing else to do; you could not play without it."

#### **CONVERSATION WITH MR. JENKINSON, IN CHARGE OF METER DEPARTMENT, B.C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY, 11 OCTOBER 1933.**

##### **FIRST HOSPITAL ON POWELL STREET.**

"J.B. Kay will tell you about the" (first) "old hospital, the one down on Powell Street; he told me more than once. There was some fellow down there with a bad foot, and the doctor said it had to be cut off, but there was only one doctor, so he said to one of the patients that he would have to get out of bed and help him administer the anaesthetic. Kay was around in the hospital, too, but was going uptown. The doctor cut the foot off while Kay was away, and, you know, they had no place to put it, so the doctor took a shovel and dug a shallow hole in the earth and covered it up. When Kay came back from uptown, the patient who had helped said to him, 'Well, we cut it off,' and just then Kay turned around, and saw a dog, who had dug up the amputated foot out of the new earth, carry it towards the entrance door, and lay it on the mat."

#### **REMARK BY DR. F.W. ROBERTSON, MAY 1934.**

"Our first hospital, down on Powell Street, was just a cheap wooden place; nothing much, a good shelter of boards."

#### **CONVERSATION WITH MRS. (CAPT.) D.C. TUCK, 10 OCTOBER 1933.**

##### **JOHN BOULTBEE. THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.**

"John Boulton, first magistrate of Vancouver, went to Rossland afterwards, and was there when I was a child. I was just a little girl and had the odd desire to examine the bald spots—he had bald spots on his head, and let me feel them, move my finger over them; they interested me. Then I would worry him to tell me the story of the Great Fire" (of 1886) "in Vancouver, which he did over and over again, and he would say, 'Well, come here, and I'll tell you again.'"

"He told me the three bald spots—there were three of them, one over his ear, and two at the back of his head, about the size of a ten-cent piece—were caused by the burns he got in the fire at Vancouver. He was one of three men trapped by the fire, and they had to lie down, and burrow their faces in the earth, and struggle for breath that way, and the burns were caused by the hot embers falling on the back of his head."

(Note: Major C. Gardner Johnson was, I think, one of the others. I think the third was burned to death. J.S.M.)

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. TOM EVANS OF EVANS AND HASTINGS, 3 JULY 1934.**

**MAGISTRATE JOHN BOULTBEE. THE GREAT FIRE, 1886.**

"My wife was a Miss Alcock; her family kept a private hotel on Hastings Street, north side, around the corner from Carrall Street, where E.S. Knowlton now has his drug store. Her brother Jack saw the Great Fire coming on June 13, 1886, picked up a valise in which he kept his shooting material—he was fond of shooting—and dashed off down Carrall Street towards False Creek and the Royal City Mills. The valise was a little heavy, and the heat became so intense that he had to dash on to get away from it. My wife told me that Gardner Johnson and John Boulton followed running, and, seeing the grip on the ground, and being almost suffocated, lay down in its shelter with their faces close to the ground in an effort to breathe. The heat got so intense that the cartridges in the valise exploded, and the bullets struck the prostrate Magistrate Boulton in the back of the head; that accounts for the five or six bald patches in his scalp at the back of his head, which Mrs. Capt. D.C. Tuck speaks of as being allowed to amuse herself with by touching when she, as a little girl, sat on Mr. Boulton's knee, and which she says were about the size of a ten-cent piece. My wife has often told me this story, and I believe it implicitly to be true."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. MAURICE O'NEILL OF 2325 ROOSEVELT AVENUE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A., NOW ON A VISIT TO HIS SISTER, MRS. W. RAY NELSON, ROSECOURT APARTMENTS, 1336 WEST 11<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE, VANCOUVER, 11 AUGUST 1933.**

Mr. W.R. Nelson was killed some years ago in an automobile accident on the Malahat Drive. Their only child, Miss Leona Marie Nelson, is a U.B.C. student in Vancouver.

An item in *The Province*, 10 August 1933, states, "Morris O'Neill" ... "One of the telegraph operators at the time of the big fire of 1886" ... "introduced to City Council by Ald. H.J. DeGraves."

**EARLY TELEGRAPH.**

"The newspaper account is not strictly correct," said Mr. O'Neill. "I was at New Westminster at the time of the Great Fire. Harry J. Edwards was the operator in Vancouver; he was a small man, about 140 pounds or so, but very active; he would walk very fast. You see, in those days telegraph men were combination men, part lineman, part operator; when the line was down the operator had to go and fix it; he had to keep his line open. Harry Edwards died at Trail years ago; I last heard of his sister and brother in New Westminster."

Query: How did the line from Vancouver to Victoria run?

**TELEGRAPH TRAIL TO POINT GREY.**

Mr. O'Neill: "Why, by cable from Point Grey. Between Point Grey and Gastown the land line ran along a telegraph trail in the forest; the old trail was a 'terror,' you had to pick your way; it ran along the Spanish Banks Beach, then across Jericho, and along what is, roughly, now the Point Grey Road; just where it crossed False Creek, I don't recall; anyway it entered Gastown, went from there to New Westminster, New Road. I was never in the old telegraph office, destroyed in the Great Fire; I went to Westminster in 1885 as a boy, and was handling the 'Key' at twelve years of age; I left here in 1895; so that the period I speak of was between 1885 and 1895. Only those who have followed a forest telegraph trail know of its difficult passage. The Victoria people were great telegraph patrons; they kept us busy; they seemed to do all by wire." (See photo No. ?, Bailey Bros.)

**SAM GREER, OF GREER'S BEACH (KITSILANO BEACH).**

Query: Did Sam Greer ever give you any trouble? Cutting down poles, etc.?

Mr. O'Neill: "I don't think so. He threatened to; Harry Edwards used to have his little battles with him." (An injunction was issued by Mr. Justice Crease, afterwards quashed.) "I don't think he actually cut any down; he threatened a good many times, but never did it."

### C.P.R. TAKES OVER TELEGRAPH LINES.

Query: What is the meaning of the notation "via Sumas" on those Great Fire telegrams between Sir John A. Macdonald and Mayor MacLean of Vancouver?

Mr. O'Neill: "Our telegrams were accepted by the Western Union Telegraph at Sumas, at the boundary; we were a government telegraph line; that was before the Postal Telegraph built their line to the international boundary. Afterwards, early in 1897, the Canadian Pacific Railway took over the government telegraph lines. New Westminster was a busy little office. There was a line down to Ladner's from New Westminster, which made delivery from Ladner's, and to that district including the salmon canneries on the river bank. I don't remember whether the line from Vancouver to Moodyville via Hastings was a cable or wire stretched over the water; I don't think there was a line to Eburne; I don't recall any."

Footnote by Mr. O'Neill, his letter, 1 May 1934, from Victoria: "Very good, Major. We shall let it go as it is. With our kindest regards, Maurice O'Neill et al."

### MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. G.C. HODGE, 884 BUTE STREET, VANCOUVER, 22 JANUARY 1934.

#### BURRARD INLET AND NEW WESTMINSTER TELEPHONE COMPANY.

"I came here on 7<sup>th</sup> April 1891. J.J. Banfield and I slept in the same bunk all the way out on the train. I came to Vancouver for the first two or three months and then went over to Westminster to take over from Geo. Pittendrigh the management of the Burrard Inlet and New Westminster Telephone Company; Mrs. Geo. Pittendrigh was one of the first girl operators—she was Hattie Fowler; she has all the old telephone books for years and years.

"The first telephone operator here" (Vancouver) "was King; he worked for Tilley in the old bookstore, and it is through him that I get my information."

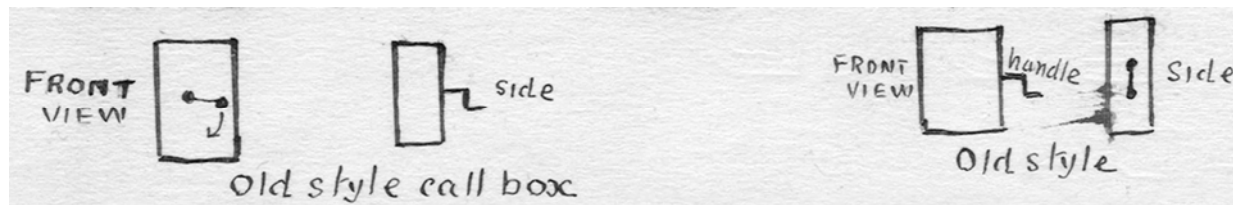
#### FIRST TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD. MOODYVILLE TELEPHONES.

"You know about the so-called *first* switchboard in Vancouver they have up at the B.C. Telephone Office. King told me that was not the first switchboard in Vancouver; it is the Moodyville switchboard. There used to be a cable run across to Moodyville from the Hastings Sawmill."

J.S.M.: From the Hastings Sawmill? Not from Hastings?

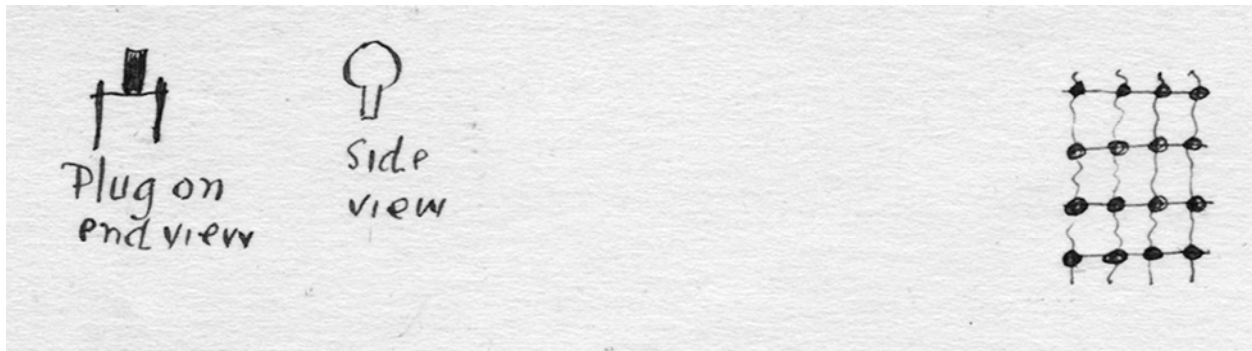
Mr. Hodge: "From the Hastings Sawmill; they would have had to run the line all the way back to Hastings, then across, and down through the brush on the other side to Moodyville. That cable was afterwards taken up and used at Nelson, the first cable across the lake at Nelson.

"No, the *first* switchboard in Vancouver is not at the B.C. Telephone Co.'s office. I think you'll find the *first* switchboard in Vancouver in the middle of Burrard Inlet. The one the B.C. Telephone have was the Moodyville switchboard. The first Vancouver switchboard was dumped into the centre of the inlet, about 1900, together with a very valuable lot, for historical purposes, of old telephones, and old equipment, cleaned out of the basement of the old Lefevre Block, northwest corner of Seymour and Hastings streets (Empire Block). I was in the Upper Country at the time it was done. There were a lot of old transmitters with cork diaphragms, and old magneto bells with the handle in the front and in the centre; you know afterwards they were on the side" (see diagram) "but these were in the centre. I am almost sure that in that bunch was the old Gilliland Board, which, *I would* say, was the *first* board in Vancouver."



tem # EarlyVan\_v3\_029

"You know the board was like this, and the plugs like this." (See diagrams.)



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_030

"The first thing was he rang out, then you rang back. Then he took down his receiver, then you said, 'Hello, what do you want?' He would reply, 'I want Jim Brown.' Then you would put your plug up there" (pointing.) "Then you would go along to Jim Brown's line, and ring him, and he would ring you, and then you would say, 'Tom Jones wants you'; then you would put the plug in here" (pointing.) "At Peterboro we had 100 phones, and honest to goodness that switchboard would take up from here to there." (About six feet.)

#### **HASTINGS ROAD TELEPHONE. HASTINGS.**

"The Hastings Road telephone was the first one, No. 10 iron wire, strung on split rail posts; the next one which was built came by the 'New Road'" (see Capt. E.S. Scoullar, who is incorrect) "by Joe Armstrong. That was just about the time I came with the company, manager of the N.W. and B.I. Telephone Co. The N.W. and B.I. Telephone line came by the 'New Road'" (Kingsway.)

#### **FIRST RADIO.**

(See also J.J. Nickson.)

"I equipped what I claim was the first radio in these parts. You see there was some kind of an opera or some theatrical company, at New Westminster. So I rigged up a dozen or so receivers in the rafters, and the people at the other end listened in on their receivers. That must have been in 1893, because in 1894 they put the cable across the Fraser and connected up with the U.S. telephone lines. The way I knew is because Joe Armstrong ordered the cable and then strung it across the river, and the flood came and washed it away, and Joe Armstrong had about seventeen cat fits, and had to get another. So it must have been after that that I did the same thing again. Another theatrical party came, and I did the same thing again, and that time I got the music and such right through to Seattle."

#### **POINT GREY ROAD.**

Query: What about the telegraph line along the Point Grey Road to Victoria?

Mr. Hodge: "I think the Point Grey Road must have been an Indian Trail. It would have been impossible for the Indians to get along the beach from Jericho" (E-yalmo) "when the tide was in, and they must have had a trail along the top of the bank, and of course, when the line to Victoria, the telegraph line, was put in, it would be natural for them to follow the old Indian trail. Then, if, as you say, Maurice O'Neill says Edwards, the first telegraph operator, used to go out on his horse to repair the line, he would naturally go along the trail, and the chances are that when the line was built they followed the Indian trail anyway; it would be easier. Then, when the trail was widened into a trail wide enough for a wagon, it would be widened where it was easiest, and it would be easiest where it had been travelled and more or less open. I think that is why Point Grey Road—the old one which we knew—is so crooked."

## **20 JANUARY 1934 – MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. G.C. HODGE OF 884 BUTE STREET, VANCOUVER.**

Who called to get information respecting early football in B.C. on which he is writing an article. As he was leaving, hand on door, he said, and then returned:

### **STANLEY PARK. GOLF. FIRST GOLF PLAYED IN B.C. WESTMINSTER.**

"But I'll tell you where the first game of golf was played, and who played it. It was played by Sandy MacFarlane" (A.R. MacFarlane), "his brother, Bob MacFarlane—I think he spells it 'lane'—and myself, on Moody Square, Westminster, in 1891. Sandy used to be secretary of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, a famous golf club at St. Andrew's, Scotland, and when he left they—the club or someone—presented him with those clubs, and he had three more, and three gutta-percha balls. Sandy and I dug the holes with a table knife, and used salmon tins for the holes, and cut the grass all around with a pair of scissors. I had played in the Old Country, and Bob, being Sandy's brother, knew something too; we were all players. So I got my clubs from Edinburgh—I brought them out with me. I was manager of the Burrard Inlet and New Westminster Telephone Co. at the time. Then a lot of people got interested.

"We ordered some clubs from Musselborough, just outside Edinburgh; the fellows wanted to play, so we got Johnnie Reid, of Reid and Currie, to make some cleeks. They were all handmade; that is, the iron part, and the shafts were made cut of hickory out of an old wagon pole which had been used by the Sappers and Miners in the building of the Cariboo Trail. Perhaps the only one of those in existence today is the one which belonged to Judge J.A. Forin, which he presented to the Spokane Golf Club. The shafts were not much thicker than the steel ones of today, and they would 'whip' like springs.

"Then Vancouver started; the first games were at Brockton Point, and we used to have to play over two fences; wonder how they would like *that* today!"

J.S.M.: What was your club named?

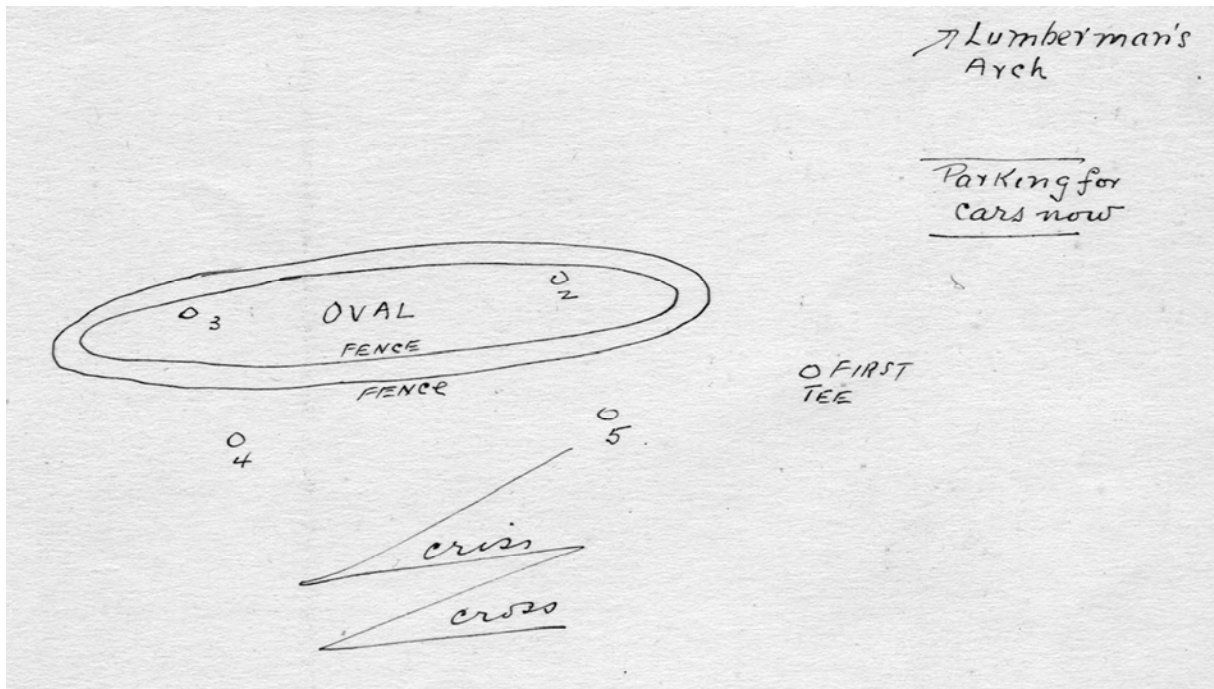
Mr. Hodge: "Oh yes! Westminster Golf Club. Bob MacFarlane was president, Sandy MacFarlane was vice-president and captain; I was secretary-treasurer, groundsman, club repairer, and golf ball remodeller, and we used girl caddies for which we paid the girls ten cents a game until somebody raised the price by paying the best looking girl two bits a game. We could not get any boys to caddy; they were too busy playing lacrosse—at its height then—they" (the boys) "used to take a huge delight, if your ball went anywhere near where they were playing, in picking it up and playing a game of catch with it, and the worst offenders of all were the present Hon. Wells-Gray, Acting Prime Minister, and L.A. Lewis" (Brunette Sawmill Co. afterwards) "who was a great lacrosse player. L.A. said any fool could hit that thing, so at the risk of getting a club broken I let him have two or three shots before he could hit the ball twenty feet, and then he said, 'that was a heck of game.' Then I said to him, 'L.A., I'm going to make a Scotch prediction to you, that some day you will be playing this game, and you will get so enthused over it that you will give up business to play it.'

"L.A. Lewis quit business many years ago, and I believe can be seen any day now playing on the Coquitlam Links. He held the senior golf championship of the province one year. He got to be a great fiend at it; worse than I ever was. Rather funny me predicting that."

J.S.M.: Did you say something about golf at Brockton Point?

Mr. Hodge: "Sure we played over two fences. I would say that was the first inter-club golf match in B.C.; I should judge 1892, no, more likely 1894. The tee was over by the First Narrows side of Brockton Point, and the first hole was over two fences, and high ones too. You had to be careful, you had got to get over two fences, and not go over the third—see diagram—I don't care how good a player today may be, I defy him to make that shot. I made it once in three—more by good luck than judgment.

"The first regular golf links in Vancouver was Jericho, then Shaughnessy. Coquitlam, I think, came next, then Point Grey, or Marine Drive, Hastings Park, Quilchena, Langara, University, I think in the order named, but am not absolutely positive. Stanley Park comes in somewhere, and Fraser Avenue last—if it is ever completed."



Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_031

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JONATHAN ROGERS, OF ROGERS BUILDING, GRANVILLE STREET, 5 JULY 1934.**

Mr. Rogers was a passenger on the first train into Vancouver.

**COLUMBIA STREET.**

"When I built the Commercial Block" (see photo no ?) "on Columbia Street between Powell and Oppenheimer streets, west side, a brick and stone building, butting on to the C.P.R. track at the rear, I had difficulty in getting a solid foundation; I cannot remember the exact particulars; it may have been sand, but Arthur Sullivan, the half-negro organist at the Methodist Church, and whose mother was a very early resident of Gastown, remarked to me at the time that he used to paddle a canoe through from Burrard Inlet to False Creek at that point." (See photo No. ?)

"L.A. Hamilton built and owned the little building" (see photo No. ?) "with a blunt steeple at the southeast corner of Hastings and Granville streets, where the Canadian Bank of Commerce now stands. The Rogers Building, built in 1911-1912, was the first ferro-concrete building in Canada."

**GEORGIA STREET TRAIL.**

"The first house on Georgia Street, west of Granville, was H.J. Cambie's, on the southeast corner of Thurlow. They were getting logs out of the West End at the time it was built, and the lumber for its construction was taken down a narrow winding trail through the stumps; probably an old logging trail; Georgia Street did not exist when Mr. Cambie built."

**HORSE RACES. GRANVILLE STREET.**

"In the spring of 1887 they were rushing the clearing of Granville Street from the Hotel Vancouver down to Davie so as to be able to hold the horse races on Dominion Day.

"I think Dr. LeFevre's house was on the west side of Howe Street. Mr. Abbott's was across the street on the corner of Howe and Hastings streets; A.G. Ferguson's was on the corner of Hastings and Hornby streets, where the Metropolitan Building is now; then there was quite a clear space until you reached J.C. Innes' on the corner of Burrard Street.

"The first three-storey brick building on the Mainland was the Wilson Block on the lane corner of Abbott and Cordova streets. It was pulled down when the Metropole Hotel was built on the same site, of recent years in its turn pulled down when the Woodward Department Store made the addition to their store."

#### **WILLIAM HAILSTONE.**

"I used to live with Hailstone. William Hailstone told me that at the time the Royal Engineers were making their survey of Vancouver in 1863, that they offered to put Deadman's Island in the preemption for \$7.50." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Joseph Morton.) "There are a good many stories told about how Deadman's Island got its name. I have heard one, that before the whiteman came there was some sort of an Indian battle, and that the Northern victors killed off the men and temporarily used Deadman's Island as an internment camp for the women prisoners, and that subsequently the Squamish dead were buried on Deadman's Island; it may be just a legend. I understand it was a sort of massacre in which several score, perhaps several hundred, Indians were killed." (See F.W. Alexander and W.A. Grafton.)

"Hailstone told me that when they lived in the little cabin on what is now Hastings Street, west of Burrard, that there was a little creek, and that they used to wash their plates and dishes in it once a week."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM A. GRAFTON, CITY HALL OFFICIAL IN EMPLOY OF VANCOUVER CITY FOR 17 YEARS, 24 MARCH 1934.**

##### **GRAFTON BAY. BOWEN ISLAND.**

"I was born at London, England, February 6, 1868, at Hacking, and came to Canada from London, first to Toronto. My two brothers left England about March 1885, I left March 1886, mother and sister about June 1886; we all stayed in Ontario, but the other four reached B.C. before I did. I got here in the summer of '87. We wanted to get land, but they said there was no good land near New Westminster, none over where North Vancouver is, so my brother located on Bowen Island as the best place. Between my brother and myself we preempted, all told, six hundred and forty acres, paid one dollar an acre, have got twenty yet. We built a log cabin, and we all stayed there on and off for many years; the old cabin must have fallen down by this time. We all worked together on the preemption."

##### **WILD ANIMALS. DEER, GROUSE, WOLVES.**

"The deer on Bowen Island were very thick; you could go out and get one any time; and so were the grouse. We used to shoot for the market. I had the reputation of getting the biggest deer ever shot in the province; that was one in the fall of 1891; it weighed 195 pounds, but it wasn't the biggest one I ever shot; the biggest was 225 pounds. At one time there were a lot of wolves on Bowen Island; they killed Beach's dog, and they killed Bill Eaton's dog, and you could always see the deer swimming in the water after being driven there by the wolves; wolves won't follow deer into the water. We never hunted deer in boots; always in moccasins; Chief George of Sechelt taught us how to make moccasins. I have sneaked up as close as twenty-five feet to a deer."

##### **HOWE SOUND AND SECHELT FERRY. NAVVY JACK.**

"In the ferry venture I was alone. I cruised about in a sloop, then started to run a ferry to Howe Sound, Squamish and Sechelt in my four-ton sloop—no engine, just sails, no name; no one was running there then. I was unmarried, did not marry until I was 37. Before I started, Navy Jack had run a sloop up and down once in a while, but when I started, no one was running a ferry up Howe Sound. Cates came a long time after. I docked my sloop at Andy Linton's boathouse at the foot of Carrall Street. I ran up and down once a week; had a contract with the brick yard, and also made special trips. There were only one or two settlers at Squamish at that time, but there were logging camps up Howe Sound; they were also logging at Sechelt then; hand loggers, French Canadians; they had jack screws, and cut the logs along the shore, and jacked them into the water, and they took out good stuff too; you had to be pretty particular what stuff you took out those days; got to be first-class stuff; the logs they take out now would never have been accepted then. The loggers used some oxen."

"I carried the men who made the bricks for the old Market" (City) "Hall up to Bowen Island; at least, when the scows came in for the bricks, that was what they said they had come for. Oppenheimer had a brick yard at Deep Cove. You see, there were two brick yards on Bowen Island. David Oppenheimer, Sam

Brighthouse, George Black and W.J. Armstrong of Armstrong and Morrison, had one yard, and it was from their yard that the bricks came to build the Market Hall. Their brick yard started with a water flume, and water wheel for power, but there was not enough water to run the wheel in the summer time, and they put in steam.” (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, Hemphill, who says some bricks came from Hong Kong.)

#### **FIRST SETTLER ON BOWEN ISLAND. WILLIAM EATON. JOSEPH MANNION.**

“A man named William Eaton—no children, but two klotches for wives, not both at the same time—was the first settler there, probably the first settler on Bowen Island. Eaton leased the waterfront to four Swedes, Johnson, Petersen, and two others, and they ran it with home-made machinery of the kind they had used in Sweden; a horse going around in a circle pulling a shaft after him made the power. Mannion used to come out from Granville in the summer, and camp there. Then Joe Mannion, in 1888, bought the place off Bill Eaton, and he furnished the Swedes with a steam plant, and ultimately took possession of the brick yard. Both brick yards ran about four years, from ’86 to ’89. Bill Eaton had his cabin where the hotel is now on the flat above Deep Cove; he planted that old orchard; they claim he buried both his wives back of his cabin; he was supposed to be a very old timer even when I went there.

“Beach, he was an old Civil War veteran; he had a klotch too, and four half-breed children; he came from Orcas Island; his place was on Sucker Lake; they call it Killarney Lake now; there weren’t any suckers—they were those graylings; could not eat them, all bones. Beach took in half the lake, and had his cabin where the dam is. Reid squatted on the other half, and married the sister of the wife of Chief of Police Stewart of Vancouver. The people living on Bowen Island at that time were Bill Eaton, Beach, the Grafton brothers, and the two Simpson boys at the north end of the island. They sold out to J.C. Keith, and then disappeared. Then there was Davis; he had Snug Cove; he was single then, but married afterwards. He bought Snug Cove from McInnes. McInnes was supposed to be full brother to Bill Eaton; there was some mystery about that. McInnes went to Whitecliff, then known as Copper House Point, to settle. When we lived at Grafton Bay, my brother Tom, now lightkeeper at Point Atkinson, owned the Grafton Bay property, but we all lived there.”

#### **BRICKS. DAVID OPPENHEIMER.**

“Joe Mannion’s brick yard was on the south side of the Creek, and Oppenheimer’s was on the north; the first was where the new playground is, just below the waterfall. Chinamen made all Oppenheimer’s bricks. The first brick buildings in Vancouver were Oppenheimer’s warehouse at the southeast corner of Columbia and Powell streets, and the Tremont Hotel on Carrall Street. Hemphill” (or Sentell) “is supposed to have built the first private dwelling of brick on Hastings Street near Dunlevy.”

#### **JOE MANNION’S STEAMBOAT SATURNA.**

“Then Joe Mannion bought a steamboat, *Saturna*, about 75 feet long, screw propelled, and that put me out of business. Joe lasted two years or so and then Sam McDowell bought the *Saturna*; he and his brother John had a wood yard on Dupont Street. Sam ran the *Saturna* on his own business only; then we had the steamboat *Burt*, owned by Dan Mooney, and after a while a steamer called the *Sunbury*, owned in Westminster—a sidewheeler; all this was up Howe Sound, and all before Jack Cates came. Then Jack Cates got the *Defiance*, brought from the American side, I think, started, and then he built the *Britannia*, a pretty little boat, well fitted up, plush cushions and all, and she was on for some years; then he got other boats and finally sold out to the Union Steamship Company.”

#### **NAVY JACK.**

“Navy Jack was a squatter farther along towards the Narrows; he had some half-breed children too. He had the first boat that ran up Howe Sound; I had the second sloop; then came Mooney; followed Cates, and finally the Union Steamship Company bought Cates out.”

#### **UNION STEAMSHIP CO. LTD., OF B.C.**

“Captain William Webster, whom I think was about the first manager of the U.S.S. Co., came from New Zealand or Australia. They said he was a captain in the service of the U.S.S. Co. of New Zealand and lost a ship and got ‘let out.’ He was an auctioneer at first in Vancouver, and agent for the little steamboat *Nellie Taylor*—a little boat about 35 feet long; open boat, no deck, operating for charter before the gasoline boats. Before Captain Webster’s time, the *Nellie Taylor*, owned by Tom Penny, ran on the Moodyville Ferry against Captain Hugh Stalker of the *Senator*, but there was no sufficient trade for the

two. Captain Webster was not agent for her when Captain Tom Penny, her owner, ran to Moodyville; she was on the Moodyville run for a very short time; then Johnston and Decker had a shingle mill on Gambia Island. They bought her; she went adrift at Gambia Island and they never found her again; whether she went adrift or was stolen was never known as she was never seen again.

"After that Captain Webster went with the U.S.S. Co. Captain McFadden and Van Bremner owned the *Leonora*, *Skidegate* and the *Senator*, and Webster went in with them to form the U.S.S. Co.; then when the company was formed they bought the *Cutch*.

"Afterwards they got the *Comox*, *Capilano*, and *Coquitlam*. All these three ships came here in pieces inside a sailing ship, and they were put together down in Coal Harbour. The company, when they started, named all their boats with a 'C.' I think they got the idea of the name 'Union' from Captain Webster's old shipping company, the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. The *Cutch* was lost and afterwards salvaged, and was sold to some South American government" (Colombia government) "and renamed *Bogota*.

"Captain Webster was well up in years, about fifty. Don't know how long he stayed here or if he had children, or where he went to." (See Genealogy form.) "Captain McFadden was in the company, when the organised it; don't know just what he was, but he was always on the wharf. Immediately after arrival from India, the *Cutch* was on the Nanaimo run in opposition to Captain Rogers' *Dirty Bob*; that was what we called the *Robert Dunsmuir*, in opposition to the *Joan*. The *Robert Dunsmuir* brought coal from Nanaimo and took passengers back. Ultimately, I sold the Union Steamship Company 160 acres, Grafton Lake, Bowen Island. They call it Trout Lake now. They dammed up Trout Lake and used it for domestic purposes. Part of the lake was on my property; I would not allow them to build a dam, so they bought the place."

#### **EAGLE HARBOUR. NELSON CREEK.**

(See Grebe Island.)

"In early days there was a railroad reserve—until 1886; that was what made them squat; then, as soon as the railroad reserves were taken off, they preempted it. Nelson Creek was named after Nelson, who afterwards got his preemption at Eagle Harbour. He had two or three sons and a daughter. They lived on Alexander Street; he was a framer at the Hastings Sawmill in early days."

#### **WHYTE ISLAND. EAGLE ISLAND.**

"We called Whyte Island 'The Bird Rocks.' An Italian fisherman lived on Eagle Island which we called Italy Island. McPherson squatted on Whyte Cliff Point, and had a little house and his family there. His house was in the little bay due north of Whyte Island."

#### **COPPERHOUSE POINT.**

"Copperhouse Point, approximately Whytecliff, was supposed to be the site of a rich copper mine. I think Fisher, of the bank over in New Westminster, owned it."

#### **GREBE ISLANDS.**

"The Indians placed their dead on Grebe island; there was nothing else there—the dead Indians had it all to themselves. In early days there was a tall tree—a big tree, two foot six or three feet thick—on that island, and the wind afterwards blew it down; and there was nearly always an eagle on top of it; that may have been the way Eagle Harbour got its name. We used to call it the 'Dead Watch' tree; watching over the dead Indians."

#### **ERWIN POINT.**

"Erwin was a squatter; he was second light keeper at Point Atkinson, and owned Cyprus Park. He told me he went there in 1882. Erwin, who preempted D.L. 582, took in too large an area."

#### **LAND SURVEYS.**

"You see, in them days, when you wanted land staked, there was no survey. You started your own survey by putting in the stake on the beach and measuring off the land you wanted, but it had to be a quarter of a mile wide and a mile long, or half a mile square; that made the 160 acres. What you tried to do was to

leave a half a mile or a quarter of a mile, between you and the next squatter, so that it would come out all right when it was surveyed; then you had to get a land surveyor and survey yourself, and you had to pay for the surveying too.”

#### **CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

“All the squatters on the north shore retained their land, but most of those on the south shore lost theirs. A reserve was put on both north and south shores of English Bay, because the railway was coming and they did not know whether it would take the north or south shore, but when it did not take the north shore, the squatters got their land.” (See Sam Greer’s case, and Judge Bole’s remark: “If the C.P.R. had not wanted Sam’s land, he would have had it yet.”)

“So when Erwin refused to alter his line to give Murray Thain, who preempted D.L. 559, his proper frontage, they penalised him by taking thirty acres off the back end of his preemption, and so created that queer shaped D.L. 583.”

#### **CAULFEILDS. PILOT STATION. KETTLE POINT.**

“Afterwards I went into the Vancouver Pilot Service, stayed there seven years, and sailed the cutter *Claymore* out of Skunk Cove in the pilot service. We used to anchor in Skunk Cove or off Point Grey, and wait for a vessel needing a pilot. Then Balfour Ker, who owned the place, gave us permission, and we built a house and the pilot station at Skunk Cove. Balfour Ker bought Skunk Cove from Frolander, a Swede, who was the original owner. Captain Westerland’s wife was a daughter of Frolander. So when Caulfeild came along and bought the place, and gave us permission to build, he charged the pilots one dollar per month rental, so they could not take the land. The pilot station is still there; at least, Captain Kettle, an old pilot, lives in the old pilot house, but the pilot service has been done away with since the government took it over.”

#### **BRIDGMAN POINT. ROBERTSON POINT. BATCHELOR COVE. JOHNSON COVE. CLAYMORE COVE. ETTERS SHANK COVE. PATERSON COVE.**

“All these points and coves are named after old pilots, but Claymore Cove is after the pilot cutter *Claymore*, used before the pilot station was built. Robertson brought the S.S. *Islander* out from England for the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company.”

#### **NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN. FISHERMAN’S COVE.**

“Did you ever hear about the Newfoundland fishermen’s fishing station at Whitecliff? The Provincial Government located the Newfoundland fishermen on deeded land in the spring of 1888. They were Captain Alcock, Rich Gosse, and Andrews; they had three bays, a bay apiece, no men with them, just their families. I don’t think Rich Gosse went out there. Gosse’s place was the bay we call Kew Beach now. Pete Larson got his place in the end. Captain Alcock and Andrews each built a wharf, both in Fisherman’s Cove, Alcock to the north, Andrews to the south. Alcock took out the first sealing schooner from Vancouver, the *C.D. Rand*. There were five sealing schooners built on False Creek; all launched at once. The Provincial Government located the Newfoundland fishermen on deeded land in the spring of 1888 and then had to ‘buy them off,’ for they had put them at Copperhouse Point” (Whitecliff) “and there was a dispute about the ownership of the land.”

#### **JAPANESE.**

“The first Japanese I ever saw built a sort of boathouse on the beach between Carrall and Columbia Street, on Burrard Inlet” (see Bailey Bros. photo No. 506), “and then the next summer they were all fishing out on the Fraser River, and that brought on a lot of trouble. The whites smashed their boats in; they all had a couple of planks staved in in their bottom. What the white fishermen had done was to take an oar and pound the bottom out of the boat, then throw the oar overboard, and cast the smashed boat adrift. I was in the pilot service at Skunk Cove, and picked up four of the smashed boats in English Bay off Point Atkinson, took them to Skunk Cove, and the canneries sent two tugs to take them away.”

#### **STANLEY PARK. INDIAN GRAVEYARDS. SUPPLEJACK.**

Query: Mr. Tomlinson, who helped to dig white shells from the Indian midden in Stanley Park near Lumberman’s Arch, afterwards hauled and laid those shells as the first surface to the first park driveway. Can you tell us anything about that?

Mr. Grafton: "I remember them doing that. It's a pity they destroyed so much of the Indian features out in the park. Supplejack had a nice place out at the end of the pipe line road, board house with windows and curtains on them, not built of Indian split cedar slab, but of sawn boards; nice place." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Haatsalano.) "Then there was the Indian graveyard. You know Harris' house out there; the water pipe line caretaker on the Narrows shore just inside Prospect Point; the graveyard was there. Supplejack's grave was there; not in the ground, but above ground. When I first saw that Indian graveyard, there were quite a lot of graves; not graves as we know them, but graves above ground. The canoes with bodies in them were still there; the canoes were supported about level with your face; the dead were inside the canoes. Then there were a lot of boxes; boxes with bones in them lying on the ground; Indian bones; that was the way they buried them. When they made the road around Stanley Park, they took them all away to Squamish. You know those little islands off Point Atkinson." (See Andrew Paul.) "Well, there were Indian graves on top of them too; guess they are there yet; just underneath slabs of cedar to hold them down. I have often lifted the cedar slabs on top of those Seal Rocks, just around Point Atkinson, and looked at the Indian remains lying beneath."

### **WHOI-WHOI. STANLEY PARK.**

"About the potlatch houses at Whoi-Whoi. It was a very interesting sight coming through the First Narrows at night time, when the tide was out. There, on the beach, were all the Indians with their pitch sticks alight, and digging clams; the Indians, used to go there. They used to look very pretty coming in. Being dark, you couldn't see the Indians, but you could see their pitch stick lights, and you could see their figures digging away. They could only get the best of the clams in winter, when the long run out of the tide took the water away out and they got their clams out in the deep part of the beach right where the Lumberman's Arch is."

Query: How is it that you saw so many Indians at night, when you told me the other day that there were only a few Indians at Whoi-Whoi?

Mr. Grafton: "When they came in from the outside" (English Bay) "they would all go there. I have seen over a dozen canoes on the beach there; all sizes; a big canoe would hold twelve or more persons" (probably 18 to 20 would be more correct); "the little canoes they towed behind the big ones; all made of cedar. The little canoes were light enough to carry. They were all lying about on the beach in front of their great big houses, regular barns made out of split cedar; they called them potlatch houses."

### **INDIAN GRAVES. SUPPLEJACK.**

Query: Ever see the graveyard, just behind Whoi-Whoi? Back of the Lumberman's Arch?

Mr. Grafton: "No. The only graves I ever saw were down on the beach, just east of the lighthouse as you come through the First Narrows; end of the pipe line road, where the Harrises lived. There was a little clearing there." (It was here that the formal ceremony of the dedication of Stanley Park took place.) "Supplejack's grave there was a cabin about ten feet long, eight feet wide, and about three feet off the ground, on posts. The walls were about three feet high, a low peak roof, and windows all around, and red blinds on the little glass windows. The Indians put him in that. Supplejack is supposed to have been a 'bad actor,' supposed to have shot a lot of men coming through the Narrows. The roof of the little cabin was of lumber; I could not say whether of shingles or not. It was a pretty concern, side same as roof. Could not say if the lumber was hand-made or sawn; they *could* have cut it out of the woods themselves; they knew well enough how to do it, but I don't know whether they did or not. You could not see inside on account of the red curtains on the little glass windows, and there did not appear to be a door, as it was closed all around. I don't know how they put Supplejack in there. There were about three windows on each side, and one in each end as far as I recall; it's a long time ago."

Query: What about the red blankets which his son, August Jack Haatsalano, speaks about? (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

Mr. Grafton: "I saw no red blankets; all I saw was the cabin and the red blinds on the glass windows. I suppose the red blankets would be inside for the body to rest upon and be covered with, but don't actually know."

(The above was read to and assented to as accurate by A.J. Haatsalano, 31 May 1934. Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.)

### **INDIAN STONE PESTLE.**

"You can have this stone pestle." (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: hammer.) "It was dug up by myself in the summer of 1919 about 150 feet west of the southwest corner of Cambie Street and 63rd Avenue; about three quarters of a mile from the North Arm of the Fraser River, and at a point which at one time must have been covered with dense forest in all directions. It was under the roots of a big stump of a cedar tree. I went to live there in November 1918, and dug it out from among the roots the following summer, and also three or four arrowheads, one of which you can have; the rest I gave away. All these relics were down in the ground about eighteen inches, and beside a root as thick as a man's body. The land in the neighbourhood is partly soft, low, swamp. There is a big creek runs down nearby, but where this pestle was dug up it was gravelly, but there was water more or less all over that neighbourhood. It may be that a rush of water covered the pestle and arrowheads with earth; I don't know, but it was down deep, at least eighteen inches."

#### *NOTE ADDED LATER:*

This stone hammer is in the City Archives with an engraved brass band around it.

### **INDIAN WARS.**

"You've heard the stories of the Indians sending their women and children into the woods when they were attacked by the northern Indians." (Note: Rev. C.M. Tate—see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2—states that when travelling through the forest trails near Nanaimo, he once enquired the meaning of small collections of clam shells lying here and there. His Indian companion told him it was where women and children, sent into the woods for safety, when Indians marauders appeared, had been eating food brought to them from the shore by their men folk. J.S.M.) "Chief George of Sechelt used to tell me about sending their women inland when the northern Indians came, and it may be that this pestle and the arrowheads were placed beside the old cedar—you know how Indian women used cedar bark for almost every domestic purpose—when the Indian women hastened into the woods, probably following the creek for their water supply, also because of the easier route of travel, and then made their temporary abode around the folds of the cedar roots where they afterwards either forgot to remove them, or some misadventure, discovery and capture, resulted in the pestle being left behind. The ground on which it was found was a dry spot suitable for a temporary encampment, close to the creek for water and a swamp for native vegetables. The relics were sufficiently deep in the earth as to lead one to suppose they had been there for a very long time, perhaps centuries."

### **NEWCASTLE, WEST VANCOUVER.**

"They put down a bore about 1890 near Navy Jack's, on the low land. We were all curious to learn what they found, but they 'pulled out' and said nothing."

### **GRAFTON BAY. GRAFTON LAKE.**

"I married Miss Margaret May Matheson at St. Paul's Church, Vancouver, 1905, no children, but I have a brother, Thomas David, who runs the Point Atkinson lighthouse. He is married and has six children living. My sister died years ago. My brother David died about 1930, was cremated here, leaving one daughter, now Mrs. Wray. Both Grafton Bay and Grafton Lake were named after us, though they call the lake Trout Lake now, but the trout have all been fished out."

(Read and approved by Mr. Grafton, 24 July 1934.)

### **EBURNE ISLAND (D.L. ?)**

An island in the North Arm of the Fraser River between Twigg Island and the Marpole bridge, apparently unnamed until 1933, when, following a talk with Henry S. Rowling (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, Rowling), Major Matthews, City Archivist, began pencilling maps "Eburne Island." Rowling suggested the name because "Henry Eburne, a well educated Englishman, a sincere Christian, owned the whole island, had a farm there; I lived there with him, before he opened the store at Eburne" (now Marpole.) (See photo of Henry Eburne.) Rowling says it was "formerly known as Eburne's Island." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3. Also Thos. Kidd's *History of Richmond*.)

### **PIONEER SQUARE. MAPLE TREE SQUARE.**

The names "Pioneer Square" for the intersection of Carrall and Hastings streets, and "Maple Tree Square" for that of Carrall and Powell streets, were coined by Major J.S. Matthews, City Archivist, when in 1932, he first suggested to the Native Sons of B.C., Post No. 2, that the foresight and fortitude of our pioneers of Vancouver should be commemorated by the erection of a monument on the old C.P.R. right of way, as part of the civic jubilee celebrations of 1936. Prior to his suggestions these two open places bore no name, but, about 1925, the pioneers had placed a monument to commemorate the site of the old maple tree at the southwest corner of Carrall and Water streets. The proposed re monument progressed until 25 June 1934, the Native Sons had a public dinner at the Hotel Vancouver, to further its progress.

### **VICTORY SQUARE.**

So named (about 1922) when proposals were first made to erect the Cenotaph there—the site of the tent used as a recruiting office during the Great War. It was previously known as "Court House Square." It was on the exact spot where the Cenotaph stands that H.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (King George and Queen Mary) were officially welcomed on their visit in September 1901.

### **SAPPERTON. HENRY S. ROWLING.**

"In the old days, Sapperton was never called Sapperton. It was 'we are going out to "The Camp,"' or 'he's just come in from "The Camp."' I don't know who started the 'Sapperton' name." – Henry S. Rowling, September 1933.

### **JANUARY 1934 – BRUNETTE RIVER.**

According to Mr. C.D. Gillanders, Central Drug Store, Cordova Street, Vancouver, this river is so named on account of the colour of its water, which, having its source in Burnaby Lake and surrounding peat bogs, is brownish.

Mr. Gillanders said, "My mother told me that her mother, Mrs. William Holmes, a settler on its banks in 1860, told her (my mother) that she (Mrs. Holmes) named it thus." (I think they bought Block one on the river bank. J.S.M.)

### **S.S. ISLANDER.**

First arrived in Vancouver on 30 December 1888.

### **FIRST BANK.**

The first bank in Vancouver was the Bank of British Columbia. Note: one of the matters engaging the attention of the City Council in 1887 was the establishment of a Post Office savings bank. See Mrs. Emily Eldon's experiences in Victoria, week following fire of 1886, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2, Matthews, 1932.

### **YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**

Excerpt from *Daily News-Advertiser*, 13 November 1888, page 8: "There were about seventy men at the evangelistic meeting at the Y.M.C.A. last evening." (See photo No. ? and ?)

### **VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

Advertisement:

Lecture in aid of Vancouver Reading Room  
144 Cordova Street  
On Dec. 19  
Mr. George Pollay

Subject: "Labor Problems—Past and Present."

Mr. Pollay was the first librarian, Vancouver. Mrs. Pollay, over ninety, still lives (1934). Photo of both in Public Library. (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1.) (93, 5 August 1934.)

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. HENRY STANLEY AVISON AT CITY ARCHIVES, VANCOUVER, 22 JULY 1933.**

**STANLEY PARK. PARK RANGER.**

"My father was the first park keeper" (I suggested "park ranger"; he responded, "No, park keeper.") "of Stanley Park. He was a native of Mayo, Ireland—a landscape gardener—and first worked for the City of Vancouver blowing stumps on Hastings Street between Cambie and Granville streets. He arrived in Vancouver just after the Fire in 1886." (Photo shows "PARK RANGER" in letters on cap badge of uniform worn.)

"When Stanley Park was opened he took charge from the start, as park keeper, landscape gardener. We went to live in the park lodge at the entrance, on the knoll overlooking the old wooden bridge from the northern end. The lodge was afterwards ivy-covered. I was born there, in that house, February 17, 1890, and was christened Henry Stanley, after the park, Avison. Father laid out the first grounds, cut the first trails, did the first landscape gardening. Mother was actually, but Father nominally, the first zoo keeper.

"As park keeper he was nominally in charge of the zoo, which must have started, I think, with one bear; one big black bear; Mother had it chained to a stump; she had bears on chains for five years before they were put down in the old concrete bear pit in the ground; there were three bears when they were put down in the pit. I remember so well because a minister's wife poked the old bear, chained to the stump, with her umbrella, and the bear tore her umbrella and all or part of her skirt off." (See W.M. Horie, also photo of pit.) "A park commissioner wanted the bear shot, but Mother said, 'No'; she handled the bears herself; no one else would go near them. The old bear used to slip his collar, get loose, wander off, and Mother would catch him again, bring him back and tie him up; others were afraid to. At that time the animals consisted of some monkeys, some coon, the bears—eight cages in all, all wooden.

"After eleven years in charge of the park, Father left—George Eldon took his place—and joined in the rush to the Klondike; went in over the White Pass trail with a man by the name of McMillan; I think that was in the spring of 1897, maybe 1898; we followed later. We came out in 1906, went to Prince Rupert when there was only a tent there, and then to Prince George in 1912." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "I often wish there was something in Stanley Park to associate his name with it—there is nothing now."

**HENRY AVISON.**

Born Mayo, Ireland, died Prince George, 1924, aged 69. First park ranger, Stanley Park, laid out gardens at entrance, cut first trails, etc.; first zoo keeper.

By first marriage (wife's name unknown) had issue—Mrs. P. Balling, deceased; John, 1600 block Venables Street, Vancouver; Mrs. E.G. Harris; Mrs. B. Schmell, Vancouver. By second marriage to Miss Kate Gray of Edinburgh, Scotland, Jessie (Mrs. Jamieson), born Medicine Hat, and Henry Stanley, of Prince George, B.C., born park lodge, entrance Stanley Park, 17 February 1890; address P.O. Box 75, Prince George; married, 1920 at Prince George [to] Margaret Peterson, died 1928; second, Jessie Viola Hornby; has issue Jessie and May. (See Genealogy form, August 1933.)

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH W.M. HORIE (BAYNES AND HORIE), 23 APRIL 1934.**

**STANLEY PARK ZOO. STANLEY PARK. LORD STANLEY.**

"I arrived in Vancouver on the 31<sup>st</sup> day of May, 1889, and soon afterwards worked on the building of the arch at the entrance to Stanley Park built in preparation for the ceremonies when Lord Stanley arrived; the bridge had been built earlier; the arch was built after the bridge.

"The zoo at that time consisted of one bear; the bear used to get loose; they had him on a chain, and it was reported that a man named McConnell had gone after the bear with a gun and shot it. This raised quite a protest in the newspapers; people were indignant at the idea of McConnell going off with a gun after the tame bear; the kids were very fond of the bear, and there was talk about going after McConnell with a rope" (to hang him.) "After all the furor had subsided a bit, it was found the bear had not been shot at all, but later it resulted in the building of a bear pit, a deep bear pit of concrete." (See photo.) "Times were hard in those days, just as they are now, and almost every contractor in town put in a tender. Some of them had difficulty figuring the quantities because the bear pit was round. Then they got an oak tree in

Victoria, cut off the branches, so that what was left were stubs; this was put in the middle of the pit for the bears to climb up. That was the start of the zoo in Stanley Park.” (See Avison, first park ranger.)

### **PIONEERS’ PICNIC, NEWCASTLE ISLAND, 14 JUNE 1933.**

Rev. E.D. Braden, president (whose father built on the first, if not the first house—small cottage—in the east end, after the fire), speaking in the Pavilion: “I won’t keep you long; I don’t believe you want a long ‘sermon.’ Mr. Malkin” (former Mayor Col. W.H. Malkin) “says, ‘No soul is saved after the first twenty minutes of a sermon.’”

### **C.P.R. CONSTRUCTION.**

W.J. Bower, former premier of B.C., to Major Matthews, who had been telling him of Mr. Thos. White’s attendance the day before at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Seymour, pioneer druggist, Vancouver.

“Tom White’s a pretty old man now, must have been the oldest pioneer there. Tom White helped locate the C.P.R. with Mr. Cambie; Cambie stayed on with the C.P.R., Tom White left them. Then he located the Canadian Northern” (now Canadian National) “afterwards. D’you ever hear the story about the time Tom White was at North Bend during the construction of the Canadian Northern, and Lord Shaughnessy came along? Lord Shaughnessy says, ‘Hello, Tom, what are you doing here?’ ‘Working,’ says Tom. Shaughnessy says, ‘Yes, but what at?’ ‘Oh,’ says Tom, ‘rectifying the mistakes I made when I located the C.P.R.’”

### **HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, LORD BESSBOROUGH, AT THE VANCOUVER PIONEERS BANQUET, GEORGIAN ROOM, HUDSON’S BAY STORE, 26<sup>TH</sup> OR 27<sup>TH</sup> MARCH, 1934.**

During the course of speech: “The secret of happiness in old age is the contemplation of one’s own work, and to see that it is good.”

### **“FELIX PENNE.”**

(Author of “’Tis infamy to die and not be missed,” etc.)

J. Francis Bursill, founder of the “Dickens Fellowship” and Bursill Library in Grandview, was a charming old literary man who had seen many years of newspaper work in London, England, migrated to Vancouver, and about 1926 was a columnist on the *Vancouver Daily Sun* newspaper. He wore a bushy beard, usually in need of brushing, and his inattention to tonsorial detail prompted little jokes, some true, others fiction, on his personal appearance. One of these follows.

As Mr. Bursill emerges from “White Lunch” Restaurant on Granville Street, Mr. Noel Robinson, well-known journalist, passes door.

Mr. Robinson: (halts, smiles and says) “Good morning, Mr. Bursill.”

Mr. Bursill: (his voice had a rather high pitch; i.e., squeaky) “Good morning, Mr. Robinson.”

Mr. Robinson: “Been having breakfast, Mr. Bursill?”

Mr. Bursill: “Yes.”

Mr. Robinson: (whimsically, and shaking one finger at him) “And I know what you’ve had.”

Mr. Bursill: “No. I don’t think you do.”

Mr. Robinson: (still smiling) “Yes, I do.”

Mr. Bursill: “Well, what did I have now?”

Mr. Robinson: “You’ve had eggs.”

Mr. Bursill: "No, I didn't. I haven't had eggs for three weeks."

Another story is that at the start of a journalists' picnic to Bowen Island, and before the vessel left the dock in Vancouver, the burned out stub of a cigarette butt, a fragment of discoloured paper and frayed tobacco—fell from his lips and lodged in his whiskers—it was said, with laughter, that a bush rat would some day jump from those whiskers—and was still so lodged when the boat reached Bowen Island an hour later.

A kindly, good old soul, careless of his appearance, but who wrote probably the most beautiful poem ever composed in Vancouver. He died in almost abject poverty.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH R.D. RORISON OF R.D. RORISON AND SONS,  
DOMINION BUILDING, HASTINGS STREET, 3 JULY 1934.**

**ENGLISH BAY CANNERY.**

"We purchased the English Bay Cannery in October, 1905, for \$7,350. We purchased it from, according to the deed, dated the 14<sup>th</sup> of October, George Benjamin Dodwell, Exchange Chambers, St. Mary's Axe, London, Merchant; Oswald May Malcolm, of 27 Lombard Street, London, England; Hubert Cecil Harold Cannon of Vancouver, and Alexander Stewart of Tacoma. The purchasers were actually our firm, but the deed was made out in the name of my son, W.D.S. Rorison. The vendors had had the property mortgaged to the Imperial Bank of Canada. T.H. Calland & Co. were the agents for the vendors, and the first payment of \$700 was made on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October, 1905.

"The property we bought included the cannery, wharf, and cannery cottages, and lots 31, 32, 33, 34, Block 4, D.L. 540, and lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Block 14, D.L. 540, all excepting a portion of the building known as the 'Fish House,' and the machinery, both of which they intended to move to some other point on the coast." (See photo No. ?)

"The following year, about May, one of the buildings on the south side of Point Grey Road was damaged by fire. The cannery we dismantled in 1906, and used part of the timber to repair cottages on the shore and also to build in part a residence on lots 4, 5 and 6, Block 13, D.L. 540.

"A pile of rusty iron on the beach marked—I believe to this day—the exact spot; it is the remains of cuttings of tin used when making salmon cans, and which was swept through a hole in the cannery floor."

**CONVERSATION WITH JOHN INNES, HISTORICAL SCENIC PAINTER, AT HIS OFFICE, 602  
PROVINCE BUILDING, HASTINGS STREET, 23 JUNE 1933.**

**VANCOUVER? WHERE IN HEAVEN IS THAT?**

"Some fellow rode up on a horse and blurted out, 'Vancouver has been destroyed by fire.'

"I asked him, 'Where in heaven's that?'

"He replied, 'Oh, some place over the mountains.'

"That was the first time I heard of Vancouver. In 1886, I had a horse range ranch on the prairies, a good many miles south of Calgary, away out on the bald prairie, miles from anywhere. One day this fellow rode up to my ranch house on a horse. Visitors were few in that remote place, so I went over to see who the fellow was, and see what news he had. That was the first time I heard of Vancouver."

**1 OCTOBER 1933 – DAVID AND ISAAC OPPENHEIMER.**

John Innes, celebrated historical scenic painter, laughed—he is a gay old "sport"—then he chuckled:

"Did you ever hear the yarns they tell about Dave and Ike Oppenheimer. Dave and Ike used to peddle—sure they did—in the Cariboo. They say, one time, Dave took one side of the creek and Ike took the other. They had their bundles of pins, needles and such stuff over their shoulders. They tell the yarn that once Ike went up one side of the creek with his outfit, and a big miner fellow wanted to buy a darning

needle. Ike said, 'Be fi' dollars, very good darning needle, I sell it for fi' dollars; it worth ten dollars, but' (confidentially) 'I sell it to you for fi' dollars, but don't tell Dave; Dave got bad heart; he die if you tell him.'"

"Another one is about Dave, Ike and some other fellow playing poker.

"The other fellow: 'Who shuffled?'

"Dave: 'Ike.'

"The other fellow: 'Who dealt?'

"Ike: 'Dave.'

"The other fellow: 'Pass.'"

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN INNES, CELEBRATED CANADIAN PAINTER OF HISTORICAL SCENES, APRIL 1933.**

### **BELLA COOLA. INDIAN HOUSES.**

"The diagrammatic drawing of an Indian Community Dwelling at Bella Coola is made from rough sketches made in my notebook when, in company with Mr. Harland I. Smith of the Victoria Museum, Ottawa, in September 14-15, 1924, I visited there. The totem poles in the drawing were added to the drawing for decorative effect; they did not exist in reality.

"We had some difficulty in getting into the old building, as someone had fitted a modern door to its only entrance, and the door was padlocked, and the key in the possession of an old witch doctor, goodness knows how old he was, he was very old, very grumpy, hates white men, and claims to have killed six white men by his magic. 'Stikine Joe' was his name. He finally opened it.

"The building was old and decayed, quite empty, could not be lived in, nor was there sign that it had been occupied for years, very gloomy and dark inside, we could hardly see all of it, but it was all there, all the floors were in place, and many of the relatives' cubicles.

"The aged Indian lit a fire, just an act of hospitality, I suppose, and the smoke went out of the roof openings, and then he explained to us how each portion of the building was occupied and used, the chief at the far end, then his relatives, and the servants, and slaves, in that order, towards the entrance.

"I was able to make a few notes of the construction, but with difficulty, as it was so dark inside. The roof was of thick cedar boards, hand-split shakes, with a sort of dormer over the central part, with openings to let the smoke out. The posts, also cedar, were trimmed and adzed around, not very sound, and I supposed may have been replaced as the earlier ones decayed, although cedar is very lasting. There was no ornamentation on them, nor anywhere else in the building. The walls of horizontally laid cedar boards, split and adzed, unpainted, and without nails; they were tied with roots to the upright posts. The wall boards had bored in them small holes through which the roots passed. There were no chinks, the wall boards fitted very close; I don't know how they built it, but the boards were a beautiful fit. Perhaps the walls were double; I could not see in the darkness, and there was no time to bore through them, as the old Indian was anxious to get rid of us. The dancing floor was split and tooled-adzed-timber, and in the centre was an oblong of earth floor in the centre of which was a concave hole, say nine inches deep, in the middle, where the fire was burning.

"The cubicles were about six feet deep, five feet wide, open at one end, and roofed over at about five feet high, and goods stored, so we were told, on the roof. Not much imagination is needed to conceive the weird spectacle an Indian dance around that fire must have been; the flames, the masks, the shadows, the reflection on the masks; it must have been a weird performance." (The drawing is in Provincial Archives; photo copy in City Archives.)

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH JOHN INNES, CELEBRATED PAINTER OF HISTORICAL SCENES OF CANADA, AT HIS OFFICE, 602 PROVINCE BUILDING, VANCOUVER, 30 DECEMBER 1933.**

**CITY COUNCIL, FIRST MEETING.**

Mr. Innes sat smoking his pipe. We had been discussing what size the proposed painting of the first meeting of the first City Council of Vancouver—which I have been trying to get painted—should be; we decided it should be sixty-six inches by ninety. I was looking at his painting of the H.B. steamer *Beaver* in some narrow channel of sea, high mountains beyond, two totem poles and an Indian hut on right, and white traders offering blankets to Indians. I pointed to the painting and said, Is that a real scene?

Mr. Innes: "No. None of my paintings are real scenes; nature seldom makes a picture; you cannot get all of it in; the eye cannot catch it all; but what difference does it make? Why, you know that picture of the Fraser Canyon, the one where the men are passing around a wall on a hanging bridge. Well, old Jason Allard, you know him, old Jason, before he died, used to come in here and declare he knew the spot well; had been there many times, but" (chuckling) "Jason never saw that place; no one ever saw it; it does not exist. The old man was perfectly sincere; he thought he had. The reason is that the picture is an *epitome* of the Fraser Canyon, that's all."

I said I was going over to New Westminster to see Hugh Murray, who came as a child on the *Thames City*.

Mr. Innes, smiling: "I used to sneak over there sometimes and go and sit in the old Holy Trinity Church, sit in a little pew; just sit there and think. You can get a good many old memories back just sitting there; wonderful place to sit. I was leader of the choir there one time, so I just went over to sit in a pew by myself; nobody else in the church; no one knew who I was. I did not know the rector; did not want to."

**FATHER PAT.**

"Old Father Pat used to be over there—we were great pals; and Bishop Sillitoe; fine man; fine men. Old Father Pat and I used to sit together and talk, in the See House, and smoke the Bishop's cigars and drink his whisky. Father Pat was a wonderful man;" (with emphasis) "a real he-man, if you like."

"Opposite was the Roman Catholic Church. One day, Father Pat said to me, 'Peter's down.' They had got him down off the top of the R.C. Church, and Peter was lying on the sidewalk, waiting to be repainted; he had a brass crown."

"A day or so after I went to see Father Pat and opened the door, and Father Pat was in convulsions laughing. 'Well,' he laughed, 'Peter's up again,'" (pause) "then he ejaculated, 'D'you know how they got him there? Hauled him up with a rope, and' (slyly) 'with a rope around his neck.'"

**CONVERSATION WITH LIEUTENANT COLONEL HULME, V.D., BARRISTER, PACIFIC BUILDING, VANCOUVER.**

Who raised and commanded the Dawson Rifles of Canada, Dawson, Yukon Territory, the 62<sup>nd</sup> Overseas Battalion, C.E.F., and commanded the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment D.C.O.R. at the outbreak of the Great War, and until 1915, when he raised the 62<sup>nd</sup> Overseas Battalion at Hastings Park.

**DAWSON RIFLES OF CANADA. LIEUTENANT COLONEL HERBERT D. HULME, V.D.**

"The organisation of the Dawson Rifles of Canada, officially known as the Dawson Rifle Company, came about in this way.

"I went to Dawson in August 1898 from Toronto, where I had been a captain in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment Queen's Own Rifles. The Klondike Gold Rush was then at its height. Adventurers from all over the world had been pouring into the Yukon, and in 1899 the Yukon Field Force, a special force of regular or permanent force soldiers fifty strong, was sent in to preserve law and order in support of the North West Mounted Police which was not numerically strong enough. Their commander was Lieutenant Colonel T.D.B. Evans; the second in command was the present Major General Harry Burstall, and the present Major General Thacker, one of the officers. They came down to Dawson in winter outfit. After their arrival they carried on

some of the duties of the North West Mounted Police; guards on banks—we had two banks—and so on. Later—about a year—the Yukon Field Force was withdrawn, and I received a letter from the late Colonel Josiah G. Holmes, then District Officer Commanding, M.D. No. 11 at Victoria, asking me to organise a company of volunteer infantry; he knew that I was up there and was senior officer. I indented on Ottawa for uniforms, arms and equipment, and I shall not forget what happened when they came in. I was told that I should lose every article of clothing and equipment; men going off with them. I had every piece numbered and marked, and the remarkable thing was that not a single article was missing when the uniforms, etc., were finally called in four years later. We were organised in 1900 and disbanded in 1904.

“At the end of the fall training, Colonel Holmes detailed Inspector Z.T. Wood of the N.W.M.P. to inspect us. We were fifty strong and spick and span. No. 1 Section was entirely of members of the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; today I suppose every one of them are bank managers or retired bank managers. I had half a dozen ex-constables of the N.W.M.P. as non-commissioned officers. The officers were:

“Captain (local Major) H.D. Hulme;

“Lieutenant W.M. McKay, now Stipendiary Magistrate of Vancouver;

“Lieutenant Richard L. Cowen, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Dawson, and now of Toronto.

“I forget the names of the N.C.O.s, but the sergeant major was an ex-sergeant of the N.W.M.P.

“Our uniform was a scarlet serge jacket, black trousers with narrow red piping, black boots (our own), a wedge cap (Field service cap), and great coat. The officers wore brown leather crossbelts with lion's head, chain and whistle, and a belt plate the same as the cap badge. The cap badge, which I designed and paid for myself, was made by ? in Toronto and was a gold maple leaf of rather large size in the centre of which was imposed a circular garter bearing the inscription ‘DAWSON RIFLES OF CANADA.’ The garter was surmounted by a crown. Within the garter was a miner's pan, and inside that crossed miner's pick and shovel with a few gold nuggets in the base. I wrote to half the universities of Montréal and Toronto to get a proper Latin motto implying the ‘Farthest North’; what we finally adopted was ‘Usque ad Boream’ (To the North). We had just the one uniform; no full dress.

“The Dawson Rifles were a highly efficient, though small, unit, and there were several things which contributed to this condition. We were isolated in the world in Dawson, and drills, etc. were a pleasant diversion in the monotony of a lone land with little connection with the outside; there was no radio then. Then we had the North West Mounted Police, exceptionally smart corps, to ‘buck,’ and we had N.C.O.s who were ex-N.W.M.P. and my own training in one of the smartest regiments in Canada, the 2<sup>nd</sup> Q.O.R. was not lost. I have never seen smarter men on parade than the Dawson Rifles. With the N.W.M.P. 8 o'clock was 8 o'clock, and the same with us. A man who came running at 8 o'clock was late; if he was not on parade at 8 o'clock, he was late, even if he was running.

“Then we had a rifle range of, what do you suppose, one target; and darn glad to get it; the rifle range was across the river, opposite Dawson.

“Then we had dances to attend. I remember the St. Andrew's Ball. I wore my bright scarlet mess uniform, with a whole row of little beads down the front of the waistcoat, and embroidered gold braid up to my elbow, and I was standing in the ballroom observed of all, and thinking myself a pretty fine officer, and proud too—as I had a right to be. The N.W.M.P. also wore red, red tunics. Some old miner waltzed up to me, and gave me an awful slap on the shoulder with his open palm, peered into my eyes, blearywise, and ejaculated, ‘Say, constable, we're having a hell of a time, aren't we?’ My self-esteem went down away below Arctic zero.

“The photograph by Gootzman was taken on the Queen's birthday, 1902, after we had paraded with the North West Mounted Police on the N.W.M.P. barrack square. All Dawson turned out to watch the show; the N.W.M.P. lined up on the right; the Dawson Rifles on the left. Of course, we fired the usual ‘feu de joie.’ Major Z.T. Wood was in command, and the rattle of blank firing came down the line of the N.W.M.P. well enough, but something went wrong with my Rifles, and about ten rifles went off with a bursting bank all at once, right over my head. I turned around to my company and what I said to them wouldn't be fit for you to put down, but there was hell, and the drinks to pay for when I got to the N.W.M.P.'s Officers Mess.

"But I got back at them. Next year," (Inspector) "Dann of the N.W.M.P. was in command, and his constables got the order for a feu de joie, and damned if about ten of them didn't do the same thing, and the drinks were on him." (Note: "feu de joie" is, soldiers in file fire rifles consecutively up one rank and down another.)

"The photo is taken in front of the N.W.M.P. Quartermaster Stores on the N.W.M.P. barrack square. Our armouries were the old Court House.

"I came down to Vancouver in August 1904, and the Dawson Rifles, the most northerly volunteer unit in the British Empire, was disbanded. Then as you know, I joined the 6<sup>th</sup> D.C.O.R., and you know the rest.

"The amusing incident of the old miner mistaking me in my 'glorious' uniform at the Dawson dance for a constable reminds me of a similar incident after I came to Vancouver. I was in full uniform and had to go to the Stanley Park one afternoon for some bang-up ceremony, and, for some reason, was without conveyance, so got on a street car. I was trying to put a street car ticket in the ticket box when the conductor said to me, 'Oh, that's all right; go on in; we never charge for the band.'"

### **THE B.C. REGIMENT, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES.**

Conversation on returning from the funeral of the late Lieutenant Colonel F.W. Boulton, formerly commanding the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment, "Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," Vancouver, B.C. The perpetuating unit, The British Columbia Regiment, (Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles) with both bands were present at the obsequies at Christ Church Cathedral, 11 September 1933. (See photo of funeral.)

Three officers in the old full dress uniform of the 6<sup>th</sup> D.C.O.R. alight from a motor car at the entrance to the Drill Hall.

Major Scudamore: (continuing conversation) "You had better come to our anniversary celebration next month, October" (1933), "fiftieth anniversary."

Major Matthews: "You cannot do it."

Major Scudamore: "Oh, yes, we can; we've got a ruling from Ottawa."

Major Scudamore says good bye, and enters Drill Hall. Major Matthews and Major Melhuish enter motor car and drive off.

Major Melhuish: "What's he talking about?"

Major Matthews: "They're celebrating the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the regiment."

Major Melhuish: "What regiment?"

Major Matthews: "Our regiment."

Major Melhuish: "Whaaaaaat?"

Major Matthews: "Fact. They've worked out some sort of an argument that they are descending from the old B.C. Provincial Regiment of 1883; I cannot see how they do it; what Westminster and Victoria are going to say about it I haven't heard. Fancy asking Ottawa for a ruling on a thing like that."

Major Melhuish: "Fancy Ottawa giving a ruling. Let them celebrate anything they want to; what I object to is contorted history."

Note: Majors Melhuish and Matthews both joined the 6<sup>th</sup> D.C.O.R. as privates, both rose to command the regiment; one served about 23 years, the other 30 years. One (Matthews) wrote, about 1907, the history of the regiment. Major Scudamore joined in 1911, and served, in all, less than four years. His historical memoirs usually include some incorrect statement.

**NOTES IN THE HANDWRITING OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER FOR  
SERMON AT THE DEATH OF GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE.**

Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, 3 December 1933 at 8 p.m.

The first part of His Grace the Archbishop of New Westminster, Colonel the Most Rev. A.U. De Pencier's O.B.E., D.D., Sermon at Memorial Service to Sir Arthur Currie, at Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver, 3 December 1933, at 7.30 p.m., is in his own handwriting. The latter part of the sermon was obtained subsequently, and referred to Gen. Currie's confirmation by Bishop De Pencier. (See elsewhere.) About 150 militia officers in uniform were present. The church was crowded. J.S.M.

"Behold I shew you a mystery—We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be charged—But thanks to God who giveth us the victory—Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast." (Text.)

One thought finds place in the minds of all. A great Canadian has passed; we meet tonight to do honour to his memory.

It is not the preacher's duty to try to give some expression to that thought—not with my poor attempts at flights of rhetoric—but in the simplest words at his command—words that befit the Presence Chamber of the King of Kings—the Leader of leaders—the Captain of captains—and words that are not out of keeping with the solemn mystery of death—whose summons no one—prince or peasant—officer or private—sovereign or subject may refuse to obey.

We are met in grateful memory of an honoured leader, a great fellow Canadian, and a dear friend; one who was known and honoured for his worth not only by his fellow countrymen, but by those of many lands of foreign tongue. All over Canada, and in centres in the old Home Land similar memorial services are being, or will be, held—a tribute of admiration and esteem for outstanding worth and ability.

It is not my desire to speak at great length: in hymn and Psalm—in the lessons from the volume of the Sacred Law and in music our thoughts are best expressed and directed in this service. But though my words are but poor interpreters of my feeling there are two notes which our Christian Religion sounds forth on this and similar occasions that I would emphasize. The one is "joyfully to hope"; the other "thankfully to persevere." If in this life only we have hope—we are miserable. (Text above.)

And this "hope" for the true living of this present life, and for that life that knows no ending. And that steadfast perseverance, overcoming all obstacles, upheld and strengthened to obtain the victory, his life exemplified. Sir Arthur Currie was one of the greatest soldiers Canada has produced and one of the ablest administrative heads of a great university! But he was more—he was a lover of his fellows. Our General inspired men to do their utmost to be at their best. His personality made an impression upon those with whom he came in contact, winning their regard and careful attention to his plans and proposals, tho' they might differ and disagree with them. The two great active qualities of a soldier, fellowship and sacrifice, these two virtues he possessed in an eminent degree. And with a thoroughness in the mastering of details, and a perseverance nothing could permanently check, his leadership was singularly successful.

The esteem in which he was held, and the wide circle of his influence are shown in some measure by the decorations and distinctions conferred upon him by the Allied Nations as well as by our own Sovereign. Then, too, his achievements as the Head of McGill, with the raising of the huge sums necessary for its endowment, and the building programme for its extension to keep up with the needs of the times—these, with the many internal problems presented daily to the Principal of such a great and distinguished University, attested to the high qualities, intellectual and practical, that he possessed.

Calm, and cool, and deliberate, with a courage that knew not fear, and with a capacity for application to work that is given to but few men, his personality suggested reserves of strength and power and a tenacity of purpose that knew no such word as fail.

His addresses to the troops, before some of the critical actions of the campaign, were marked with an intense devotion, and were phrased in language as marvellous in its simplicity and perfection of style as it was productive of high resolve and glorious endeavour on the part of those who heard them.

Not only as a great Canadian General and, later, as the highly esteemed and eminently distinguished Principal of a great Canadian University, but may be permitted to emphasize and to bear my personal testimony to another side of his character, viz: His deep religious convictions—his deep and abiding faith in God, in Christ, and in the Church which He established to hand on from age to age that knowledge of God which our gospel reveals.

I had many and peculiar opportunities of knowing of his religious ideas and ideals. If I may be permitted, I should like to relate some of my personal associations with our beloved commander, for they are, it seems to me, of more than personal interest to others, and it is fitting that I should speak of them.

It was at Camblain L'Abby, at Corps Headquarters, France, in January 1918. An ordinary concert party hut such as we had in France, a slapped up temporary shelter of boards, an earthen floor sloping from back to front; a number of bare boards as benches, held up by stakes driven in the ground, sloping down to the excavated "pit" in which sat the "orchestra" so that the audience of soldiers could look over their heads on to the small crude stage; the whole building would not hold one hundred and fifty all told; the interior dimly lighted by some kerosene lamps. [*The "pit" was actually an old trench.*]

The stage is occupied by some twenty men who are about to be confirmed. The door at the far end of the hut opens, and General Currie, accompanied by two aides, marches down the aisle, proceeds to the front and takes a seat on the front bench.

The Service of Confirmation went on without interruption. The soldier audience rose to their feet, and stood in bowed reverence as the ceremony proceeded. We knew what was about to happen. Those twenty men were destined for duty in the front line; we all knew what might and what generally did happen there; we all knew that few, perhaps not any, of the score would return; we all knew what twenty-four hours might bring; but it was no use telling them; that would do no good; so we just proceeded with the Confirmation, and presently it ended.

After the Service, General Currie asked me to come to his quarters for dinner. A distinguished gathering was there. There were Generals of our Corps, Prince Arthur of Connaught—who was Liaison Officer with the French. It was a congenial party, no formalities; just a group of good fellows, laughing, arguing, addressing each other by their surnames, and not by their rank, a happy family dinner.

After it was over General Currie called me aside and said, "Bishop, I want you to tell me what I should do; I have never been confirmed. When I was a boy I was prepared, but when the Bishop came I was ill, and the confirmation never took place."

I said in reply, "Can you take a few minutes each day till I come up again in two weeks, with the Corps Chaplain Mr. McGreer?" The General replied, "I can make it at twelve noon each day," and so it was arranged.

Then came the second incident I do so well recall—it was at the same place, two weeks later—the 4<sup>th</sup> of February 1918.

In the small Headquarters Office of the General we all knelt down, Canon Scott and McGreer, and some senior officers, and there we felt the Presence of God the Holy Spirit, in answer to our prayers, and the General made his vows and was confirmed after the usual manner.

As I was about to depart he took my hand, and said, "Bishop, before you go, if it will help you in your work with the men, tell them of this service, and ask for their prayers—I need all the help that I can get from God and my men to carry on my work"—and we parted.

And now he has finished his course, and has gone home.

Learn this lesson from his life—that this brave Christian gentleman had learned and practiced (as his brother G.O.C. of the Imperials, General Haig, learned it) our task as Christians is to save the decencies of life to uplift manners, to conserve moral standards, to keep the parasitic goodness of the community free from degenerating into badness. Thus we shew in our lives as he shewed in his life—the power of the consciousness of God ever guiding us:

Giving us the courage which initiates,  
The sympathy which communicates,  
The humility which obliterates—self.

Around earth's vagrant noises,  
He caught the note sublime,  
Today around his surges  
From the silences of time  
A flood of nobler music,  
Like a river, deep and broad,  
Fit song for heroes gathered,  
In the Banquet Hall of God.

### **GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, G.C.M.G.**

A story is told of General Currie's enrollment as a volunteer soldier in Victoria. It was related to me some fifteen years ago by a gentleman whose name I think was Colbert; a Victoria man—a commercial traveller.

He said that one evening three young men, of whom he himself was one, had finished dinner, and were wondering what they would do to pass the evening. One of them said, "Let's go down to the Drill Hall."

Just what he told me followed I do not recollect in detail, but the upshot was that after they got there, all three decided to "sign up"; i.e., enroll.

One was Colbert; the other was Winsby, afterwards Colonel Winsby of Victoria who took a battalion overseas, and the third became Gunner Currie, afterwards General Currie.

J.S. Matthews.

According to General Currie, who told me the first time he visited Vancouver in uniform he came, either as a gunner or as a corporal, with the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Canadian Garrison Artillery, to holiday celebration in which the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of the same regiment was participating, 1897 or 1898. Arms were stacked in the old wooden drill shed on Pender Street.

J.S. Matthews.

The truth of the Colbert story could easily be verified by looking up the old rolls of the 5<sup>th</sup> C.G.A., Victoria.

J.S. Matthews, Major.

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. J.B. GIFFEN, EX-MANAGER OF R.C. DUN & CO., VANCOUVER, NOW RESIDENT 6689 VINE STREET.**

#### **WOODWARD DEPARTMENT STORES.**

Mr. Giffen: "Do you know Charlie Woodward?"

Major Matthews: Of Woodward Department Stores? Yes. The first I remember of him he had a little store down on Westminster Avenue and he used to wear a big long apron of white cotton, with a bib up to his chin held up with a tape around his neck, and another tape holding it 'round his waist, and I remember him walking up and down in front of the store with a watering can, sprinkling water on the vegetables in a long box in front of the windows.

Mr. Giffen: "That's the way I remember him. When I first came here in 1908 I went over one day to get a statement for R.C. Dun" (Mercantile Agency) "from him. The store was all in confusion, things scattered

about in a regular junk heap, and he was busy with customers. But to my great surprise, when I told him who I was, he was interested in me, and my purpose; a thing not usual in such an establishment. As soon as he had served his customers, he took me back to his office; it wasn't a real office, but a sort of desk with papers scattered all around, stuck on nails. He explained to me his position very carefully; he got a rating of about five or ten thousand dollars, and I remember him making a striking statement. It was: 'I am not going to be satisfied until it is a million dollars.'

"For years after that, once a year, after he had made up his balance sheet for the year, he used to take the statement up to Mr. Godfrey of the Bank of British North America. Our office was just across the way, and after he had been into the bank he used to bring the statement up to me."

Major Matthews: Did he ever reach a million dollars?

Mr. Giffen: "Oh, yes! Years ago. I remember the last time he came up, he came up with a statement showing assets of over a million dollars. He had finally got what he wanted. I looked at the statement, and we talked about it, and presently I asked him if he remembered the remark that he had made to me years previously about not being satisfied until he had reached a million dollars. Mr. Woodward replied, 'Oh, yes! I remember it very well.' He was a smart man. He still goes to his office every day, gets down about eight or half past, and of course, they put such papers as are of importance on his desk for him to see." (Also see Mrs. Sanderson, Vol. 3.)

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MISS ANNIE MORRISON, R.N. (REGISTERED NURSE), 2831 WEST 3<sup>RD</sup> AVENUE, 10 OCTOBER 1933.**

#### **SOUTH VANCOUVER. D.L. 652. NORTH ARM ROAD (FRASER AVENUE). MAIN STREET.**

"My father, Thomas Henry Morrison, was born at Trebon" (?) "about forty miles from Québec; he was the son of, I think, John Morrison, who came from Scotland, farmed in Québec, had six sons and six daughters. My father, Thomas Henry, was married three times, all in London, Ontario, including my mother, Anne Meredith, of London, England. He died in Vancouver about 1913 or 1914, and was buried in Mountain View Cemetery.

"From his father's farm in Québec he went to London, Ontario, then for seven years as a merchant to Pembina, North Dakota, then one year in Winnipeg, where he was in the wagon and carriage business, then to Vancouver by C.P.R. where he arrived with wife and eight children in November 1888. The children were myself, born 1866, and my half brothers and sisters (whose mother's maiden name was Anna Kessack), Ethel, Florence, Homer, Stanley (twins), Chester, Gordon and Olive. I was born in London, Ethel to Chester in London, Gordon and Olive in Dakota. On our arrival here, all went to the Central School save Olive, who was too young. Ethel is now Mrs. William Goodwin and has one son, Lyle, and two daughters, Jean and Ruth; Florence, now dead, was Mrs. Wellington Bichart, no children; Homer married Miss Emily Syn, no children; Stanley married Miss Martha Thompson, two sons, Ralph and Lloyd; Gordon married Miss Eleanor Greer, Sam Greer's daughter, and has two sons, Gordon and Dale; and Olive married Robert Mills, one son, Robert. All these children were born in Vancouver. Father was in the carriage business on Hastings Street with Mr. Vicky." (?) "Miss Vicky married Dr. McAlpine of Point Grey Road."

#### **SAM GREER. RICHARDS STREET.**

"When we first came to Vancouver we went to live at 713 Richards Street—the house was torn down in 1931, and there is a parking station there now, but when we went there it was a wild sort of place; a big stump stood in the middle of the street in front of our house. Mrs. James Macaulay, who recently received the Good Citizen's medal, lived close by in the next block; a wonderful woman. Father Fay was the clergyman of the Catholic Church; a popular man; his hobby was his garden" (see photo of Holy Rosary Church); "my sister, Florence, was very clever—took the highest marks at the Central School, and Father Fay gave her a gold medal; we lost it when their house was robbed."

#### **JERICHO BEACH. CAPTAIN AND MRS. DALGLIESH. LYNN CREEK.**

"Among the incidents I recall were our picnics; sometimes we took a rowboat and went over to Lynn Creek; there was a milk ranch there. And then, another time, the Homer Street Methodist Church held a

big picnic at Jericho Beach. The Rev. Ebenezer Robson was there. It was a big picnic and we all went on a scow towed by a tug boat" (see Bailey photo, No. ?), "but the government stopped that; they said it was too dangerous to take children out through the Narrows on a scow. Captain and Mrs. Dalgliesh lived on the beach—just where the Golf Club House is now. They were just in the woods, and were the only people there. We asked Mrs. Dalgliesh if she was lonely; she said, 'Why, no! Would not live any place else.' Her father had been a sea captain, and she was fond of the water." (Also see J.A. Brock photo No. ?)

#### **THE FIRST STREET CARS. SCHOOLS.**

"Oh, yes, I recall the first street car" (June 1890); "all the people in town went down to see the street cars start; they gave the school children a half holiday; they were tiny things. When we were in Winnipeg they had horse-drawn street cars; we had never seen electric; the cars ran by the Hotel Vancouver, down Hastings, Carrall and Westminster Avenue to False Creek. They had lots of trouble taking them up the Mount Pleasant hill; the hill was too steep for the electric cars—they have cut that hill down three times to get its present grade. Some of the cars were closed, the others the seats ran longways, back to back, and you just stepped right into the street again when you wanted to get off." (See elsewhere, J.B. Kay.)

#### **OLD BRICK HOSPITAL (CORNER OF CAMBIE AND PENDER).**

"I trained in the old brick hospital, now City Relief headquarters; was one of the first pupils; joined in 1899 and graduated in 1902; they had a class before that, but it was not the full course. Miss O'Connor, who died Good Friday, 1933, was there, Miss Roycroft, who afterwards had Miss Roycroft's Hospital, and Miss Fonsieca was another; all dead now."

#### **Y.M.C.A. CREEK CROSSES HASTINGS STREET.**

"There was a creek—I recall seeing the water running—just east of the Y.M.C.A., the two-storey wooden building on Hastings Street, north side, just east of Cambie." (See photo No. ? and J.H. Scales.)

#### **WESTMINSTER AVENUE. PARKS. MAIN STREET.**

"I was just 21 when we arrived in Vancouver. My mother's estate was in chancery, and we had to wait until I was 21. We thought it a good thing to invest in acreage; others were doing it, so" (step-) "Mother and I went partners, fifteen acres each, thirty in all, on what is now Main Street, at \$25 an acre. That was about 1890; it was subdivided and sold in lots about 1908."

#### **MAIN STREET. JIM McGEER. SUNSET NURSERIES.**

"The way we got to our property was up Westminster Avenue and Westminster Road, then out North Arm Road" (Fraser Avenue) "and took a bush trail westwards to what is now Main Street; there was no road there then; we afterwards gave the right of way for Main Street. It was part of D.L. 652. Jim McGeer's place, father of G.G. McGeer, K.C., was the last place we passed on the road to our acreage. There was no swamp on our place; all dry land; we sold the timber to loggers; then there was a lot of cordwood on it after the loggers got through, and we sold that, and then the Chinamen went there burning charcoal, so that we got the taxes out of it. We bought through Martin and McCloskey, and sold to Lalande and Clough, real estate agents, part of it for \$10,000, sold another piece for \$8,000, and have one lot left. Lalande and Clough lost their money; that was about twenty years ago. The property is now a civic park." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, *Echoes of the Real Estate Boom*.) "Park greenhouses are there now."

Annie Kessack Morrison—born 14 July 1842; died 14 February 1905.

Florence Elizabeth Morrison—born 25 September 1874; died 28 August 1911.

Thomas Hendry Morrison—born 14 March 1834; died 8 April 1917.

James Wylie Morrison—born 10 March 1862; died 27 June 1917.

## **19 JUNE 1933 – DAILY NEWS-ADVERTISER. NEWSPAPERS.**

Memo of conversation with George H. Miller of Hugh A. Fraser and Co., real estate, Hastings Street West. (Member Vancouver Pioneers Association.)

Mr. Miller said:

"You know the old Gurney Cab stables on Westminster Avenue where they were going to stable the horses for the street cars. When you showed that lantern slide picture the other night before the Pioneers it reminded me that in 1890 I used to go there every morning to get the bundle of *News-Advertisers* for my paper route. I had all east of Westminster Avenue, and had just thirty newspapers to deliver.

"Used to get up at 5.30 a.m. in the morning and get back about 8 a.m. in time to go to school; another boy had west of Westminster Avenue. I had to walk too, no bicycle, could not use a bicycle, no roads, then too it was dark, no lights then, couldn't ride a bicycle.

"I started east up a trail with a single plank, afterwards Front Street, now First Avenue East, crossed a creek—the slaughterhouse was up there—then followed the trail up to the North Arm Road, now corner Kingsway and Fraser Avenue, where Henry's Nurseries were, then back to the corner of 9<sup>th</sup> Avenue, now Broadway, and Westminster Avenue, now Main Street, and on home and to school. I walked about 6 or 8 miles, and made fifty cents a week. Westminster Avenue was the western boundary of my route; the woods were the other boundaries, and thirty papers in all to deliver."

(Note: see also Roy Oben, now postmaster and school teacher, Lasqueti Island, late of Central Park, son of Phillip Oben.)

## **KERRISDALE. MAGEE. HUGH MAGEE.**

The original crown grant of D.L. 194 on the North Arm of the Fraser River in Point Grey to Hugh Magee is dated Victoria 13<sup>th</sup> December 1889. It shows W.S. Gore as surveyor-general, F.G. Vernon as Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, and Hugh Nelson, Lieutenant-Governor. It is in the Land Registry Office, Vancouver. A map is attached of which this is a tracing.

It conveys one hundred and ninety-one acres to Hugh Magee for one hundred and ninety-one dollars.

The reservations are the usual for roads, canals, bridges, towing paths or other works of public utility or convenience, not exceeding one twentieth of the whole, and there is a reservation protecting lands on which buildings are erected, or gardens, or "other for the more convenient occupation of any such buildings." The right to mine gold and silver ore is reserved.

The grant includes a small island right in the centre of the southern boundary, separate from the mainland by a narrow strip of water.

Magee's preemption plan in original copy only.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH EX-REEVE W.H. LAMBKE OF POINT GREY, 30 OCTOBER 1934.**

### **EARLY KERRISDALE.**

"Kerrisdale was named after McKinnon's house, now occupied by Dr. Pearson, who has an office on Granville Street; the house bore the name 'Kerrisdale.'" (See photo No. ?)

"I went to live at Kerrisdale, or rather Wilson Road, now West 41<sup>st</sup> Avenue, in 1911.

"The first resident at Kerrisdale must have been a Mr. Bell. He had about half an acre of land there. He was the first to establish at the point where the business section, at the corner of West 41<sup>st</sup> Avenue and West Boulevard, now is. At the time he went there the forest grew on all sides. The Canadian Pacific Railway had, in 1904, completed the steam railway line to Steveston via Eburne, now Marpole, and were running a daily train on a single track through a slit in the forest. The Wilson Road was opened up, just a

trail of mud in winter and of dust in summer. All around was a wilderness of forest with an occasional bit of clearing with stumps and brush. Bell built a very modest building with a grocery and feed store downstairs and living quarters upstairs, and then he applied for a post office. It was a queer thing to do, we thought, for at that time there were not more than half a dozen settlers within a mile or two miles; anyway, the post office was established. At that time I have seen bears ambling across the Wilson Road.

"Then, as the place grew, finally the first primitive single line street car track was laid from the C.P.R. railway, which had been electrified and taken over by the B.C. Electric Railway. The shuttle car ran from the interurban to Dunbar Street, and of course that gave Bell a start.

"He finally gave an option, during the real estate boom days, on this property for \$60,000, and then, after signing the papers, regretted it, and thought he ought to have got at least \$70,000. He was very nervous lest the man with the option should take it up, but it was never taken up, and the decline came, and he first mortgaged it, and then lost it entirely; afterwards went to live on Earl's Road, and is now, I believe, in very humble financial circumstances.

"As I have said, Bell's original building on the southwest corner of Wilson Road" (41<sup>st</sup> Avenue) "and the C.P.R. line to Steveston, was a very modest building painted dark green with white trimmings, and absolutely devoid of ornamentation, verandah; indeed, I am not certain that there was a sidewalk, even of boards. It was set in a frame of forest, and was reached by turning down Wilson Road, then a muddy track through the stumps, from the road to the North Arm, now Granville Street, which was not much better. All around the store was stumps in second growth and an odd boulder or two. It was from such a humble beginning that a splendid little business settlement at Kerrisdale, now so brilliantly lit at night with electric and neon signs, paved, a splendid street car service, etc., etc., originated."

#### **MAPLE GROVE PARK. BOWSER PARK.**

Maple Grove Park on Yew Street between 50<sup>th</sup> and 53<sup>rd</sup> avenues, was formerly (about 1920-1925) called Bowser Park; either after Frank Bowser, or his brother Hon. W.J. Bowser, Prime Minister of B.C., but, says Mr. Paton, "Somebody didn't like Bowser's politics, so they changed it to Maple Grove."

Authority, Reeve J.A. Paton of Point Grey.

#### **EXCERPT FROM *THE BUZZER* (B.C. ELECTRIC), 15 SEPTEMBER 1933**

##### **WHO'S WHO ON THE CARS. ALEX. McDONALD, MOTORMAN NO. 165.**

There are a number of Alex. McDonalds among the 900 motormen and conductors on Vancouver city lines, but this Alex. is the flower lover, the man who spends every minute of his spare time in his own garden, in other people's gardens or in the city's gardens and parks business, by virtue of his office of park commissioner.

Motorman Alex. McDonald was born on a farm in Inverness, Scotland, and started early in life working for the North British railway as signalman. He came to Vancouver in 1908 and for two years was employed driving a team for the city.

He started as motorman on the street cars in 1910 and for the past 23 years has operated regularly on Vancouver streets. In 1916 he took an active part in the organization of the South Vancouver Horticultural Society, and from then on has maintained an active interest in public matters.

He served for two years on the police commission and for five years on the council in South Vancouver, and in the latter capacity was responsible for much park development in the municipality.

##### **MCDONALD PARK.**

The five acres of park property grew to 300 acres during Alex's terms of office, and it is well known that his zeal in advocating open spaces for the people was mainly responsible for this result.

Memorial Park, at 43<sup>rd</sup> and Fraser, was largely of Alex's creation, as was also the very pretty and fully improved McDonald Park, situated at 45<sup>th</sup> and Prince Edward street, and named in his honor.

The absorption of South Vancouver by the city gave Alex. a wider field for his activities, and he is at present a very useful and energetic member of the Vancouver park board.

His gardening enthusiasm has affected many of his fellow employees, and has resulted in the organization of the B.C. Electric Employees Gardens Association. The flower show staged in July at the Granville Street show rooms was a fine example of what the association can do, and very much of the success of this show was due to Mr. McDonald. His advice on horticultural matters is always there for the asking. He is as much interested in the other fellow's garden as he is in his own, and his great objective appears to be to make Vancouver a city noted for its beautiful private gardens as well as for its public parks and open spaces.

### **THE CLEARING OF SHAUGHNESSY. "THE BUNKERS."**

"The Bunkers," residence of His Honour Judge J.A. Forin, 3651 Granville Street, takes its name from the fact that when the "First Shaughnessy" was being cleared and laid out by the C.P.R. into streets, the C.P.R. had a rock and gravel bunkers, a huge affair connected by rail along 24<sup>th</sup> Avenue with the Lulu Island railway (now Marpole Interurban) and had a small railroad yard up there to which C.P.R. locomotives took train loads of gravel, sand, cement, etc., for building the roads, sidewalks, curbs, etc.

### **24 MARCH 1934 – LOCHDALE, B.C.**

Lochdale is a small settlement and a post office at the corner of Hastings Street East and Sperling Avenue, Vancouver; the strange thing is that though quite a little settlement, few people know its name.

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN ALFRED DUKE, GROVE STREET, LOCHDALE, WHO WENT TO LIVE THERE IN 1927.**

Mr. Duke said: "I heard you lecture on *Early Vancouver* at St. Margaret's Anglican Church Hall on Sperling Avenue last night, and heard a lady say Lochdale was named after Mrs. Lougheed, who, about twenty years ago, kept a little grocery store at the corner of Sperling Avenue and Hastings Street.

"Mrs. Norman, who has lived there for many years—one of the earliest settlers—came to me afterwards and told me that such an explanation was absurd. She said that 'lough' in Irish means 'lake'; and 'loch' in Scotch means the same thing; all that land around there drains into Burnaby Lake; it is the 'dale of the lake'; some of the pioneers decided to call the place 'Lakedale,' but the name did not catch on, and they changed it to Lochdale. Mrs. Norman says she does not think Mrs. Lougheed's name had anything to do with it.

"When the Shell Oil Co. built their refinery out there they proposed to change the name to Shellburn, but the settlers protested.

"A few of the old timers out there are George Easthope, Alex. Norman, Ralph Brewers and Mr. Pavey."

Lochdale lies between Burnaby Mountain, elevation 1,000 feet, and Capitol Hill, 600 feet.

Mrs. Lougheed (who had neither husband nor children so far as is known) is not there now. (NOTE ADDED LATER: Wife of James Lohead, only child William, died in California, aged 15. J.S.M.)

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. EUDORA J. LOCHEAD, 5 JUNE 1934.**

(Eudora: said to be a biblical name, and to mean "A gift of God.")

### **WEST BAY, WEST VANCOUVER.**

"After I left Lochdale, I went to West Bay, West Vancouver, in 1922. At that time there were only three small cottages there, one belonging to A.A. McEvoy, son of Bernard McEvoy of the *Province*, Norman Forbes, living there yet—he was beachcombing—and Guy Cave. My first store there is still standing, but

they have added to it. I sold 8,000 loaves of bread in the first six weeks I was there; I repeat, 8,000. The train, the old P.G.E., came out there. In those days, they were running thirteen trains a day and five packed cars to a train at rush hours."

#### **LOCHEAD POST OFFICE, BURNABY.**

"The name Lakemere was obsolete long before I went there. I feel certain that the first letters addressed to me at that point were addressed 'Lozelles.'"

#### **"THE TREASURE."**

(Set to waltz music)

Words by Eudora J. Lohead, in whose honour Lochdale is named. J.S.M.

28 June 1934

Vancouver.

Would life be worth living  
If we were not giving  
The friendship and kindness  
We all can bestow  
Let us share earthly treasures,  
Help others find pleasures,  
Make life a grand journey  
Wherever we go.

Let truth be our motto,  
Let right be our guide,  
For right will prevail  
Whatever betide.  
While we jealously guard  
The course we pursue,  
May the fruits of our labors  
Prove worthy to you.

#### **STATEMENT, MADE IN WRITING (BY REQUEST) BY EX-COUNCILLOR GEO. GREEN OF BURNABY.**

##### **LOCKDALE. LOCHDALE POST OFFICE. BURNABY NORTH. EARLY SETTLERS.**

That section of Burnaby served by the Lochdale post office was practically unsettled prior to 1910. A very few settlers were there earlier, notably W.V. Bainbridge, who lived on the north shore of Burnaby Lake, 500 yards east of the foot of Bainbridge Avenue, now living at 4419 West 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Point Grey; John Dyck, a native of Holland, still living on Broadway just east of Sperling Avenue; Oscar Berry, now at High River, Alberta; and one or two others. In 1910 quite a few others settled there, one of whom, William Duthie, secured a post office at his home, the south west corner of Bainbridge and Broadway. He named the post office, or rather had it named, "Duthie." Duthie Avenue is named after him. Mrs. Duthie is now Mrs. Martin Stevens, living in Suite 21, Beaconsfield Apartments, 884 Bute Street, Vancouver, phone Sey. 4542X. When, in 1911 Mr. Duthie died, the post office was taken over by the late Tom Prince West, and moved to his residence on the east side of Cliff Road, midway up the west boundary of District Lot 136, that is, between Broadway and Halifax Street. There was then no Halifax Street east of Sperling Avenue, the present street from Cliff Avenue was expropriated in 1916 from the James Inman estate. Mr. West had the post office name changed to "Lakemere." Both Duthie and Lakemere offices were served from Burnaby Lake station on the B.C.E. inter-urban. Lakemere office did not long survive the change of name and location. Mr. West being very dissatisfied with the patronage and consequent salary paid. The settlement was at that time very sparse. Mr. T.P. West died about four years ago; a son C. Percy West still lives in that vicinity, at the corner of Halifax Street and Cliff Avenue.

### **HASTINGS GROVE. BURNABY MOUNTAIN. SNAKE HILL.**

Very active real estate operations took place in 1911 out there, mainly through the offices of S.F. Munson, and C.A. Bodie, resulting in a very considerable influx of settlers and opening of roads, the former sold eleven hundred parcels of land in three months, mainly in District Lot 208, which he named Hastings Grove, and in District Lot 135. Mr. Bodie sold the western part of the top of Burnaby Mountain, also known as Snake Hill. The subdivision is numbered 209.

### **HASTINGS STREET IMPASSABLE. CAPITOL HILL.**

Curtis Street was opened up from Sperling Avenue eastward for one mile and planked for the first half mile of the joint expense of the municipality and Mr. Munson who had agreed to contribute \$1,000 toward the cost of planking. In 1911 Hastings Street was impassable for autos, farther than the Capitol Hill Post Office and store and it was found necessary to use two horse democrats from there eastward. Between Capitol Hill and Boundary Road was partly cedar puncheon [*corduroy*], and the hill just east of Fell Avenue was so muddy that vehicles went axle deep.

### **MRS. EUDORA LOHEAD.**

In August 1912 Mrs. Dora [*Eudora*] Lohead opened a store in a building then just completed on Curtis Street, now owned and lived in by Mr. Tomlinson, then termed the "Hastings Grove Store." It was the terminus of the [*auto*] 'bus line run from Boundary Road. Many men were then busy land clearing and road building and the upper part of this store was a lodging home for them. Mrs. Lohead ran a boarding house in connection and a number of tents were requisitioned to furnish sleeping quarters.

In 1913 Mrs. Lohead bought the property whereon the Lochdale post office stands and I built this store-building for her, also a residence and butcher shop for a Mr. Stevens just west of the store on Hastings Street. These latter are now the residences and garage owned by John Whittingham.

At that time there was no local post office. I feel sure that the Lakemere office had been closed some considerable time and at Mrs. Lohead's request I interviewed the Vancouver District Post Office Inspector, [*the late*] Mr. Greenfield, circulated the petition amongst the neighbourhood, and the post office was granted. At the request of the postal authorities, the prospective postmistress submitted several names for the new office, and I remember that Lochdale was the first on the list submitted.

After the death of her son William, Mrs. Lohead left the neighbourhood, selling the store to a Mrs. Young. The new post office was, of course, in part a perpetuation of Mrs. Lohead's surname. It is a sort of flat place around there and suggests the other part of the name chosen. After Mrs. Lohead left the vicinity I was postmaster of Lochdale for five years, that is to say, from 1915 to 1920, my wife acting as postmistress during my absence overseas. This office has always been served from Capitol Hill.

One of the local councillors of those days was Philip W. FauVel, a shingle manufacturer with a mill on Sperling Avenue, at the Great Northern Railway tracks and it is from him that FauVel Avenue receives its name. His offices were at 804 Holden Bldg. in Vancouver. He died in the Philippines shortly after the close of the Great War. Holdom Avenue in Capitol Hill is named from ex-councillor Walter J. Holdom, still resident at Capitol Hill. McDonald Avenue takes its name from ex-Councillor Angus McDonald of Vancouver Heights who is also an alderman of Vancouver city. [*This refers to McDonald Avenue of Vancouver Heights.*]

George Green.

402 East 20<sup>th</sup> Ave.,  
Vancouver.  
May 29, 1934.

Read to Mrs. Eudora Lohead, 7 June 1934, and approved as correct. J.S.M.

## **SOUTHLANDS.**

The selection of this name for the district in the neighbourhood of the corner of 41<sup>st</sup> Avenue West and Dunbar Street, came about in the following manner.

At the amalgamation of the City of Vancouver with the Municipality of South Vancouver and Point Grey, 1 January 1929, to form the city of Greater Vancouver, the city was divided for electoral purposes into twelve wards, each electing one alderman to the City Council, and certain of these wards were long and narrow in shape, extending from English Bay to the North Arm of the Fraser River. At the north end there had long existed a very influential ratepayers association, the Kitsilano Rate-Payers Association; nothing of the sort existed at the south end, so, emulating the example, a ratepayers association was formed at the south end, the inaugural meeting being held in a new but empty store at the corner of 41<sup>st</sup> Avenue West and Dunbar Street. A name was required for the association. The district was growing rapidly, and a little village of stores was in process of creation at the corner.

Several names were suggested, but the one more favoured was "Southlands." The fact that the residence of His Worship W.H. Malkin, first mayor of Greater Vancouver, was nearby and was so named "Southlands" influenced the decision, made by a few at a ratepayers meeting, and carried in the face of stout opposition.

Major Matthews, City Archivist, submitted "Musqueam," the name of the nearby Indian settlement, so known even as far back as 1808, when Fraser, discoverer of the Fraser River, mentioned it in his diary. Major Matthews vainly pointed out that South Vancouver, South Hill, South Shore, and Southside, already existed on the southern slope; pointed out that the Indian name of Kitsilano was unique and distinctive, and Musqueam would be similarly so, but his suggestion was not considered meritorious. Protests to the Town Planning Commission brought the answer that they had no jurisdiction. Actually the name was chosen by one or two men, whose aggressiveness carried the day. It was unfortunate, and not generally approved. J.S.M.

## **7 OCTOBER 1933 – MAYORS, SYSTEM OF ELECTION. LOUIS RUBINOWITZ.**

A very severe commentary on our system of electing our chief magistrate is the case of Mr. Louis Rubinowitz, an elderly Jew, who in 1926 and 1928 twice contested for the office of Mayor of Vancouver.

Mr. Louis Rubinowitz came to Vancouver in 1892, took some interest in Jewish affairs, but never took an interest in civic or public matters; it is difficult to find what he did take an interest in—in a public way. He had a small general store at Steveston, and also one in Vancouver, both queer places, an assortment of goods scattered aimlessly about after the manner of a secondhand store. He was a very elderly man when he decided to contest the office of Mayor. He wore his hair in a most noticeable manner. A long flowing grey beard, almost to his waist, and the long, almost white hair of his head hung over his shoulders as far as his shoulder blades. Sometimes, on Jewish ceremonial days, he wore a long black morning coat and a "stovepipe" tall silk hat, and had a rather venerable appearance, somewhat akin to a Jewish patriarch. He presented an odd and eccentric appearance as he walked down the street. He was by no means uninteresting to converse with, very polite, and minded his own business. His son was a barrister, one of the first Rhodes Scholars to Oxford University, and was subsequently defense counsel for the miners arrested at the Nanaimo coal strike of August 1913.

## **CONVERSATION WITH TOM EVANS, OF EVANS AND HASTINGS, PIONEER PRINTERS, 3 OCTOBER 1933.**

City Archivist: There goes Mr. Rubinowitz.

Mr. Evans: "I've known him a long time. He came to me once and asked me to endorse him for mayor; to sign his nomination papers. I said to him, 'Mr. Rubinowitz, you know you've no chance of being elected; you haven't one chance in a million' (he got a few votes out of thousands afterwards); 'you're wasting your time. I regret it, but I must decline to put my name on your papers.' The old gentleman replied, 'Thank you very much all the same.' He had a bit of an old store down on Hastings Street somewhere, with a few tables in it and goods scattered all over the tables, and a great big sign outside in front, 'THE RUBINOWITZ DEPARTMENTAL STORES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, LIMITED.'"

This is an instance of how democracy operates. Here was an irresponsible, kindly gentleman, physically quite incapable of the onerous duties of mayor, who had never taken an interest of scarcely any sort of public affairs, quite out of touch with civic matters, somewhat eccentric, no money to speak of, a very indifferent business man in his own trading, and operating a third-rate retail store which looked more like a museum than a store, legally able to have his name placed on the voting ballots at a civic election involving many thousands of votes, and in company with two or three names of the highest standing in the community. His candidature was a joke—all knew that—yet such is our system of electing our governing officials that such debacles as the above are possible.

### **JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.**

A memo of conversation with Mr. Rubinowitz, dated 2 October 1933, records that “my great-grandfather, after whom I am named, was a native of Ponemon, across the River Nemo from Kovno, Lithuania” (formerly Poland Russia) “and lived to be 107 years old.

“I am probably the only survivor of the original Jewish congregation which 42 years ago assembled in the first Jewish house of worship; not a synagogue, just a small hall, or large room upstairs in the Dunn-Miller Block on southwest corner of Cordova and Carrall streets.” J.S.M.

Note: in his mayoralty contests he received:

In 1926, 197 votes out of 15,972;

In 1928, 236 votes out of 36,809 cast.

J.S.M.

### **GREAT DEPRESSION.**

#### **EARLY DAYS.**

The first evidence of the “Great Depression” became visible in the spring of 1931, but went unrecognised by the general public. There were features not dissimilar to those in the earlier days of the Great War. In both cases, British Columbia was unprepared; an appreciation of the situation was lacking; neither officials nor the general public comprehended; there was no system of method whatever to control it, and, as in the case of the Great War, most persons said it would end “in three months.”

The year 1929 had seen its stock boom in which all, from capitalists to stenographers, indulged. Life was worth living, a dollar invested today became two dollars overnight. During the year 1930 sufficient time had not elapsed for the penalties of the wild speculation to reveal themselves; people still had resources on which to live; some were suffering, some were grumbling, the public was hibernating—like a bear denned up for winter, and “living on its fat.” Then came 1931 and its spring; the slacking up of industry—and idle men were numerous as flowers in spring and summer, periods when labour should ordinarily be at a premium.

#### **THE JUNGLES OF 1931.**

Suddenly the newspapers reported in striking headlines the fact that men were living in “Jungles”; the public was politely interested, a curiosity to see what a “Jungle” looked like evinced itself; few bothered to go and look. Pictures were published; it was all very interesting. Few realised what was coming; a few of the more charitably inclined who came in personal contact with the “rod riders” (men who rode freight trains) started relief measures (see Col. Williams, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1), and interested themselves in the unfortunate “Jungleers,” but after the first flush and flash of interest had passed, the general public took not notice, and questioned each other, “Don’t you think business will improve next month?” A few said, “Recovery will take some time, perhaps two or three years,” and such as did were promptly branded pessimists to be shunned.

Even the men in the “Jungles” were not at all certain that the deplorable situation in which they found themselves was not due in some measure to their own individual deficiencies; they had been extravagant when they should have saved—which was perhaps quite true in most cases; they had always been unfortunate, they chided themselves; they had lost opportunities when they were young, had defied

parents, neglected school, been wayward; it was their own fault they were in trouble; others did not appear to be (they judged by outward appearance); others had good clothes (clothes had not had time to wear out.) Few realised what was coming to any greater extent than they had when the Great War broke out. The news that war had broken out in Europe was an interesting item in the morning paper—that was all; it was thousands of miles away; we should be quite safe in British Columbia.

The following will give a slight conception of a situation which still existed three months after the first Jungle was started in Vancouver; that is, in September 1931, and will illustrate what slight preparation had or was being made to prepare for the thousands who were to go on Government or Civic Relief before 1932 and 1933 had passed.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION, 23 AUGUST 1933, WITH MR. W.J. MOORE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 420 HASTINGS STREET WEST.**

[Mr. Moore] took the photographs (September 1931) of the False Creek Jungle (unemployed camp) on the False Creek City Dump, for refuse, between Campbell Avenue and Heatley Avenue. (See thirteen photographs.)

**THE JUNGLES OF 1931 (FALSE CREEK JUNGLE). REV. ANDREW RODDAN.**

Major Matthews: How did you come to take these photographs, Mr. Moore?

Mr. Moore: "The Rev. Andrew Roddan, pastor of the First United Church, requested me, about September 1931, to accompany him; just what his idea in having them taken I am not sure; I believe he wanted them for use in emphasising the contention that these destitute men were the charge of the Federal or Provincial governments, and not a civic responsibility; the desperate situation was, in his opinion, a national one, not a local one.

"The Jungle, as it was called, was the Jungle on the city dump for rubbish at the False Creek fill between Campbell Avenue and Heatley Avenue—there was another Jungle on the old Hastings Sawmill site. It was a collection of nondescript habitations made out of anything which could be begged, borrowed or stolen, to be hung together some way to afford shelter from the elements to a large number of unemployed men; men from everywhere, all sorts of ages, education, characters, attainments, and which a common want and some misery had banded together in larger or smaller groups for mutual help.

"It was a wet dreary evening when we arrived—which accounts for the lack of sharpness in the photographs—probably six o'clock. A cold September drizzle was falling.

"While I was taking the photographs some women came by; to gratify curiosity, I surmise. I observed that one of the women watchers had tears running down her cheeks; one could hardly blame her; I felt a little similarly inclined myself.

"Then a girl, more correctly a young woman, strode forward; was she undoubtedly of Communist theories, and angry. She harangued the men, called them ugly names. In a shrill, strident voice she ejaculated, 'You call yourselves men; you stand for this and do nothing! Why don't you fight?' she went on in a commanding voice and attitude. 'You call yourselves human beings and starve while the bosses wax fat. Why do you stand for it? Why don't you get a bit of Socialism in your miserable spirits?' It was a harsh bullying declamation of a wild impassioned young female. 'Why, Jesus Christ was a Socialist,' she finished.

"The Rev. Andrew Roddan solemnly nodded acquiescence, and muttered in a low tone, 'Yes, that's true; the greatest Socialist the world ever knew.'

"But the men took no notice of the girl; they just looked at her; neither smiled nor scowled; just looked in stern silence. The Rev. Roddan stood nearby. Preparations were in progress to 'dish up'—I suppose that is what it might be called—the evening meal; his presence controlled the situation. I doubt if there was another man in all Vancouver who could handle those men as the Rev. Roddan could. They respected him; they obeyed him. He explained quietly to the men that there was just so much food and no more; that no man should be allowed to go hungry if he could help it; that if there was any left over after each had had an equal share, they could come back, and finish what was left over. The men were very orderly.

"I had taken the photographs, so stood by to watch the meal distributed as the photographs depict, and as I watched, thought to myself, 'There's an exhibition of real freemasonry.'"

Note: Mr. Moore is Worshipful Master W.J. Moore of Plantagenet Lodge, A.F. and A.M., Vancouver.

The Jungles grew spontaneously in the spring of 1931; they were abolished by order of the Health (civic) Officer about September 1931, after infectious diseases arose, and the crude habitations burned. Also see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 1, 1931, re Vancouver Harbour Commissioners. Photographs in City Archives.

Narrative approved by W.J. Moore, 23 August 1933. J.S.M.

### **FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. W.J. MOORE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 23 MAY 1933.**

"In the fall of 1910, I first came to Vancouver and went to live at Johns Road, about three blocks east of Main Street, between 26<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup> avenues as they are called now—some of those streets were not opened up then, and were known by their old names which I forget."

#### **TEA SWAMP.**

"A fair sized creek which came down out of the Mountain View Cemetery passed through land adjoining our backyard, and flowed on down to the head of False Creek where it emptied itself."

#### **SALMON.**

"One day we had visitors from England, and they began talking about salmon, so I said, assuming a nonchalant demeanor for bravado and to surprise them, 'I'll go and get you one.' So I just walked out of the room, picked up an iron bar lying in the garden, walked a few steps to the creek where quite a number of salmon were swimming, took a strike at a healthy looking one, hit it, picked it out of the water, and took it back, holding it by the gills, to my English visitors still sitting in the room. They were astonished.

"It was quite a good salmon, quite fit to eat, for it had just come from the sea, and not yet commenced to deteriorate."

### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP OF 1622 CHARLES STREET, VANCOUVER, 21 MARCH 1935.**

#### **CRAKANTHROP.**

Mrs. Alice Crakanthorp, née Patterson, was the first white child born (at Stamp's Mill) Alberni, B.C., 26 February 1864. The late Mr. Robert Churchill Crakanthorp, whom she married at St. James' Church, Vancouver, 29 December 1892 (by the Rev. Father Fiennes-Clinton) was a scion of a very old English family of distinguished lineage (see College of Heralds) of which there are records as far as 1180 A.D. The earliest records refer to a "de Crakanthorp of Crakanthorp"; the coat of arms is "Or, chevron between three mullets pierced, azure," no supporters, as shown in a pedigree table, made in 1826, in the possession of Mrs. Crakanthorp. Mr. Crakanthorp was the son of Rev. Chas. Churchill Crakanthorp, and was born at Castle Bytham in England (believed Grimsthorp; that his father was vicar of Stamford—unconfirmed); their only child is Miss Muriel Dorothy Branscombe Crakanthorp, born at Port Blakeley, Washington, 20 October 1895. Mr. Crakanthorp died 6 December 1926, and was buried, from St. James' Church, at Ocean View Burial Park.

#### **PATTERSON.**

Mrs. Crakanthorp is one of several of the children of John Peabody Patterson, and Emily Susan Patterson, née Branscombe—the former believed to be from Boston, Massachusetts, or nearby, the latter from the state of Maine. He died 5<sup>th</sup> December 1908; she died 12<sup>th</sup> November 1909, aged 74; both buried Mountain View Cemetery. Of their parents little is known save that Mr. Patterson's mother's name was Lucretia Cordelia Read.

#### **JOHN PEABODY PATTERSON.**

"As I understand it," said Mrs. Crakanthorp, "Father went to San Francisco from New York, 1860-1862."

### **FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN ON ALBERNI CANAL.**

"Just when Father went to the Alberni Canal I do not know, but until they settled down for good on Burrard Inlet, Father and Mother were 'gypsies'; they just travelled and travelled" (laughing.)

"One sister was born in 1859, in New York, another in 1862, San Francisco; then I—my name is Alice—was born, the first white child born at Alberni" (Stamp's Mill), "26<sup>th</sup> February 1864. Captain Stamp's old mill at Alberni, where Father worked, was situate on the site of what is now called New Alberni, but which, actually, being the site of the original mill, is really 'old' Alberni. The mill was near the site of the present Somass Hotel and General Hospital. When the mill was shut down we went to Victoria, where my brother Frank was born; then we moved to the Upper Champoug" (sic) "River, a tributary of the Columbia River, in Oregon, where Father bought a sawmill; then some or all of the family took ague or fever and we moved down the Columbia River to Buteville, Oregon, where another daughter was born in 1869, then to Ranier, Oregon, where my brother Calvin was born in 1872, and then to Portland with his brother, who was master of the sailing vessel *Edward James* which entered Burrard Inlet in 1872; he was mate. Captain Calvin Patterson" (John's brother) "was Mrs. Captain W.H. Soule's" (Hastings Sawmill) "first husband. Father had also been on some mail line of steamships, at some earlier date. Fred was born at Moodyville, 1876.

"I recall leaving Ranier, Oregon, and going over to Kalama in a steamboat, and from Kalama we drove in a four-horse stage to Olympia, Washington, then took steamer to Victoria, and from Victoria to Hastings Sawmill in the slow old steamer *Maud*, Captain Holmes; the *Maud* was very slow; she took a very, very long time to cross the Gulf.

"Finally, in April 1873, we reached the Hastings Sawmill. I was then a child of nine; I am now 71. Father supervised loading ships." (A gracious lady mellowed by grey hairs and the years, but who still relishes a little fun and mischief.)

### **HASTINGS SAWMILL, 1873.**

"My earliest recollections of Hastings Sawmill are those of sojourning as best we could in the two little rooms of a shack hastily thrown together as a temporary shelter until we got a house built. Father built a small storey-and-a-half house, back of the Mill Store" (see photo No. ?), "afterwards occupied by the Ridley family who had come from Oregon with us." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3.)

### **MOODYVILLE, 1874.**

"We moved to Moodyville in 1874, when I was nine, and I remained there until I was married. Father left Moodyville the end of March, 1896, and went in the employ of the Union Steamship Company."

### **FIRST SCHOOL. FIRST SCHOOL CHILDREN. FIRST SCHOOL TEACHER.**

"The first school children I recall included Ada, Carrie and Fred Miller, the constable's children; Dick Alexander, son of R.H. Alexander, manager of the mill; Abbie, Beckie, Alice (myself) and Addie Patterson; the rest were half-breeds, or Indians. The teacher was Mrs. Richards, who afterwards married Ben Springer, manager of the Moodyville Mill.

"On the 10<sup>th</sup> May 1873, my sister Addie had a birthday party; I was nine. It was held in the school house. All school children, including Kanakas, were invited. Mother had Indian women the day before clean the school house. Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Richards (school teacher) helped to set the tables and generally make things ready. School was dismissed at 3 o'clock; the children going home to get dressed, and be back at 4 o'clock sitting down at a long table to a splendid supper, and being waited on by the mothers. After finishing the meal, which must have taken until about six o'clock, the children went outside to play games. Races were run, and one is especially outstanding in my memory. Captain Fry, whose ship the *Niagara* was loading at the mill, had great pans full of currant buns baked especially for the party, heaped up on the pans. We were all lined up in front of the water flume in front of the school house, and each given a bun according to our size; the idea was to see who could eat their bun first. The prize was money, which was won by Leon Nahu, a very fine Kanaka boy—the family are still residents of Vancouver. Then Mr. Alexander organised running races. The race would start right at the school house; Captain Fry started us. Mr. Alexander stood in a direct line with the Mill Office gate, and we had to run around him back to Captain Fry. The prize for this race was one dollar, which I won. As soon as dusk set in, each

child was given a parcel of dainties, such as cake and candies, and sent home. The grown-ups afterwards had supper and spent a pleasant evening playing cards, games, and hearing music."

#### **FIRST PIANO. MRS. RICHARDS.**

(See above.) "The first piano on the south side of Burrard Inlet was one which was part of the cabin furniture of the barque *Whittier*, Captain and Mrs. Schwappe." (?) "Mrs. Schwappe" (?) "sold it to Mrs. Richards, school teacher, who lived in a little three-room cottage back of the Hastings Sawmill schoolhouse, and afterwards married Ben Springer, manager of the Moodyville Mill."

#### **FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN ON BURRARD INLET. FIRST NURSE AND FIRST ACCOUCHEUSE. EARLY HOSPITALIZATION.**

"H.O. Alexander was the first child born at Hastings Mill; as to whether he was the first white child on Burrard Inlet, I cannot say, but he certainly was the first at Hastings Sawmill, because my mother not only confined Mrs. Alexander, but also afterwards nursed her. There were practically no white children born on Burrard Inlet; about the only births were Indian births; white women expecting confinement went to Victoria. You see, there was not a doctor nearer than New Westminster, and to reach New Westminster it was necessary, first, to send a message by an Indian and his canoe to Maxie's at the 'End of the Road'—as we used to call it (Hastings)—about three miles by water, and then a horseman had to ride to New Westminster over the old Douglas Road; it was almost a twelve-hour journey to get there, find the doctor, and return. I know, when it was necessary to send to New Westminster for a doctor, it did take" (with emphasis) "*so long* to get him. Mother was not a trained nurse, but she was a wonderful woman, and Mrs. Alexander loved Mother and had great confidence in her."

#### **INDIANS INTOXICATED.**

"In the old days there were a lot of sailors on the sailing ships here, and they used to give drink to the Indians, and when an Indian is drunk he is crazy. Mother would go out and 'fix' (first aid) "the Indians; she was fearless.

"I recall when there was once a brawl on 'Maiden's Lane,' that was just a pathway so named on the Moodyville hillside above the mill—we also had 'Frenchtown' where one Frenchman lived, and 'Kanaka Road' where the Kanakas lived. Mother was sent for to come down and quell the disturbance; a man had fallen and split his lip.

"Mother sewed up the split lip; his wife—quite a nice woman—was crying and terrified, and called out to Mother the warning, 'Be careful, Mrs. Patterson, he will strike you.' Mother replied, 'No, he won't' and addressing herself to the man whose lip she was sewing up, said, 'You dare move, and I'll hit you over the head with a club.' He had terrified the others, but not Mother; that was her nature.

"Then again, the Indians would bring their children to her. I would like some time to count up the number of children she brought into the world in that early settlement; she could do anything."

#### **INDIAN QUARRELS.**

"Then I recall one day, we were all sitting on the verandah at 'afternoon tea' with a lot of captain's wives off the ships, when an Indian woman came along; she was howling; they don't exactly cry, they sob; and she noticed Mother sitting on the verandah, and she called out, 'Jinnie Douglas bit my lip.' So Mother told her she must go right over and see the doctor. The Indians used to fight and scratch a lot.

"Then one day an Indian woman came along; she was 'Little Tommy'—that was the only name we ever knew her by. She had a baby with very bad eyes; they were practically closed up. So Mother washed them with a little milk and water and some boracic. She told the woman to go to the Mill Store and get some 'Steadman's Teething Powder.' The woman came back with some baking soda; Mother explained that it was not the right thing, and wrote a note for her."

#### **POINT ATKINSON LIGHTHOUSE. MRS. IRWIN. MR. WELLWOOD.**

"I recall once, Mother being sent for to go out to Point Atkinson; Mrs. Irwin was very ill. I think Mr. Wellwood was the first lightkeeper, but then Irwins were there for thirty years.

"Well, the tug boat would not put out into the storm—the storm was so severe—so Mother went down to Point Atkinson with two Indians in a canoe, and fixed Mrs. Irwin up. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist minister, said Mother was a 'Grace Darling.'

"I recall too how they used to come in the night, and Mother would go off to the rancherie west of Moodyville, or to the one down on Kanaka Road; we used to call it 'Kanaka Road'; just a short distance east of Moodyville where some Indians and Kanakas lived; they used to have some pretty good fights down there, but Mother was never afraid."

#### **DR. H.E. LANGIS.**

"Dr. Langis, a pioneer doctor, once paid Mother a fine tribute when he wrote that if ever there was a Christian in the world it was Mother. Perhaps he may have exaggerated a little when he wrote the Mother Superior of St. Paul's Hospital here the 'she' (Mother) 'knew more than all your trained nurses,' but the fact that he wrote it indicates what he felt about it. Mother knew no fear; there were no end of Indian children named for her."

#### **HOSPITALS. NURSES. DOCTORS WALKEM AND MASTERS.**

"I was thirteen when, in 1877, Dr. Walkem came. Dr. Walkem was here before Dr. Masters; there never was a resident doctor at Moodyville, but each employee 'volunteered'—they were more or less forced to it—to pay one dollar a month. Dr. Masters was fond of the flowing bowl. Dr. Walkem was the first resident doctor at Hastings Sawmill. I presume the reason they got a resident doctor was because 'they' charged fifteen dollars to come from Westminster; any trip for any purpose."

#### **"OLD WILLIAM." "SUPPLEJACK" (KHAYTULK.)**

Query: Do you recall "Old William"?

Mrs. Crakanthorp: "Oh, yes; dear old thing! Alexander's servant; he was so good; used to work for Mrs. Alexander; and sometimes for Mother. Sometimes the women would go away, across to Moodyville or somewhere; then they would leave him in charge; he would get the potatoes ready, set the table; then when he was done over there he would go over to our place; Alexander's was next door to us; there was just a fence between us; and he would fix things at our place. He was so clean; you could trust him with anything, to do anything, wash the windows, anything. His wife was Sally.

"Supplejack? I never met him, but often heard of him. Whether he deserved it or not I do not know, but Supplejack" (son of Chief Haatsa-la-nogh, after whom Kitsilano is named, and father of August Jack Haatsalano, a magnificent Indian) "was known as a 'bad' Indian. I know a woman—a great big Irish woman—who helped Constable Jonathan Miller to arrest him near the Hastings Sawmill; he was getting away from Miller. They never could catch him; I think that was why he was called 'Supple Jack'; he was very clever in slipping away. I know my mother used to caution me, 'Now don't go far away, because Supplejack's around.' I was frightened to death of Indians; when we were at Alberni, they used to send for the gunboats. But Old William, he was so good."

#### **LOCAL ENTERTAINMENTS. "AT HOMES."**

"They talk today about early life on Burrard Inlet being coarse, and it annoys me. Why, we used to have our 'At Home' days; used to entertain the ships a lot; used to sit on our verandah, up on the hill above the mill and entertain a lot of strange sailing ship captain's wives at tea; there used to be a lot of ships in sometimes."

#### **H.M.S. REPULSE VISITS BURRARD INLET.**

"My next recollection just at this moment is the visit of H.M.S. *Repulse*; she anchored just off Moodyville, and we were invited to lunch on board. I remember it so well, for I was just eleven years old—we had cold meat pie—I think it was July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1875.

"You see, Sue Moody, manager of the Moodyville Sawmill" (drowned November 1875 off Cape Flattery in the loss of the *Pacific*) "was an American."

### **EARLY CHURCH SERVICES.**

"Well, anyway, the naval officers sent a steam pinnace ashore, and we all crowded into it to go to church on the man-of-war; the service was on the deck. In the party on the pinnace were Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Alexander, Mr. James Alexander, brother of R.H., S.P. Moody, David Milligan, and, of course, Mother and myself, then a little girl. We had been invited by Paymaster Millman" (?) "and the chaplain.

"The lunch was a deep disappointment to me; cold steak and kidney pie, and ale; no tea or coffee. I had expected something grand, something sweet and pink in colour; for a child, the cold pie was disappointing; just cold pie with bread, butter and ale; the latter I did not drink.

"Then some of our party went ashore early. I remember my mother telling my aunt—she was Mrs. Calvin Patterson then, afterwards Mrs. Captain Soule—to hurry ashore and go home and get things ready as they were going to invite some of the officers to tea. The paymaster and the chaplain came ashore and had tea with Mother and others at our home.

"Then, again, Rear Admiral Cochrane had a ball on board, but of course I was too young to go to that."

### **MIDNIGHT ADIEU CLUB. GRANVILLE, EARLY DAYS.**

"The Midnight Adieu Club was a club of young people, who held dances throughout the winter, about every two weeks, usually at Blair's Hall."

### **BALLS, DANCES, PARTIES.**

"Blair's dance hall—Mr. Blair was a good dancer; they were all good dancers in those days—was behind his saloon. Nowadays it may not seem very nice that Miss Crakanthorp was at a dance behind a saloon, but the facts are that I was; it was all right in those days. Maxie" (of Maximilian Michaud of Hastings) "used to come up and dance. Blair's Hall was very nice; a platform for the musicians, dressing room at the back, more dressing rooms upstairs, and a very good floor and a room above for supper."

Query: What did you have to eat.

Mrs. Crakanthorp: (astonished) "What didn't we have to eat!"

Query: How did you go home?

Mrs. Crakanthorp: (laughing) "We could walk, couldn't we?" (And the probability is that the young ladies and their beaux did walk back to the Hastings Mill in the small hours, through the shady lane through the forest or along the beach, once known as Hastings Road, now Alexander Street, and took their time doing it. Mrs. Crakanthorp protests and retorts, "We had a chaperone; we were very particular about that.")

### **MRS. R.H. ALEXANDER.**

"On Mrs. Alexander's crystal wedding day, that is fifteen years, she gave a party, and she had dancing at the old house—not the new one—and cards, too; we usually did. Her dress? Wine coloured; made in Victoria; princess gown. She was very fine looking. Years after, there was a grand ball for the opening of the Hotel Vancouver on Granville Street; people came from everywhere; Winnipeg, Nanaimo; everywhere."

### **ST. JAMES' CHURCH ON THE BEACH. HASTINGS SAWMILL SCHOOLHOUSE.**

"I have told you of the church services on the deck of the H.M.S. *Repulse*. Well, finally it was decided to build a church. The ladies of Hastings Sawmill and Moodyville had a bazaar. First, they had sewing meetings at Captain Raymur's house. Mrs. Dr. Walkem was the president. The ladies would meet at Captain Raymur's house and sew and do fancy work; and also his wife, who lived in Victoria, was holding similar meetings there. Anyway, they got things together and had a bazaar in the old Hastings Sawmill schoolhouse, about 1880. Then, at the proper time, Mrs. Raymur and a part of ladies came up from Victoria for the bazaar. They had a lunch table, and I remember so well Mrs. Alexander dropped a carving knife on the Rev. Mr. Ditcham's (he is still living) foot. He was the first resident Anglican minister. The bazaar lasted for two days and two evenings; it was very successful; we sold everything."

### **ST. JAMES' CHURCH, DEDICATION. FIRST CONFIRMATION CLASS.**

"Bishop Sillitoe came to dedicate it after the church was finished. It stood on the beach, surrounded by trees, and reached by a plank sidewalk; the site I think was just west of the foot of Main Street." (Note: it was partly on Alexander Street just west of Main Street, and partly on the northwest lane corner of Alexander Street just west of Main Street; the beach was a few feet in front. There was a two-plank sidewalk along the beach to the church, in front, and a wider board sidewalk to it at the back of the church.)

"The dedication must have been in the spring, because the Bishop came with his bride, a beautiful woman. I sat and looked at her dress all through the sermon, and did not remember a word of what he said. Someone afterwards remarked that 'this young lady looked at Mrs. Sillitoe and her dress all through the service,' and commented, 'Is that not strange?' But another said, 'It was not strange at all,' because Mrs. Sillitoe was a very beautiful woman. I was in the first confirmation class; I was just seventeen, so that it must have been in 1881. Yes. The church was in the beach, or nearly so."

### **FIRST WEDDING AT HASTINGS SAWMILL ON BURRARD INLET.**

"The first wedding at Hastings Sawmill on Burrard Inlet was my sister's, Abbie Lowell Patterson; she became Mrs. Jordan. He was a sea captain, master of the sailing ship *Marmion*, lost off Cape Flattery while it was carrying coal. Abbie was in the wreck but was saved, and he was afterwards a pilot in San Francisco.

"Their wedding was in our little house opposite the Mill Store at the foot of what is now Dunlevy Avenue, and the Rev. James Turner, the first resident clergyman here, was the" (Wesleyan Methodist) "minister. We came here in April 1873, and I have figured out that the wedding must have been in 1874. I did not like Rev. Mr. Turner. Carrie Miller and I hit him on the head with a snowball with a rock in it; we used to take likes and dislikes."

#### **NOTE ADDED LATER:**

Miss Muriel Crakanthorp explains that Mrs. Richards was a widow, and married Mr. Hugh Springer, at Granville, not at the mill, and says that her aunt was a maiden, not a widow.

Howay records the Springer wedding as 4 April 1874.

Abbie Patterson was 15 when married, and is now (1938) about 78.

### **INDIAN CHURCH, GRANVILLE. REV. JAMES TURNER. REV. RUSS.**

"I do not recall the Indian church which Rev. Mr. Turner had." (See *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 2.) "Mr. Turner and the Rev. Mr. Russ, both Methodists, used to come over from New Westminster alternate weeks, and preach in the schoolhouse." (Note: possibly before the Indian church was built.) "Mr. Turner became the first resident clergyman."

### **THE MOODYVILLE TICKLER, FIRST NEWSPAPER ON BURRARD INLET.**

"The *Moodyville Tickler* lasted just a short while. A man by the name of William Colbeck was the editor, publisher, everything. I don't think there were many issues" (see *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3, and photos of Vol. 1, No. 1, 1878), "only one or two. He got too personal and people did not like it. He was a very clever man, could cartoon, compose songs, verses; a very clever man."

### **FIRST EXTENSION TABLE ON BURRARD INLET.**

"Mother had the first extension table on the Inlet; she afterwards sold it, but kept some of the boards, and Father made a flower stool out of them."

### **R.H. ALEXANDER OF HASTINGS SAWMILL. FIRST CIVIC ELECTION. "PROTESTANT BILL."**

"I do not see why the statue to David Oppenheimer is the only one put up in Stanley Park. Now take Mr. R.H. Alexander. He was a reliable man; always did the right thing; and then he was such a fine man; nothing small about Mr. Alexander. They used to say he was too honest; when he spoke he told the truth.

"When the first election was in progress, the candidates spoke from the verandah or balcony, I forget which, of the old Sunnyside" (hotel); "this is funny. There was an old character around Gastown called

'Protestant Bill.' Mr. Alexander was speaking of what he had done for 'the Inlet'; he had done this and he had done that. 'Protestant Bill' called out from among the crowd, 'When you were building the Inlet, why the h—I didn't you make the Narrows wider?'

"The Alexanders were a fine family; she was a good woman; they were upright, and all that sort of thing."

#### **NICKNAMES.**

"Gastown, nickname for Granville, was full of nicknames. There was 'Gassy Jack,' and 'Happy Jack,' and 'Navy Jack,' and 'Supplejack'; 'Sugar Jake' was so called because he put so much sugar in his tea. Rev. Mr. Derrick was known as 'Old Hoisting Gear.'"

(Note: in addition there was Silly Billy Frost, Sore Neck Billy, Julius Caesar—his surname was Julius or Caesar—Crazy George, Dumps Baker, he was so small; Little Tommy, an Indian woman; Old William, an Indian man; Pieface, an Indian whose face was said to look like a pie; and finally Locket Joe—lockit = Indian for six—as there were too many Joes [Portuguese Joe, who was Joe Silvey, Capilano Joe, Joe Mannion, Joe Silva, etc., etc.] The 'Virgin Mary' was an old squaw the Marchioness of Dufferin shook hands with.)

#### **MRS. JONATHAN MILLER. BEN SPRINGER OF MOODYVILLE.**

"Mrs. Jonathan Miller, constable's wife, was a sister to Ben Springer, manager of the Moodyville Mill. Springer had been a telegraph operator, or had knowledge of the telegraph key, because when the telegraph came in he tried his hand at it."

#### **COMING OF THE C.P.R. ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN, PORT MOODY, 4 JULY 1886. PADDLE STEAMER YOSEMITE.**

"We hardly expected it would ever come. Father said we should all be grey-haired before it did. Mother wanted to buy property; Father said she could, but the railway would never come, so why bother? And there were many of the same opinion. I saw the first train come into Port Moody. Captain John Irving brought the *Yosemite* up" (from Victoria); "it was free; they used to do things in a grand way in those days; so she called on 'this side'" (Hastings Sawmill) "at the only dock here, and then went over to Moodyville for water and passengers; all free of course; a string band or orchestra on board, and the train came in a few minutes after we got there; engine all decked up with roses, and a lot of Major Rogers' surveyors around, and much cheering; the cheering was deafening. Sightseers came from everywhere, even Nanaimo.

"The train stopped a few feet from the *Yosemite*; we just walked across the dock; the dock was not as wide as a street. It was Sunday, July 4<sup>th</sup>. Everyone was beautifully dressed. We came back the same way, by the *Yosemite*."

#### **SPRATT'S OILERY.**

"I remember Andrew Rusta, who was at the fishery;" (Captain) "Jim Raymur was agent for it; they were going to use the fish offal for something. Smell!!! I can smell it yet. I don't know if that was why it failed; something happened."

#### **JIM McGEER.**

"'Gerry' McGeer, K.C., M.L.A." (now Mayor of Vancouver) "is a smart man. I knew his father Jim; Mother used to take milk from him."

#### **FIRST STREET CAR.**

"James Edward Smith, now living next door at 1630 Charles Street, was the first baby to ride on a street car in Vancouver. The car left the barn which was at the foot of Barnard Street, and ran along Westminster Avenue and down as far as Hastings Street; it was just a short trial run. As it was going up Westminster Avenue, a neighbour of the Smiths, Mr. Snyder, picked the baby up and said he would give the baby the chance in later years to say he was the first baby to ride on a street car in Vancouver; the Smiths lived almost beside the car barn. His mother protested that 'his face was not washed,' but Mr. Snyder ran off with the baby, calling back as he went that 'it did not matter, the car was coming; couldn't stop; he would do.' So the baby had a ride, and the car went on, picking up passengers as it went."

Read and approved by Mrs. Crakanthorp, 3 April 1935. J.S.M.

**MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MRS. ALICE CRAKANTHROP OF 1622 CHARLES STREET, VANCOUVER, 3 APRIL 1935.**

**MASONIC BALL, MOODYVILLE LIBRARY, MOODYVILLE. ST. JAMES' CHURCH.**

"I must tell you about the Masonic Ball at Moodyville. I was nineteen. It was held over the library at Moodyville." (Note: picture of Moodyville Masonic Hall in Masonic Temple, Vancouver.) "It was in the winter of 1883; very grand affair; supper very grand; very wonderful. I used to think that if I could only get to the Masonic Ball I should attain something; the style and ceremony of it" (arching her eyebrows.)

Interjection by J.S.M.: Especially if the warship was in.

Mrs. Crakanthorp: "Even without the warship; a little too much ceremony; we danced the lances just before we went off to supper; the masons were so particular that we did not drop coffee on their aprons; Mr. Flett, he was engineer or something as the Hastings Mill, had an especially fine one. After the Masonic lodge moved to Vancouver, we rented the old lodge building as a church for Moodyville, and it was an adjunct to St. James. They held baptisms, etc., there, I know the old records of it are in the St. James Church here."

**ARCHIE MCCRIMMON, GRANVILLE.**

"Archie McCrimmon was a great big man; didn't he build the Sunnyside, the first one? I think you'll find he did."

**VISIT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL. MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. HASTINGS MILL. ORGAN.**

"The visit of the Governor-General; I must tell you. Well, the road going down from Hastings Mill to Gastown, and from the mill to Maxie's" (Hastings) "was not quite finished; it was just a track of mud and roots through the trees; it was not properly cut through. Well, the Governor-General and his wife came in on the H.M.S. *Amethyst*, and I think there was a small boat with the warship, *The Rocket*; just a small gunboat; the vice royal party landed in the small boats just in front of the Mill Store. From the Store to the Wharf Freight Shed was covered with straw matting, and the little organ (I think it is now in the City Museum, but am not sure) was taken out of the schoolhouse; you could pick it up in your hand; it was just a little thing; and they prepared to sing 'God Save the Queen.'"

Query: Did they do it? (Note: the visit was about 14-16 September 1876.) (NOTE ADDED LATER: 5 September 1876.)

Mrs. Crakanthorp: "Oh, yes. It was right down on the wharf, and when the Governor-General landed they sang 'God Save the Queen' and made music for it with the organ."

"The Lady Dufferin wanted to be taken right up to see the Indians; she was very fond of Indians; so she went to the ranche by the mill—just east of the Hastings Mill—and she shook hands with an old squaw; they called her" (the squaw) "the 'Virgin Mary,' much to the displeasure of the rest of them" (whites); "they thought there was going to be a lot of entertaining, but she did not stay very long. I think she went back to the boat. She wore knitted gloves, regular knitted gloves."

"I don't know if the Marquis of Lorne came to Vancouver; I was away, but I know that when he went to Nanaimo, after meeting the Mayor, he said he wanted to see an old gentleman who had fought at Waterloo, old Mr. Westwood, so they took him off to see the old man."

**ISAAC JOHNS. CUSTOMS OFFICE.**

"Old Mr. Ike Johns, the collector of customs, used to live in this little cottage." (See photo No. ?) "It was afterwards not a very nice place. Some girls used to live there." (Birdie Stewart.)

**AINSLEY (?) MOUAT. DEATH OF CAPTAIN RAYMUR. R.H. ALEXANDER.**

"The storey-and-a-half cottage just across the street a few yards to the east was built by Ainsley Mouat." (Note: Mouat was one of the early lot owners in Granville.) "He built it on spec, rented it to Ben Wilson for a residence, until Ben Wilson built his own house on the north side."

"When we came here in 1873, Ainsley Mouat was a boy in the Hastings Mill Store; then afterwards he went into the mill office, then he went to Victoria. Then when Captain Raymur died, and Mr. Alexander

became manager of the mill, the heads of the mill sent for Ainsley to come back. Ainsley was the heart of the Bachelors' Club. He died about 1893 or 1894 of typhoid fever."

#### **TYPHOID.**

"After the fire, typhoid was terrific; a sort of epidemic; not a hospital; they kept the patients in bed and home; I know Mrs. Miller kept her daughter at home when she had it. There were a lot of people in tents; there was little sanitation; water from wells, and no sewers."

#### **THE GREAT FIRE.**

"We were at Moodyville, and I just went out to get the pudding for dinner, and looking out of the door I saw the terrific smoke coming from Gastown; such a terrific smoke. And then I saw the steamers coming out—the *Robert Dunsmuir* and a little boat called the *New Westminster*. They were half way across" (to Moodyville) "with the refugees. It must have been about three o'clock when they landed at Moodyville. We went down to see them land; it was tragic to see the people come ashore; their shoes were charred."

#### **JONATHAN MILLER. POST OFFICE.**

"Jonathan Miller was carrying a big cash box in both hands in front of him; I think it must have been the post office papers because he had just been appointed postmaster at Vancouver, and his spectacles were lying on top of the cash box as he carried it in front of him. He walked up solemn like; he always looked solemn. He turned to Mrs. Miller and said, 'Mother, I've saved my glasses.' Carrie Miller, now Mrs. Todd Lees, had on a thick winter dress, and it was a frightful hot day, very hot. She said that when she came from church in her summer clothes, she had put them away, and when the fire came she just reached up and put on the first dress which came to her hand, and it was the thick winter dress. Mrs. Miller had a prayer book in her hand and said to me, 'Alice, I saved my prayer book.'"

#### **CAPTAIN POWER OF MOODYVILLE. MASONIC HALL.**

"We did what we could to help. The people were taken to the hotel at Moodyville and served with supper; my sister and I served at table, and Captain Power of Moodyville was there, and when bedtime came they were taken to the Masonic Hall, and given blankets from the store; they just slept around anywhere they could. Mr. Springer asked my sister and I to get things from the store.

"It was very pitiful to see them sleeping. The people were all very tired, and very quiet. Some had just the clothing they wore, nothing else, and many did not know where their children were; it was very, very pitiful. Mr. Springer asked them not to soil the Masonic chairs; they were all lying around on the floor and on the platform.

"We took the Miller girls to our home that night, and after we had got into bed we were talking things over, and I asked Carrie just what she thought about it all. Carrie said, 'My only thought was to get Ma out of the fire.' Mrs. Miller was in a panic; you see, they had to walk through the burning coals, the fire, and she, well, they had to push her. Then I asked the younger one, Alice Miller, what she thought about it and she answered, 'Thank goodness, that old coat I hate got burned up.' Miller was mean with the girls."

#### **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH ALASTER HAVELOCK CAMERON, WHO DECLINED TO STATE WHERE IN VANCOUVER HE LIVED, 17 MAY 1935.**

##### **SEYMOUR CREEK TRAIL TO CARIBOO.**

"I came to Hastings Sawmill on May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1875 and that year worked on the building of the Seymour Creek Trail to Cariboo. The trail was built with the idea of getting cattle out that way from the Cariboo, but only four bands of cattle, about three hundred head to a band, ever came out that way; the trail was cut twelve feet wide, and graded three feet in the centre and covered with 'mattox' (gravel, etc.) for the horses and cattle to walk on."

##### **BIG TREES.**

"The biggest tree I ever saw in British Columbia—it was a cedar—was, as near as I could judge, nineteen and a half miles up the Seymour trail; it was on a flat as you approach the rise of the creeks to the summit and benches, and on a flat, about two hundred yards down from the trail towards the river. I would have run the trail by it had I noticed it early enough. I put a small tape line around it, as high as I could reach,

and it was sixty-three feet around, and about sixty feet before it forked; a cedar, of course. May be there yet if it has not been burned. No; never heard of George Cary.

"The next year, 1876, I worked building bridges from Hope to Princeton, and the next spring hewed timbers for the first bridge across the Fraser at Lytton."

(Note: Mr. Cameron, very elderly, does not inspire my confidence in matters of figures. He probably did see a very big tree; there was one in Stanley Park, a cedar, reputed to be fifty feet around. The big tree on Georgia Street was about forty-eight or –nine.)

*NOTE ADDED LATER:*

He died 13 September 1940.

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH VICKER WALLACE HAYWOOD, ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR POLICEMEN ON THE VANCOUVER CITY POLICE FORCE, 23 MAY 1935.**

### **FIRST POLICE.**

"The first police force was appointed before the fire of June 13<sup>th</sup> 1886; I was one of them. I was burned out; lost everything—clothes, blankets, everything. The first police force was appointed quite a while before the fire.

"I came here in September 1885 from Prince Edward Island, via Portland, Oregon, and then by boat via Tacoma and Victoria. Worked on the dry dock at Esquimalt, then went laying track for the C.P.R. at Ducks, near Kamloops, and came back to Vancouver in September 1885, and stayed here ever since."

### **DEPUTY CONSTABLE.**

"At first I worked as Deputy Constable to Constable Jonathan Miller; it was through him that I got on the Police Force."

### **THE OLD JAIL ON WATER STREET. COURT HOUSE. CLEARING AWAY THE FOREST. HASTINGS STREET.**

"The old jail was just an old shack of a place; two or three cells in it; they used to hold Court in it. The jail yard was just an ordinary yard with a board fence about ten feet high around. Cordova Street and Abbott Street were not properly cleared when I came here in 1885. Hastings Street or about Hastings Street was just timber; a trail through it. From Abbott Street west was just trees."

### **THE "EIGHTY-FIVE ACRES." C.P.R. TOWNSITE.**

"The '85 acres' was logged off, but not cleared in 1885. In the fall of 1885 they started to clear the townsite from Abbott Street west." (Note: not quite correct; a little later than the fall; probably early 1886.) "I think Hartney had something to do with the clearing; or Chinese McDougall."

### **CAPTAIN J.A. CATES.**

"Cates and I were partners in the Terminal Steamship Company, which is now the Union Steamship Company in part; he and I were together in the Klondike Rush."

## **MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH J.N. DAWZY, 2361 TRINITY STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C., 27 FEBRUARY 1935.**

### **THE GREAT FIRE. NUMBER OF BUILDINGS LEFT.**

"I arrived in Vancouver on June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1886, about noon the day after the fire, and of course was struck with what I saw, and was impressed; the recollection of it has remained in my mind very clearly.

"There were just five houses standing. There was the old Bridge Hotel on Main Street, or Westminster Avenue, False Creek; a frame building next to it; a little house on the southeast corner of Prior Street occupied by Harry Chase, and Regina Hotel on Water Street near Cambie, and the C.P.R. building opposite David Spencer's store, about where the C.P.R. depot is now."

(Note: he missed one, a small shack on the edge of False Creek, in the low, wet land—on Pender Street—just at the end of Abbott Street, below the corner of Beatty and Pender streets.)

**MRS. ONDERDONK. ANDREW ONDERDONK. PORT HAMMOND. ENGINES, C.P.R. ENGINE NO. 4 “THE LYTTON.”**

“I went to work on the building of bridges for the C.P.R. in August 1882, and then from March 1883 worked for him” (Onderdonk) “for three years at Yale, building cars in the car shops, making car repairs; also foreman wrecking car.

“A fine man was Onderdonk; I’ll say so” (with emphasis.) “My wife came up in March 1883 to Yale. Mr. Onderdonk and my wife were the only two passengers on the boat from Westminster to Yale. When I went to the Yale shops in March 1883, the superintendent and master mechanic were at Port Hammond unloading engine No. 4, the ‘Lytton,’ which had come on a big scow from Tacoma, and the foreman of the shop would not put me to work, but sent me to see Mr. Onderdonk at the general office, Yale, a building about sixty feet long. When I gave Mr. Onderdonk my letter from the bridge superintendent, he looked at me and asked if that was my wife who came up on the boat with him. I said, ‘Yes.’ He looked at my letter from the superintendent to him, and he wrote across the corner of the letter in red ink, ‘Start this man to work immediately,’ and he never forgot to speak when he came around the shops.”

**CISCO BRIDGE.**

“Mrs. Onderdonk I only spoke to once, on July 4<sup>th</sup> 1884. They gave us a free excursion up to the end of the track; we had flat cars with railings around and board seats. She was aboard and congratulated everybody, and hoped we’d have a nice holiday.” (See *Port Moody Gazette*.) “A fairly tall lady, fair complexion and good dresser. The oldest boy was Shirley, about thirteen years old then, and the youngest girl was Eva.”

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. JAMES EDWARD SMITH, 1630 CHARLES STREET, VANCOUVER, 3 MAY 1935.**

**STREET CARS.**

“I was the first baby to ride on the street cars of Vancouver. The story goes that when the first street car came out of the Prior Street barn, that Mr. Snyder, our next door neighbour, grasped me from my mother’s arms, and said as he did so, ‘He’s going to be the first baby in Vancouver to ride on a street car.’ Mother is said to have protested that my face was dirty, and that I was not dressed. But Mr. Snider said ‘that did not matter. Car was coming; no time to wait,’ jumped on the car in the middle of the block—it stopped for him—went a short way, and got off.

“The car in question was out for a trial spin from Prior Street as far as Hastings Street; Westminster Ave was a bit of a rough thoroughfare then.” (He may mean Front Street barn; don’t think Prior Street barn was built; the Vancouver Street Railway’s Carhouse was on Front Street early in 1890. The *World* panorama map of 1890 shows no buildings on Prior Street, but does show a siding turning in there.)

**YALETOWN.**

“My father came to Vancouver about 1887, and first went to live in Yaletown. Then he squatted where the B.C. Electric Railway Company located their first barn, but the Vancouver Electric Railway Company forced him out; he squatted right on the beach; there was trouble, and they were going to arrest him. Then we moved over to Prior Street to some little old cottages, still there.

“Father helped to grade Georgia Street in front of the Hotel Vancouver.” (The Council let the contract for this work on 19 July 1887.) “The work was done by John Clendenning.” (See photo No. ? of Mr. J.I. Smith, also see B.C. Electric Railway *Buzzer*, 1935.)

**CHARLES E. TISDALL, FORMER MAYOR OF VANCOUVER. JOHN INNES, SCENIC PAINTER.**

John Innes loved to joke, even when he was ill in bed, as he was from September 1934 to March 1935. Mr. Tisdall was a pioneer gunsmith, afterwards had the first and the finest sporting goods store in Vancouver, but was always noted for his economy.

"Bill Barnes," said Mr. Innes, "was City Hall reporter on the *Province*, and in that capacity was able to do Mr. Tisdall, while he was a mayor some years ago, several favours. Bill decided to go on a fishing and hunting trip, and somehow Mr. Tisdall got to know about it. Anyway, Bill got a letter from Mayor Tisdall saying he wanted to see him before he started on the fishing trip. Bill conjured up visions of something good; thought he was going to get a cheque 'for past services' to help with the expenses, and provide a bottle or two to keep the cold out. So Bill goes down to the Mayor's office in high glee and expectancy.

"What do you suppose His Worship handed him?" chuckled Mr. Innes.

J.S.M.: Cannot imagine.

"A sporting goods catalogue," laughed Mr. Innes.

### **HIS WORSHIP GERALD GRATTON McGEER, MAYOR OF VANCOUVER, 1935 (AND 1936).**

Mr. McGeer is the son of James (Jim) McGeer, a pioneer farmer of a preempted farm at the corner of Kingsway and Fraser Avenue, known as the "Tea Swamp"—an old elk pasture. He conducted a milk business. (See *Early Vancouver*, vols. 1, 2 and 3, Matthews.)

Reeve W.B. Russell, Reeve of South Vancouver Municipality in 1916-1917, says in part (see his genealogy sheet), 2 May 1935:

"As a boy, I peddled milk same as 'Gerry' did when he was a boy with holes in his pants and no boots on his feet. Gerry and I were apprenticed to our trade at the same time, and worked together in the old B.C. Iron Works at the foot of Dunlevy and Heatley Avenue."

### **HIS WORSHIP LOUIS D. TAYLOR**

#### **CITY ARCHIVES, 1933.**

City Archivist J.S. Matthews: I thank you, Your Worship, for what you did towards establishing the City Archives. (Appointment by Council of first City Archivist, and an allowance of \$25 a month.)

Ex-Mayor Taylor: "I should have liked to have done more, but those aldermen; they're only a lot of ignorami; they never read."

Note: the essence of this remark is that it is an opinion of a man, many times Mayor of Vancouver, of an electoral system which allows almost any person, regardless of his fitness, who feels he is capable of being mayor or alderman, to attain that office; witness the candidature of a kindly but eccentric old gentleman attired in queer garb, Mr. Rubinowitz, for mayor. Or the case of artisans, such as street car conductors, who never earned more than 75¢ an hour, or had more than a few dollars in their pockets, suddenly finding themselves administering an expenditure running into sixteen millions of civic funds per annum—one of the weaknesses of democratic government.

(J.S.M.)

### **CHIEF JUSTICE AULAY MORRISON.**

In a speech at the annual banquet of the officers of The British Columbia Regiment (D.C.O.R.):

"I love even the name" (with emphasis on *British*) "*British* Columbia."

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH EX-SERGEANT CLAUDE H. WILLIAMS, FORMERLY OF B.C.B.G.A. AND 6<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT D.C.O.R., VANCOUVER, 1 MAY 1935.**

**SHAM FIGHT IN WEST END.**

"It was, I think, after Queen Victoria died; it was July 1<sup>st</sup>, Dominion Day, and I think 1901, that we had the sham fight in the West End. Colonel Worsnop was in command; Tite was captain, I think, at that time.

"The 'enemy,' which was the Navy and the 5<sup>th</sup> Regiment C.G.A., Victoria, went ahead of us; they were supposed to have landed at English Bay; we followed. We went down Georgia Street, and turned south through the clearing. I recall we had one gun with us, which we fired at the enemy as they approached through the rough clearing of shrubs, stumps and holes. It was not much of a show to look at, as in those days there were only four companies of about forty or less men in each company—the only troops of any sort, volunteer or otherwise, in Vancouver.

"They say that afterwards we went to the Hotel Vancouver, and beer and biscuits were brought out to us, but I forget."

(Captain N.M. McNeill, M.D., late of 102<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, C.E.F., and also Prince Rupert, confirms this. J.S.M.)

**THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. 4 AUGUST 1914. 6<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT D.C.O.R.**

The command of the contingent from the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment D.C.O.R. devolved upon Major W. Hart-McHarg, second in command of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment. In a subsequent conversation with Captain W.H. Forrest, paymaster of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment, and a close friend of Major McHarg's, he reports Major McHarg as saying to him, "I can't understand Hulme." (Lieutenant Colonel Hulme commanded the regiment; McHarg was his second-in-command.) "Here he has got the chance of a lifetime; why doesn't he take it? But with me it is different. I have only a couple of years to live in any case." Major Hart-McHarg had for years suffered from indigestion, and once told me that about all he ate was "biscuits and milk." He was a man of five feet ten or eleven inches, but weighed 145 pounds only; his large head belied the fact that very slender legs supported a large frame. A conversation I once had with this remarkable personality is illuminating; it was concerning his more youthful days.

**LIEUTENANT COLONEL MCHARG.**

"I cannot fathom the young man of today," he said (about 1912.) "When I was in Winnipeg all I got was \$25 a month and lived on it" (he was a law student); "but today, a young man gets pretty much what he wants and spends it; I don't know how they manage it."

How did you live on \$25 a month? I queried.

"Well, I walked to the office, wore celluloid collars, and washed them; and as for going to a theatre, why, that was beyond my wildest dreams."

Captain John McMillan, quartermaster, both of the 7<sup>th</sup> Battalion C.E.F. and 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment D.C.O.R., told me that McHarg sat up all the night awaiting news of the outbreak of war, and was "bleary eyed" when, next morning, about 10 a.m., a few of the officers of the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment D.C.O.R. met at the Drill Hall. There were present Colonel Hulme, Major Hart-McHarg, Captain Gardiner, adjutant, Captain McMillan, and others.

**LIEUTENANT COLONEL H.D. HULME.**

But, in relinquishing the command of the first troops to leave Vancouver, Colonel Hulme, commanding the Sixth, was actually self-sacrificing, and logical. Major McHarg had had war experience in South Africa as a sergeant; Colonel Hulme had no war service at all, and at that time, and to soldiers especially, war service was considered far more essential to command than, later, when all manner of business men rose to high military station and rank. Major McHarg was without ties of business or family; he was unmarried; had a business partner of repute. Colonel Hulme was married and had three children approaching their 'teens, and his business affairs included trusteeships, etc., which he could not drop at a moment's notice without injury to others. To let Major McHarg take the first body of men to the front was proper to a logical mind. But it brought unkind thought, and some criticism from the less thoughtful.

Colonel Hulme afterwards commanded the 62<sup>nd</sup> Overseas Battalion, the third battalion to leave Vancouver.

**“ARCHIVISTS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.” SIR ARTHUR CURRIE.**

About April 1932, Gen. Sir Arthur Currie passed through Vancouver on his way from the Orient to eastern Canada, and was, one afternoon about four, informally entertained by a large assemblage of ex-overseas officers who had gathered together to shake hands, chat, and drink a cocktail in the “Oval Room” of the Hotel Vancouver.

Prior to 1899, a large wooden shed served as the first drill hall in Vancouver, and General Currie, as former Corporal Currie of the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 5<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Canadian Garrison Artillery, Victoria, had once entered it on a holiday event when the Victoria battalion had paid a visit to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion in Vancouver. In 1931, the many regiments of Vancouver subscribed together to erect a memorial to mark the site of the old drill shed, and General Currie was invited to unveil the bronze tablet, but being indisposed in health, he declined, so the memorial was taken to the Oval Room for him to see. The shining new bronze tablet, bearing in part the words, “HERE STOOD THE DRILL SHED,” was suitably placed upon an easel, and, conducted by a group of senior officers, General Currie was escorted across the spacious room to view it; Major Matthews, City Archivist, Vancouver, long known to General Currie as a collector of military relics and records of British Columbia, as well as an old friend of many years, was among them, and had been responsible for the proposal, creation and design of the tablet.

The general stood in front of the tablet for a moment or so, gazing and reading, and then, placing his hand on Major Matthews’ shoulder, said with much feeling, “Gentlemen. Men like Matthews here are worth their weight in gold.”

He then continued with some reminiscences, etc.

“Men like” an archivist must naturally include all archivists.

Just why Gen. Currie expressed himself thus must forever remain unknown, but it *might* have had something to do with his then recent unfortunate experience when he had to defend himself in the courts against unjust and libellous statements that “he sacrificed his men,” and that the records fortunately kept—as all military units have to keep—served in some especially useful way to vindicate his actions in the Great War.

# Romantic Story Of Vancouver

MAY 12 1936  
CITY ARCHIVES'  
RECORD

## 38 YEARS OF COLLECTING

Many of the pictures which appeared in the Jubilee edition of The Vancouver Sun were from the office of Major J. S. Matthews, city archivist. The story which follows concerning Major Matthews and his efforts to establish the Vancouver archives will be read with unusual interest.—EDITOR.

When subscribers to The Vancouver World (now The Vancouver Sun) picked their papers off their doorsteps one morning in the winter of 1898, they discovered that in addition to the regular news they were being presented free with a fine panoramic view of Vancouver.

It was duly admired.

By night-time some copies of it were to be found in garbage cans wrapped around the day's garbage.

More careful people put theirs away, saved them for a few days, a few weeks, a few years . . .

Today, five copies are known to be in existence. Owners of four of these value them at from \$50 to \$100 each.

But you couldn't buy the fifth for any sum. It's the one Major J. S. Matthews lifted from his doorstep that winter morning 38 years ago.

Today it is in the City Archives, with countless other material about Vancouver and its history that the Major has been collecting ever since.

### START OF ARCHIVES

That panoramic view was the start of the archives, though no one, not even Major Matthews, realized it.

For the archives began as a hobby.

Today, two tiny rooms on the tenth floor of the temporary city hall are crammed with pictures and historical matter . . . much of it typed by the Major from stories he has obtained first hand from the pioneers. There are three volumes on "Early Vancouver" of which he is the author.

In those small rooms, it is possible to reconstruct the entire story in word and picture from that day in 1792 when Captain George Vancouver first sighted Burrard Inlet.

From there, material has gone out in the past six months which has brought this city before the attention of a large portion of the world.

On April 6 of this year, the 50th anniversary of Vancouver's incorporation, three great British dailies, "The Times" and "The Morning Post," London; and the "Manchester Guardian" published half page illustrations of Vancouver past and present, furnished by the City Archives.

### HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY

This month, 10,000 copies of "Vancouver, a Short History" prepared by students of Templeton High School, were put into circulation. Much of the material contained in this attractive and accurate booklet was furnished by the City Archives.

These are only two instances of the immense amount of work being done by the archives.

The hobby which Major Matthews became interested in 1898, became in 1929 a voluntary, unpaid job. A job of preserving the historical records of the people and city of Vancouver.

At first, he worked at his own home, but in 1931, the Public Library granted use of the attic of the Old City (or Market) Hall, Main Street.

### 'DIRTIEST ROOM IN B. C.'

It had no heat, light or water, and was described at the time the Major took it over in June, 1931, as "the dirtiest room in British Columbia." Years before, a pigeon had got in and been unable to get out. Its bare bones still lay on the floor. A hole in the floor looked down on a toilet below. A board was shoved over this. Plaster had fallen from the ceiling in great chunks and against one wall a wooden ladder led to the roof above.

The Major carried in his filing cabinet . . . a cardboard carton.

For furniture he had a discarded desk which was in danger of falling to pieces if moved and a bar-room chair.

He had no official standing, no salary and no allowance for expenses. Every time an old picture or old book came his way, he dipped into his own pocket to pay for it.

When winter came and his attic office grew cold, the Major put on his overcoat and kept on working.

### SMALL BEGINNINGS

The day he put his first paper in its cardboard filing box, he looked at the solitary document lying loose at the bottom, soliloquising:

"You poor thing. You're the beginning of the record office for a great city. Mark my words."

Vancouver City Council, under Mayor L. D. Taylor, appointed Major Matthews first City Archivist in June, 1933, with an honorarium of \$25 per month out of which he had to defray his own expenses. The archives which had been at his home, were now brought to a tiny room on the City Hall's tenth floor.

At the beginning of the fiscal year 1934-35, City Council voted the archivist \$500, his honorarium was raised to \$50 a month and another room was added.

When Sir Henry Myers, director of the British Museum, visited the City in 1932, he told Major Matthews: "What appalls me is the astounding difficulties under which you labor."

Today, though the facilities are improved, the archivist is laboring under perhaps even more trying conditions, for Vancouver's Jubilee Year has increased a thousand-fold the demands made on his office.

"These are busy days," the major admitted, "British, United States, Canadian and local press, industrial and commercial firms, and students from our schools, give us very little rest."

The "us" referred to is himself, his secretary, Miss Margaret Giles, and occasionally a volunteer worker. The present accommodation is woefully inadequate.

### AN OLD-TIMER

Although he does not come himself under the class of original pioneers of

Vancouver the major is an old-timer here.

Born of an old Welsh family at White House, Newton, Montgomeryshire, Wales, in 1878, he was educated privately in England and in public school and university in New Zealand, where he accompanied his parents in 1887.

In March, 1898, young Matthews set out from Auckland to see the world, traveling steerage on the R.M.S. "Alameda," bound for San Francisco. He reached Vancouver Nov. 3, that year.

### JOINED IMPERIAL OIL

Joining the Imperial Oil Company as an office boy, he is one of the three British Columbia employees in the office at the corner of Cordova and Cambie Streets.

He recalls that in those days, when he resided at the corner of Burrard and Pacific Streets, he cut firewood on the clearing west of Burrard; picked blackberries on what is now Davie Street; and that below Burnaby Street, Burrard Street was a narrow track through stumps.

It was a cross-country trail from Pacific and Burrard which the new "office boy" walked each morning to Robson and Granville.

Gradually he rose in the company's employ. He can recall selling the first can of gasoline to the first auto owner in British Columbia and making the suggestion which led to the Imperial Oil Co. building its first gasoline station here—the first on the North American continent.

The Major's military record began in 1903 when he joined the 6th Regiment, D.C.O.R., Vancouver, as a private. During the Nanaimo coal riots in September, 1913, he commanded that regiment. He was company commander of the 102 (Comox-Atlin) Overseas Battalion, C.E.F., raised at Comox in the winter of 1915-16, and was responsible for the change of name to "North British Columbians."

### FOUGHT AT YPRES

Major Matthews was present in action at Ypres, Aug.-Sept., 1916; led his unit in the assault and capture of Regina Trench, Oct. 21, 1916, and was severely wounded. Subsequently he served in Belgium, France and England and in 1918 was loaned to the American Recruiting Mission as lecturer on the Pacific Coast of United States.



Major J. S.  
Matthews

## PRESENT "ARCHIVES"



More up-to-date, but still totally inadequate to serve their purpose, are the present quarters of the City Archives. This is one of the two tiny rooms on the tenth floor of the temporary City Hall in which is stored material that tells the entire history of Vancouver. Original documents, including maps, pictures and pioneers' stories, are all preserved here.

While in the No. 4 London General Hospital recuperating from wounds in 1916, the Major devised the "Trench Fire Cube." This cube, about the size of a walnut, was made from heated and compressed paraffine wax and sawdust, capable of heating about a quart of water to the boiling point.

After the Anglo-American Oil Co. of London had, without profit, made and sold some millions, Major Matthews received an order from the commander-in-chief, Earl Haig, to supply enough for one army to make a test with a view to adopting the little article as an official issue to all troops.

The war ended, however, before this could be done.

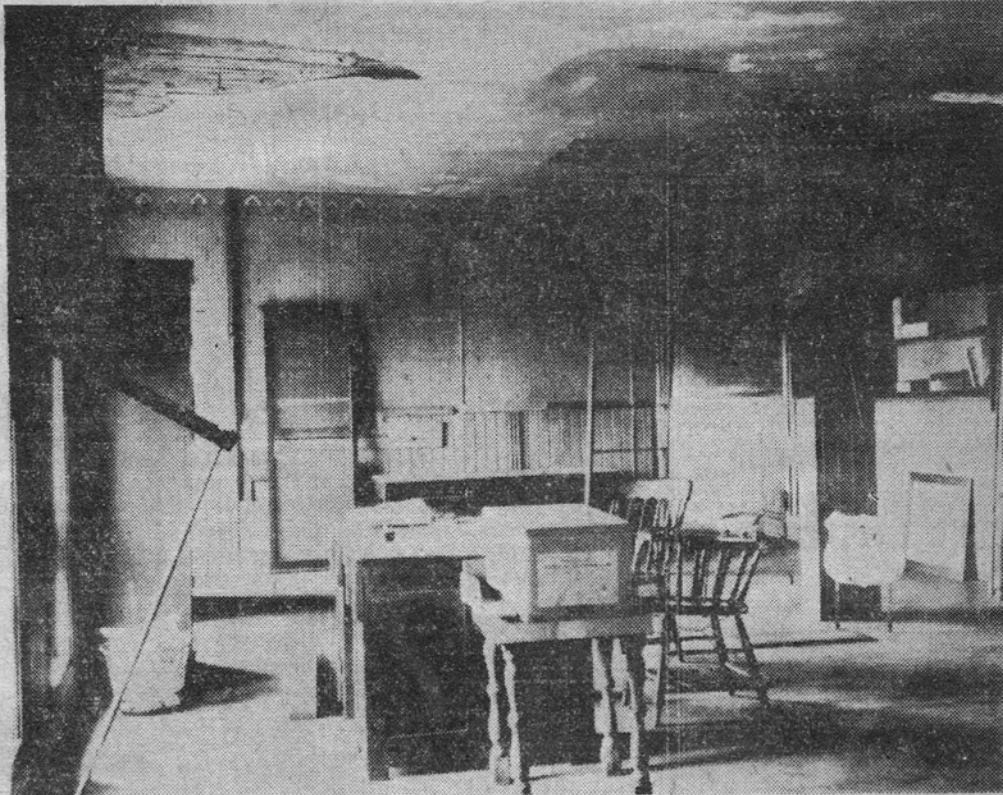
Now, with the war and his business activities behind him, Vancouver's archivist is concentrating his entire effort to building up archives.

He is very proud of a remark General Sir Arthur Currie made about him when he passed through here just before his death. Before an assembly of distinguished military officials following the dedication of a memorial tablet the general, putting his arm on Major Matthews shoulders, said: "Gentlemen, men like Matthews are worth their weight in gold."

"But," the major will tell you when telling about this incident. "The Archives mightn't be here if it wasn't for my wife. She gives me help and encouragement."

MAY 12 1936

## WHERE ARCHIVES WERE BEGUN



In this dilapidated room in the attic of the old City Hall, Main Street, the City Archives found their first home in 1931. Note the plaster off the ceiling, the old bar-room chair, the ancient desk and the cardboard box which served as filing cabinet. A square of board, to the right, covered a hole in the floor. It was unheated and without light or water. When winter came, Major J. S. Matthews, archivist, worked in his overcoat, and when darkness fell, he had perforce, to go home.

MAY 12 1936

Item # EarlyVan\_v3\_033

City Archives,  
Room 1016  
Temporary City Hall  
16 Hastings Street East  
Vancouver, B.C.  
29<sup>th</sup> August 1935.

Dear Miss White:

May I have the pleasure of expressing to you the tardy but most hearty thanks for the splendid manner in which you indexed the third volume of "EARLY VANCOUVER."

Those who do not understand the patience and persistence necessary to make an extensive index to a book of 450 pages replete with detail, might not appreciate the inordinate amount of labour which it involves as fully as I do consequent upon personal experience.

The endeavour you made has resulted in an index which does not annoy whenever referred to, owing to its lack of "never showing what is wanted"—as some indices do—but appears to have taken in everything.

It is an exquisite piece of work, and I hope you will accept my compliments, my gratitude, and my thanks.

I have the honour to be, dear Miss White,

Your obedient servant,

J.S. Matthews  
CITY ARCHIVIST.

Miss Elsie White.